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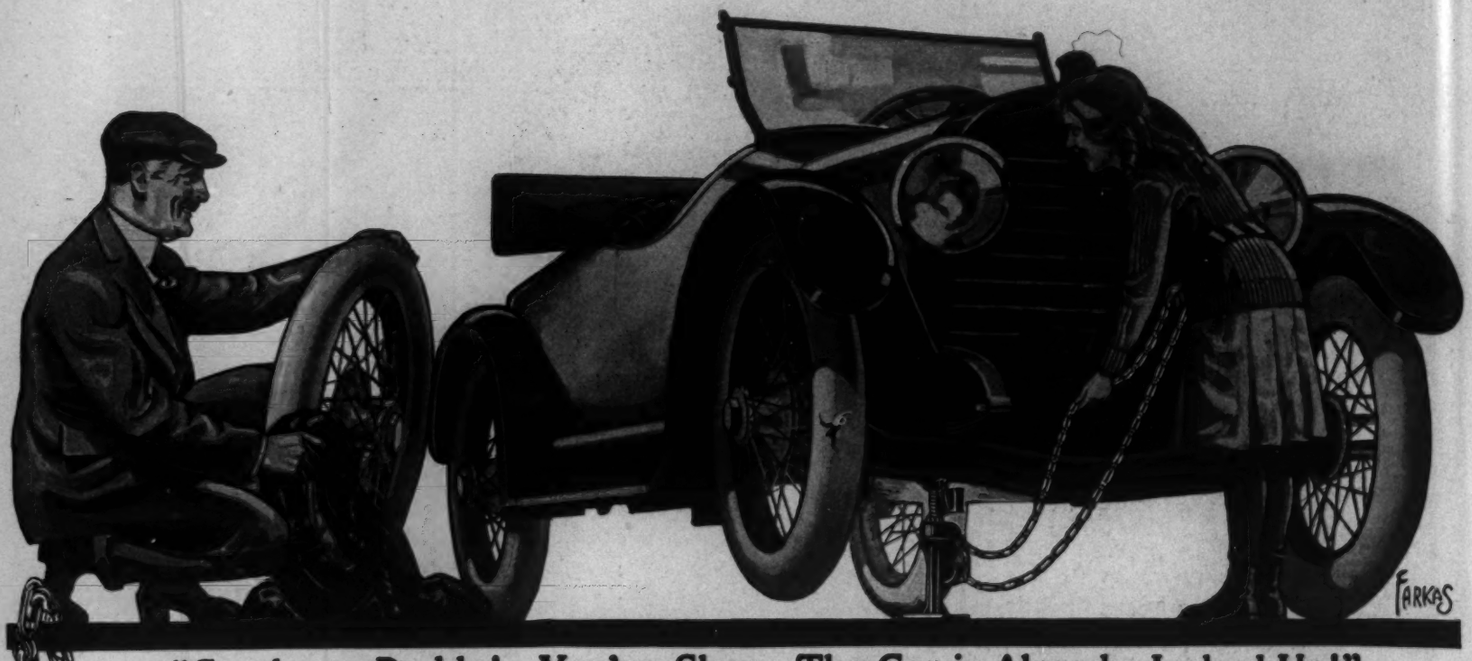

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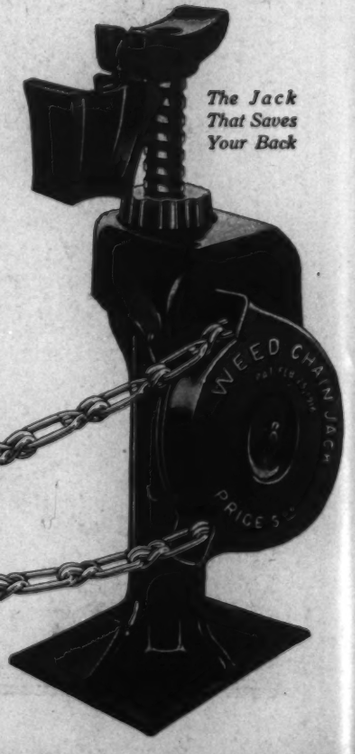

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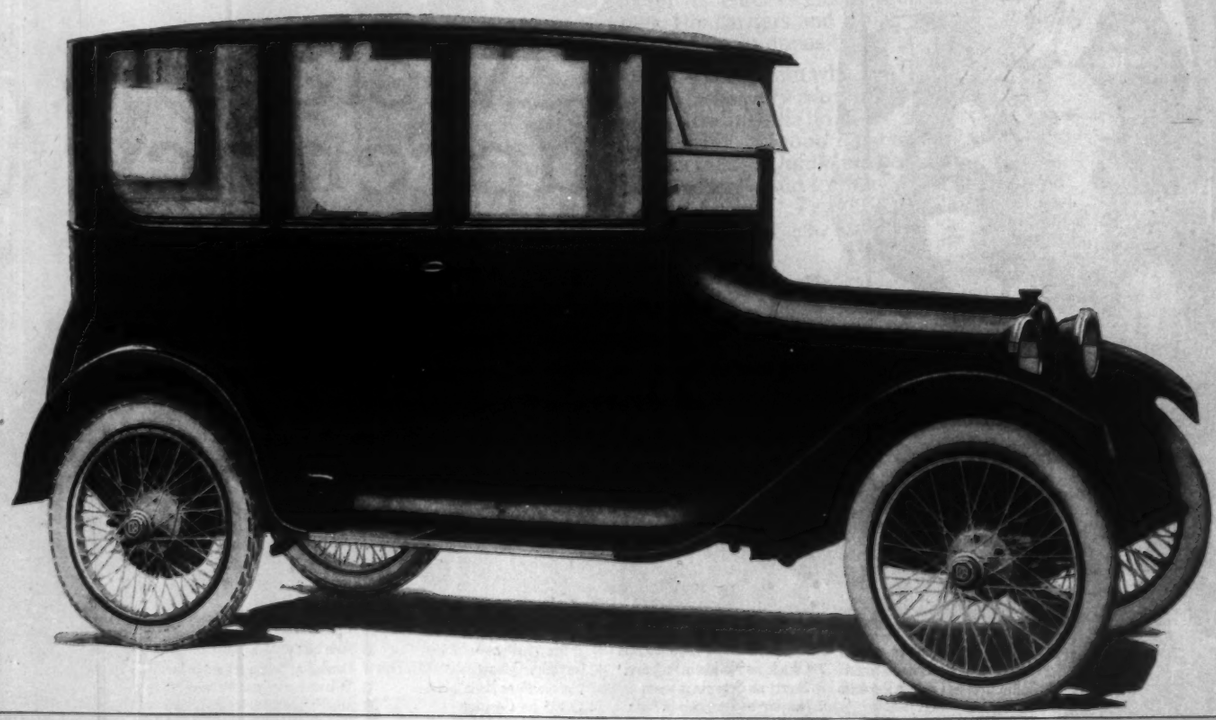

McCLURE'S

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Cover by Neysa McMein
[*of The Vigilantes*]

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What a difference! In the little old movie show of ears gone by, you caught colds, eyestrain and stiffness, and paid money for them too. In the modern motion picture theatre, you sit in the lap of luxury and catch the spirit of eternal romance. And you pay mighty little more at that!

The Social Habit of the Nation —and its development

HABITS have to grow. In the beginning motion pictures were merely "something new"—clever diversion, a fad.

People were interested in the motion picture in its beginnings. They marvelled at the wonder of it. And it *was* a diverting way to spend an hour.

But it was not anticipated that this "scientific toy" as they called the motion picture projecting machine, held the basis of a new art—the beginning of a national habit that has affected, for the better, the very roots of our national life.

The motion picture today is the social habit of the nation.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, responsible for the artistic standards and worth of the better motion pictures, bearing the Paramount and Artcraft trade-marks, has from the beginning of its existence, five years ago, built and looked ahead to the ideal of giving you a better kind of screen entertainment.

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TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

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FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, Pres. JESSE L. LASKY, Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE, Director General
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Number 4

McCLURE'S

FEBRUARY
1918

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

For the saloon, there is absolutely no excuse, argument, or palliation. Honest saloon-keepers themselves will tell you so

The Alcoholocaust

by Porter Emerson Browne

Illustrations by Herbert Paus

MY friend laid down his magazine, thoughtfully.

"What is it?" I queried.

"A booze article," he returned.

He sat for a moment, in silence. I did not interrupt.

"I wish," he said, at length, "that sometime an article about alcohol, instead of being written by a pro person, or a con person, could be turned out by a thoroughly impartial neutral. It would be a lot more convincing.

"As it is," he continued, "they're written commonly either by a press agent for a distillery, or by some gentleman who has gone to the mat with the Demon and been thrown for the count, and then some. Whereat they're either replete of fulsome flattery, telling you that alcohol is a blessing to humanity, a food, an exercise, a cure for anything from ingrowing hair to fallen arches, and a gentlemanly form of indoor sport; or else it's an unmitigated, unadulterated, dyed-in-the-wool curse and not even fit to burn in a chafing-dish. They seem too enthusiastic to remember that there are several kinds of alcohol, and several kinds of uses, and abuses, for the same. To their minds, alcohol is alcohol; and that's all there is to it.

"I hold no brief, mind you, for alcohol. Booze, as booze, is a delusion and a sneer. There's no argument in the world about that. It's the concentrated quintessence of poison; and does just as little good in the world as infantile paralysis, or hookworms, and infinitely more harm. Only booze doesn't cover the whole alcoholic question any more than hydrophobia covers the question of dogs. There are a lot of other angles, which so far I have never seen touched. And they should be. That's all."

"How do you regard it?" I queried.

"In considering a question like alcohol," he returned, "it's a great idea to get back to first principles. And to do this, we must first, of necessity, divide alcohol — that is drinkable alcohol—into two classes: the first class comprising those forms of alcoholic liquor whereof the percentage of alcohol is so low as to be almost negligible, such as light wines and beer; and the second class, taking in the high percentage drinks, like rum, gin, whisky, brandy, and the jumbled admixtures thereof, such as cocktails, sours, fizzes, horse's necks, pousse cafés, and so forth.

"In the course of a long and multifarious acquaintance with alcohol in all its forms, I cannot recall where I have seen any great harm done by beer and light wines. To be sure, an overplus of the former will often make a man bloated as to appearance and cause his kidneys to drop their moorings and gaily sail away, while continual internal bathings in the latter might cause an insurance examiner, carefully inspecting the applicant's moods and tenses, to wag his head and exclaim, sadly, 'Alas, poor Uric!' — which is no more than could be accomplished by a steady diet of chocolate caramels, or nut sundaes. And I have been in places where the water was so much worse (and incidentally so much more expensive) than the wine, that only a fanatic, or a Rockefeller, would hesitate in choosing between them. All of which brings us around gracefully to the conclusion that beer and light wines are a negative form of vice, like blood-rare roast beef, chocolate éclairs and red pepper, any of which, if indulged in to excess, will do strange things to your works and make you wish you hadn't.

"And in corroboration of this, I have one friend who has totally ruined his digestion and his nervous system by becoming an ice-cream soda dipsomaniac, and another who has cremated the lining of his stomach by putting paprika on almost everything he eats.

"On the other hand, if you should ask me what good is accomplished by beer and light wines, I should answer you just as cheerfully, 'Not any.' They are like tea and coffee. Anybody and everybody would be better off without them. The system doesn't need them, and shouldn't have them. And they can be defended only on the grounds on which we can defend tea and coffee: that they don't do any great amount of harm; that people are used to having them; and that to invade the personal liberties of private individuals in virtually innocuous matters causes widespread discontent and confusion and accomplishes more harm than it does good. If five thousand men are used to having a can of beer a day, to take away that can of beer upsets five thousand minds a lot and benefits five thousand stomachs but a little. Life, after all, is not a question of absolute perfection on the one hand, and absolute imperfection on the other. Life is not a question of perfection at all. It's a question of approximation — of batting averages. And a public move that reaps a ten per cent benefit and accomplishes a twenty per cent injury is not a reform at all, but a retrogression.

"But I want to add this, and add it in a hurry. All men, women and children in the world should be weaned away from beer and light wines as quickly and as thoroughly as possible. But they should be weaned, and not ravished. Make beer and light wines more expensive and harder to get. And offer no substitutes. To cure a man of one vice by offering him another is as foolish as it is destructive. When you are doing wrong, there is only one course to pursue. Stop doing wrong, and begin to do right. A procedure of palliation does not correct; it only confuses.

"It is on the question of beer and light wines that so many well-meaning but unbalanced people have gone wrong to the general injury of a worthy and a vital cause. My earliest recollections are of a lot of long-haired men and short-haired women raving their heads off as to how the pouring into his anatomy of one glass of the red ink that is served with an Italian table d'hôte would damn a man's soul to everlasting hellfire and perdition. These were the same people who considered a friendly game of progressive euchre a sufficient cause for excommunication from the church; and

MR. BROWNE is that rarest of combinations — a humorist and a philosopher. He knocks alcohol, but he isn't prim and prudish about it. And he gets his message over in a sane, practical, good-natured way, with a punch at the end

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who deemed that if, on Sunday, a person didn't go to church at least three times, read any book but the Bible, took a stroll to any place except the cemetery, and let his face assume any other position except that of an inverted Y, that person was doing a nose-dive straight for the nethermost depths of hell, and great would be the joy of the there assembled Satanic stokers at his arrival.

"And there's another funny thing. The picture of a house-warming in hell always struck me as singularly unconvincing from any Christian viewpoint.

"These well-meaning but misguided souls were, and always have been, to the cause of Temperance precisely what the White House pickets are to the cause of suffrage — the lunatic fringe that brings into disrepute the clean, fine cloth that it edges. And they do a tremendous harm; for after one peep at them, a person is ready to line up with the other side, no matter what it is.

"A man might have no idea in the world of taking a drink. But on getting one flash at a collection of the strange human fungi above alluded to, he would be very liable to say to himself, 'If that outfit means Prohibition, me for rum!' Just as, after standing around watching a lady with a discouraged pompadour and a vintage skirt trying to pour glue into a mail-box, any ordinary citizen who likes to be able to distinguish his monthly bills from a collection of second-hand fly-paper would be more than liable to say to himself, 'If that's suffrage, count me among the antis!' It isn't that suffrage is wrong. It's that a few pin-headed exponents thereof are doing their best to make it appear so. And I venture to say that not a few perfectly innocent gentlemen have been driven into saloons to get away from the gas attacks of the very ones who were trying to keep them out.

"The trouble is that from time beyond record, the Prohibitionists have overshot the mark. Goodness knows, there are enough damning truths against alcohol that one can tell without resorting to lies. Alcohol is guilty of plenty of crimes without racking one's imagination to find new ones to blame it for. But no! That didn't satisfy them. And they used to tell stories about Champagne Charlie, who drank a glass of claret lemonade at a whist party, and came staggering home a confirmed drunkard and next morning robbed a bank and murdered the watchmen and died on the gallows murmuring, 'Let all young men take a lesson from me, and never look upon the wine when it is red for it stingeth like a serpent and biteth like an adder.' They also used to send out lecturers, with colored charts, showing the terrible effects of alcohol on the human stomach (which they invariably pronounced 'stum-mick'). Most of these charts were very pretty in color, though crude as to composition. And the lecturers carried with them Horrible Examples in the shape of human derelicts; and it took all the profits to buy enough gin to keep the example sufficiently horrible. Oftentimes the lecturer was even more horrible than the example. Which complicated matters to the lecturee.

"Now if these people had spent their time, their money and their effort in slamming at the real issue, which is the high percentage drinks, like gin, whisky, brandy, rum and the so-called mixed drinks — all those manifold straight and concocted beverages that come under the generic head of booze — an infinite amount of confusion might have been saved and an infinite amount of good accomplished. For in these high percentage drinks, you face an entirely different proposition. And again, in order to get a good viewpoint from which to look them over, you must again go back to first principles and ask yourself two questions:

"What is booze?

"Why do people drink it?

"The answers are easy.

"Booze is nothing more, and nothing less, than a form of drug.

"People drink booze because they want to be drugged.

"For booze there is no more extenuation, or excuse, or reason, or apology than there is for cocaine, or morphine, or opium, or any other form of drug. It is a vice, pure and simple; that it is a modified vice makes it but the more insidious; that it is an open vice makes it but the more dangerous. And that, in many instances, it leads to the deeper and rottener forms of vice, is indisputable.

"Only this, in justice and in encouragement, must be said: that it is easier to break with booze than with the stronger drugs.

"As for the people that drink it: there are as many forms of drinkers as there are of drinks, and more.

"First, there is the common, or garden, drinker, who drinks just because he likes to get drunk. He is commonly sodden, sordid and uninteresting, and never gets sober if he can help it.

"Second, there is the sociable drinker. He brags that he never thinks about taking a drink when he's by himself. But he loves to lean his wish-bone up against a rail and bask in the false sunlight of alcoholic camaraderie; a camaraderie that is as false as the drug that engenders it. Properly pickled, he loves everybody and everybody loves him and everything ish wunnerful until the morning after. Then it isn't.

"Third, the lone drinker. He drinks because the load of life and life's responsibilities is too heavy for him to bear without alcoholic aid. He is obsessed of work, or of care. He drinks because he feels bad. And he feels bad because he drinks. Whereat he is what is technically known as whipsawed. He's done before he begins and he hasn't got a chance in the world to win.

"Fourth, the playful drinker. He drinks because he finds that it makes him the life of the party. Ordinarily dull and retrusive, he finds that three or four hookers will enable his conversation to scintillate and his repartee to scorch. He is spurred on by the admiring laughter of the gathering, and if he doesn't overdo it, he gleams beautifully as long as his light stays lit. But when his wick burns out, he's all done, and graduates into either class 1 or class 2.

"Fifth, the youthful drinker. He drinks because he thinks it's smart. He breaks his mother's heart, and makes his father say bitter things beneath his breath. He is easily led into folly, crime, ruin or disease or all the rotten quartette. If he escapes, it is only because God is very good to him indeed.

"Sixth, the imaginative drinker. He drinks to get more out of life than there is in it. He could save time by taking hashish.

"Seventh, the sensuous drinker. He loves to play with his stomach, with his brain, with his eyes, with his ears. He finds that cocktails and highballs give added zest to his appetite; that cordials warm his stomach. He finds that a few drinks make entertaining an entertainment ordinarily stupid; that colors take added glow, music an added melody, when assimilated through a gas mask of alcohol. He is never normal, never himself. Life he views through a purple haze. The good resolutions that he makes at night, die still-born in the cold gray gloom of the morning after. He comes in at three p.m., murmurs a subdued 'good morning,' and leaves it to the bartender to do the best he can.

"Eighth, the idle-rich drinker. He has been everywhere, done everything, seen everything. He drinks because alcohol gives him a new sensation. At the finish it usually enables him to see something new. He sees it alone. And it isn't in any zoological work ever compiled.

"Female drinkers can be herded with the males into most of these categories. But, as women can rise to greater heights in life than men, so can they sink to greater depths. . . . A drunken man is sodden. A drunken woman is sickening.

"As for the so-called Moderate Drinker, there is no question in my mind that he does exist; in negligible quantities, it is true; for he is the alcoholic *rara avis*. But he is there, nevertheless. I myself have known several of him. But the trouble with him is that he writes no articles for magazines. Said articles for the main part are contributed by human submarines who have been so busy plumbing the poisoned depths that they haven't had time to notice the few and insignificant skip-jacks on the surface.

"This, mind you, is no defense even for the moderate drinker, who deserves no credit for his moderation. He is blessed usually with a congenital indifference to alcohol; he drinks only because somebody asks him to, and it's too much trouble to say no. Whereat he pollutes his insides slightly with a small amount of liquid poison that he would be much better without, and achieves neither joy nor sorrow thereat. Occasionally, you find a moderate drinker of another description: the person of profound and ironbound habit, who lives by rote. Two of these I have known; and I knew them best when they were eighty or past. It was their never-failing custom, at the fall of day, to partake of a glass — one glass, no more, — of hot water, lemon juice, sugar, with a modicum of rye whisky. One glass, no more, they took; and they spoiled the better part of an hour in so doing. I never could conceive that it did anything to shorten their days, or drive them into a drunkard's grave. On the other hand, I used to wonder if they wouldn't enjoy it just as much if they had used Jamaica ginger, or something, in place of the whisky.

"I can conceive, too (although I have seen it vehemently denied), that alcohol possesses its medicinal values. A life-saving crew, shivering and shaking in the clammy cold of a winter's night — a raiding party in the mud and muck and slush of the January trenches — can be warmed up and re-invigorated by a proper dose of alcohol medicinally applied. Of course piping hot tea, scalding foot-baths, plenty of warm blankets and hot-water bottles might do the same thing. But until life-boats and trench parties can be equipped with tea-cosies, foot-baths, blankets and hot-water bottles, it would seem to me that the simpler and equally efficacious remedy should be adhered to. But it should be remembered that here alcohol is used as a medicine. To sell alcohol over a bar as a beverage is just as sensible as to open a small stand for the vending of strychnine pills as a candy.

"To me booze, as a beverage and as an amusement, stands naked, shameless and without excuse. I have heard many pleas for booze so handled, many excuses, many arguments. But never yet have I heard a good one.

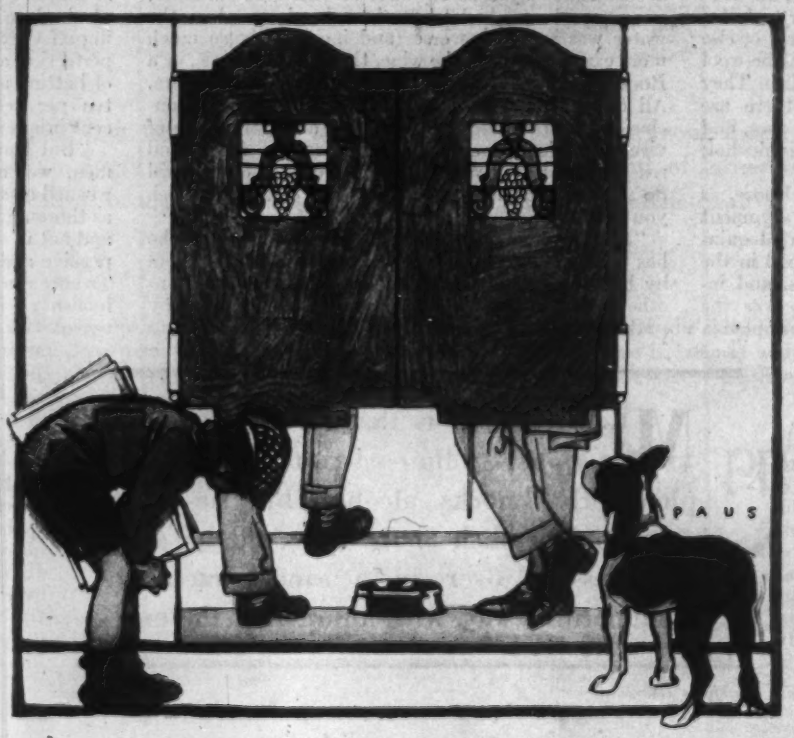
"I have heard many arguments in favor of saloons; but never yet a good one. Liquor dealers, most of whom, by the way, are teetotalers, are fond of upholding the saloon as the poor man's club. If the poor man must have a club in which he can drink up all the money that ought to go to feeding and clothing his wife and children, or spend in buying new limousines for the saloon-keeper the money with which he should be purchasing a Liberty Bond or putting aside for a spell of inclement weather, he's better off without any club.

"If a man can't have a club from which he can walk home like a gentleman at a decent hour, instead of staggering in at 2 g. m. with an Alice-blue liver, he'd better give up the nonchalant life of the man-about-town and settle down to something that doesn't include vertigo, physical prostration and wife-beating. Which is what the saloon does, and you can't get away from it.

"For the saloon, there is absolutely no excuse, argument, or palliation. Honest saloon-keepers themselves will tell you so. It is legalized vice and open temptation. It ruins and wrecks more men than any other influence in the known world. It is absolutely and utterly rotten. Every saloon in the world should be closed today, and never again opened. If no more than 50,000 men spend an average of half an hour a day in saloons, there alone are 25,000 hours a day wasted to the individual and to the world or 25,000 hours that could be devoted to something decent, useful, helpful, healthful. Consider that economic waste alone. And then add to that the active harm to livers and stomachs and morals that go with it. No, sir, any man that can discover any excuse whatever for a saloon would make Christopher Columbus look like a hermit!

"I have seen a thousand rotten things done by booze — and not one good one.

"I could talk for hours of the crimes of booze that I have [*Continued on page 53*]



Leaks and Letters

Another Ripping Political Story

by Sophie Kerr

Illustrations by C. F. Underwood

ON the stage and in the imagination of a good many people who live far away from the metropolis, a Wall Street broker is a dissipated, devilish person with sleek dark hair and cynical bepouched eyes. He is always supposed to wear ultra tailored clothes, "sporty" ties, a whole pearl scarf-pin and star sapphire links. His occupation, when he is not fleecing the innocent investor, is alleged to be "opening wine," and frequenting the cabarets. There may be Wall Street brokers who answer to this description — I do not know. But Mr. Calvin Hurdle is not one of them. He looks — I rather think he is — an elderly church warden.

Yet Mr. Calvin Hurdle, for all his quiet, unjeweled garb, and despite the fact that he was never in a cabaret in his life, and loathes champagne — preferring a special brand of Scotch, one teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water before dinner — likewise, despite the fact that his hair is gray and scanty, his eyes kindly, albeit somewhat weak — yes, yes — with all these drawbacks Mr. Calvin Hurdle is still a Wall Street broker and a most successful one. He collects Egyptian pottery in his leisure hours, and the dream of his life is to go to Egypt and dig in that ancient soil and see if he can find for himself some of the grubby bits of earthenware he dotes on. When he is not talking of his hobby, however, he is an entertaining host. Quiet and insignificant though he appears, he has been "in on" some of the biggest and most daring stock deals that the New York Exchange has ever exclaimed over and envied. He knows and has known many important people and many people who were interesting if not important. If he were shipwrecked on a desert island, he could entertain himself for a decade at least by merely remembering what he knows about people.

Naturally, when he begins a story, the people who are lucky enough to be present sit very still and listen, for there is ingrained in all human nature an active curiosity to know the inner history of those who have won fame and success. We all hanker to learn the "innards" of the minds of Front-page Citizens. Why does everyone read biography? Same reason. There's a fascination about it that can't be defined or described. And one of Calvin Hurdle's stories is always biography, frequently history, and often a powerful drama besides.

Evelyn snatched aside the curtains with one sweep of her arms. "Indeed, John, you'll do nothing of the sort!" she announced

What everybody notices (he began slowly, apropos of nothing) first of all in Washington, is how intelligent all the women seem! Even the prettiest of them will chatter away about legislation and diplomacy and high finance with an air of alert interest that is calculated to fool old King Solomon himself. Pretty soon, though, you hear something that you know isn't so. Then you prick up your ears. Then you hear something more that you remember was in the leading editorial of the *Post* yesterday. And after a little more keen listening, with the critical faculty turned on fully, you get the great superficiality of it — *or* — you see that she's been talking with an object.

And not only do they chatter about everything that's going on with a brilliant knowingness that takes your breath away, until you see that all the brilliancy's an empty bubble, but, if you'll notice, they *always* have inside information. "Oh — I can tell you all about that — confidentially, of course," is the siren song of all of 'em. Remember the excitement over the leak a year or so ago? And what it all dwindled down to? Somebody told somebody and somebody else wrote a letter and somebody's little girl heard her father tell her mother something that she repeated — to whom? To a woman, of course, and then the Great Leak Excitement began and before night it was all over town that Tumulty, McAdoo, von Bernstorff the White House cat and anybody else who happened to come into the excited gossipers' minds had made gigantic fortunes in "war brides" on advance information. Naturally, all these innocent slandered parties demanded an investigation, but I think even they must have grinned, in spite of their anger and annoyance, when the whole heavy artillery of judges and counsel could find no target but a harmless woman's hearsay, and an irresponsible man's letter. What a farce it all was!

But I can remember a leak case when a piece of information that should have been the most sacredly kept diplomatic secret was got hold of beforehand by an unscrupulous and very daring person and utilized for a flutter in stocks that came very near creating an internal scandal and causing the resignation of a Cabinet member, discredited and disgraced.

You know my grandfather founded the brokerage house of Hurdle, and my father followed him, and I naturally followed my father. One day when I was about twenty-three years old, I was called into my grandfather's private office. My father was there, too, and both of them looked mighty serious. My grandfather was a starchy old chap — wore a stock and carried a gold-headed cane — regular Dan'l Webster make-up. He looked like a proud, dignified, old-fashioned statesman, but don't you forget he was a keen business man, up to the very day he died.

"Calvin," said he, his deep voice rumbling grandiloquently, "we have decided to open a branch office of the House of Hurdle in our Nation's capital. It is an innovation of which I am somewhat doubtful, but I have allowed myself to be persuaded. Pembroke and Dollins are to go there. And so, my boy, are you."

I wasn't very pleased — I didn't want to leave New York, but I knew a whole lot better than to gainsay my Grandad Hurdle. Pembroke and Dollins were two of our most trusted, reliable men, so I guessed that they were to do the work and I was to be a sort of figurehead. I didn't like that, either.

"You are to be in charge," said my grandfather, as if he knew what I was thinking, "and the responsibility of the venture lies with you — wholly."

Now that put another face on it. I began to cheer up and feel important.

"Thank you, grandad," I said. "When do we go?"

"Early next month," said he. Then, getting up and standing his full height, beautiful old boy that he was, six feet three and as straight as an Indian — he put his hands on my shoulders and looked down at me sternly. "I will give you no advice nor any cautions," he said. "But you are young. Therefore, I will say just this: Remember that you are a gentleman as well as a man of business — and a gentleman first."

It sounds like old-fashioned fustian, as I repeat it, but it was pretty impressive to a boy of my age and

bringing up, I tell you. Good old grandad! I wonder what he would have done in these cutthroat days. I rather think he would have held his own — he was about as astute as they make 'em.

It was my father, though, who gave me my real instructions. He said that he hoped the Washington office would do a big business and that I was expected to get the most of it. He punctured some of my feelings of importance very neatly, too, by saying: "I wouldn't send you down there at all, Calvin — I'd send a more experienced man, but the Washington game has got to be played socially, and there you can do something. I'm going to give you letters to a number of people I know and you must make yourself agreeable and get a good footing as soon as you can. Your mother has a distant cousin there, married to John Spalding, the Cabinet member. They've always kept up a desultory friendship and you should profit by it. You'll probably get the entrée there at once. Well-mannered, well-to-do single young men in Washington are scarce and people will take you in everywhere if you behave yourself and play your cards right. Keep clear of entanglements, hold your tongue about everything you see or hear, make plenty of friends, but no intimates. And mind this — no funny business about women or drink. You keep straight, or by gad, grown man that you are, I'll give you such a hiding as you never had in your life."

Father, in his way, was as old-fashioned as Grandad — he never doubted that he had the right to lick his boys, no matter how old they were, and he meant what he said. And I knew he meant it.

You can imagine with what excited expectations I went down to Washington. It wasn't the Washington of today, but a far shabbier, less impressive place. But it had a charm in its sprawling green-shaded village-y way, too, and I liked it at first sight. I put up at the best hotel, outwardly trying to appear very much the man of the world, and inwardly all a-shake with kid excitement over my great adventure — for so it seemed to me — and I began to look around for a good office location. It had all been left to me, subject, of course, to father's approval.

There were no big modern office buildings in the Washington of those days, so after a good bit of hesitation I rented the first floor of a fine old residence on the edge of the business section, right where the best residential section then began. The house was a white elephant on the hands of some incompetent executors of an estate and they were glad to get anything out of it. It had well-proportioned, large rooms and a lovely little garden in the back, joining the garden of a house which was then one of the Embassies. I took the first floor and fixed it up as offices, got our private wire in, and installed a negro man named Gabe as general caretaker. Something Gabe said about his ability to cook struck me forcibly, one day, for the food at the hotel was not very good and I was paying a steep price for it. And I got a bright idea, then and there.

A little more dickering with the estate and I rented the second floor also, and made living quarters of it. There was an enormous sitting-room, a dressing-room, a fine bath, a good-sized bedroom with a balcony over the garden in the back, and another room, which I used as a trunk and general store-room. My mother sent me down some furniture and I bought a few pieces myself. Gabe was domiciled in the basement, where was also the kitchen, and there you see me, as snug a bachelor as ever had quarters of his own. Gabe's brag about his cooking was perfectly justified. I never ate such crab bisque, such corn fritters, such panned oysters, such planked steak in my life, before or since. He could make spoon corn bread that was as fine in its own way as a poem by Keats. And his baked ham — oh, well, I mustn't begin to tell about Gabe's cooking, or I'll never get on with my story.

While all this was going on, I was taking a little time to look around socially. I presented the letters my father had given me, and went to call punctiliously on Mrs. Spalding, my mother's connection, presenting my claim of kinship with a good bit of diffidence, for the two families had never been intimate. But, bless you, I was received with open arms. Cousin Evelyn, for so she insisted that I should call her, was one of these big overblown dark-haired luscious Southerners, with large brown eyes and a soft lazy voice, and a wide red mouth full of good teeth — a good-looking, meaty sort of woman. She was about forty, I suppose, but she was as big a flirt as she was when she was twenty, I am sure. She flirted with *everybody*, and what with her smile and her good nature and her way of saying the pleasant thing always, and her hospitality and her natural gaiety, she was a popular and much-courted hostess. She never appeared at a ball or a reception without a string of men in tow, and in her own house there were always quantities of men callers buzzing around. She loved it — it made her feel that she hadn't lost her youth, she said.

When I told her where I was living and how, she exclaimed with pleasure. "That's perfectly *lovely*, Cousin Calvin," she said. "You can give little parties in your rooms and I shall expect you to give the first one for *me*, sir. And you say your balcony looks out over the Embassy garden? Isn't that *interesting!* The Ambassador's a bachelor, too, and a *great* friend of mine — I must introduce you to him sometime soon."

She lowered her voice a little as she said that and glanced round at her husband, who was at his desk in the library — we could see him sitting there through the portieres. I had been enormously interested to meet Spalding, for he was a notable man of that day. He wasn't genial, but impressive and very dignified. There was something appealing about the man, too. Even a youngster such as I felt that he had had trouble and had fought hard for everything he'd got. His story bore out my intuitions, for his appointment to the Cabinet had nearly split the party permanently, because Senator Marston had wanted the place and had been his bitter enemy ever since. And Marston had once been one of his dearest friends! The loss of that friendship and the changing of Marston from the terms of intimacy to an ever-watchful foe, always hunting for something to smirch or hurt Spalding, had been a bitter thing to bear. But there's no use going into the details of that ancient quarrel.

Evelyn was his second wife and she, too, had been a disappointment to him. He had thought her a warm and womanly creature, who would wrap his wounded spirit with her kindness and understanding. He found her a determined coquette, not at all circumspect in her small affairs of the heart, either. He was thrifty and sensible about money, and she was as extravagant as she could be. And she'd come to that age when so many women feel that they must have one last wild fling of life before age finally overtakes them. He wanted her to be a great lady. Much of the time she behaved no better than a silly child.

A good bit of this became clear to me at once. My mother had described Evelyn pretty accurately to me beforehand, and I read Spalding for myself. A sidelight on their life I got when she asked me if our firm would carry an account for her and not let her husband know about it — and the way she put it to me there was no way to refuse without seeming very boorish.

"And above all things," she cautioned me, "don't let Senator Marston get hold of it, for he'd twist it into something detrimental to John!"

"If he finds it out it will be your fault, not mine," I assured her, not over-courteously, I'm afraid.

"Don't worry about that!" she laughed. "And to reward you for doing this for me, I'm going to send you Baron Daevrenn, your neighbor at the Embassy. He has an account with another brokerage house here, (through a dummy, of course) but he'll change if I ask him." And she made an amusing *oeillade* that indicated how dear she was to the Baron.

She was as good as her word about it, too, for a few days later Baron Daevrenn appeared in my office, introduced himself to me with a sort of offensive graciousness, of which he was past master, and told me that hereafter I was to be his broker, for gambling in all forms was his greatest passion. All of it had to be done through a man named Thorne, his dummy, for of course the country he represented couldn't permit their Ambassador to be playing the market.

Daevrenn was a slender, blondish chap of medium height, with a beautifully suave manner and a hateful arrogance beneath it. He was always sneering jocularly at our provincial ways and manners in the way so many of his nationality used to do. It's not so much in vogue at present among Continental circles.

It wasn't very long before I was pretty well established, both socially and in business. I had a lot more invitations than I cared to accept, and could have danced and dined almost every evening had I been so minded. But I wasn't a gay youth, and I stuck my nose pretty close to the grindstone. Consequently everything went well at my office, and my father was pleased and I was all puffed up with pride. As I look back at it now, I'm afraid Pembroke and Dollins supplied most of the brains of the force, however.

Evelyn kept firmly to her idea of having me give a little party for her in my rooms and I kept putting her off, for I wasn't keen on the thing at all. At last, one day, she tackled me in earnest: "Now, see here, Cal," she said, laughing, "you really *must* give that party. A jolly little supper party — that's the thing. And I'll arrange the whole thing. Not more than eight people — and they must all be congenial ——"

"Let me ask just you and Mr. Spalding in to supper some Sunday," I said. "Gabe'll be so excited at the prospect of a big party that he'll probably make an awful mess of things."

She gave a little scream of dismay. "Silly!" she said. "You don't think we're going to have John there, do you? Why, he'd turn the whole thing into a discussion of state's rights or a disquisition of Old English law, or something equally chatty and gay. Certainly not! But next week he's going to be away for a couple of days and I have a box for the Patti concert and after the thing's over, I'll bring all my guests over to your rooms! Of course, you will escort me — John doesn't object to you as he does to some others!" and she looked very arch.

"Well, don't ask the Baron," I said, giving in, sulkily. "And if the whole thing's a fizzle, don't blame me for it."

"You are the most impossible boy," she declared. 'I believe you're jealous of the Baron, too." That last word slipped out unawares and she glanced at me sharply and colored a little. But I didn't answer and she went on, hurriedly: "Oh, we must have the Baron — he's the most amusing person — he'll make the thing go, even if Gabe spoils everything to eat. And, in fact" (she had the grace to look a little ashamed of

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The Tree of Heaven

by Bliss Carman

YOUNG foreign-born Ailanthus,
Because he grew so fast,
We scorned his easy daring
And doubted it would last.

But lo! when Autumn gathers
And all the woods are old,
He stands in green and salmon,
A glory to behold!

His robe of coronation
Is tasseled rosy red.
Among the ancient monarchs
His airy tent is spread.

With something strange and Eastern,
His height and grace proclaim
His lineage and title
To that celestial name.

This is the Tree of Heaven,
Which seems to say to us,
"Behold how rife is beauty,
And how victorious!"

They might have been a soft young married couple from the way they talked and acted

She had great soft eyes as blue as the desert sky. Never in his eventful

The Strong Ones—*A Story of*

Illustrations by

IT stood on the edge of a deep arroyo above an everlasting spring, a huge adobe house, square-built and solid with its blank and forbidding face turned toward the setting sun. On every side infinitude stretched out, vast levels of sand and sage that met the serene blue sky, excepting only the north, which lifted up a ridge of barren hills.

It made a majestic picture, this wide round world, silent and solemn and immeasurable. In all its vastness there was nothing to show the hand of man save the adobe house and the band of sheep spread like a thin gray blanket on the desert.

A collie dog wove her interminable circles of vigilance about and about them, and a stoop-shouldered man, old and gray like the land, moved slowly along with the herd.

But inside the lonesome pile of sun-baked blocks there was a different atmosphere. In all the four cool rooms, deep and sweet with the little desert wind, there was sufficient furniture and such furniture as the country had never seen. Bright rugs covered the earthen floors, deep chairs stood invitingly, while in the living-room pictures hung on the whitewashed walls and a piano that had once been fine smiled openly across a corner. A wide couch gave evidence of being a bed at night, and through the open door beyond a bedroom appeared in faded blues — a bedroom lacking in nothing and where all the old blues matched. From another door opening off the living-room could be seen a table that bore still the marks of grandeur, covered with a damask cloth, on which stood an old-fashioned silver pitcher on a swinging standard with a gold-lined goblet on its little tray.

The whole place shone with the polish of loving care.

On this particular morning in spring a stranger far out on the sage-brush levels had sighted the adobe house and laid his course that way.

He was young, not more than twenty-six or -seven, and he was fairly good to look at in a lean, dark-skinned fashion. He was clad in the rough garments of the land — soft leather trousers, blue flannel shirt, sombrero and boots, while a broad belt with a heavy silver buckle and beautifully carved and silver-studded riding cuffs completed his outfit.

He rode a horse which at first glance deceived the judgment, it was so lean, so hard-bitten, so pinched of nostril and haggard of eye.

But to a horseman the second glance revealed a hardness of muscle, a symmetry of line, a tell-tale look of fitness and endurance that perked up his interest at once. This horse was no ordinary animal — and it was evident that his master knew it from the care with which he picked the trail even in the soft going, the lingering touch of his hand on the ragged mane.

That they had come far — and very hard — was apparent in the worn look of both horse and rider. That bare brown building set in the wilderness ahead pulled at them both with the hope of rest and water, quickened the horse's hoofs among the sage, set the man's fingers fiddling nervously with his hat-brim.

When they stopped at the door the shade of morning was still upon the sill and made a blue strip of compromise with the desert all along the front side of the house. From the inviting depths came the entrancing and unheard-of sound of the old piano under vigorous and not wholly unskilled hands. It was an old-fashioned tune that the player drew from the ancient instrument a tune with which her mother, in curls and crinoline, had delighted the faculty of a young ladies' boarding-school in Kentucky. It was very dear to the heart of the thin gray man out there with the sheep, so the player practised faithfully and took great pride in the prim trills and runs.

The stranger on the tired horse halted quietly and listened.

Presently he removed his hat and sat straight in his saddle while the drawn lines about his mouth smoothed out as if an invisible iron had erased them. There was a red line across his bleached forehead where the sweat-band had bitten tight and the brown hair, damp and slightly curly, slowly dried in the soft wind.

Presently the measure of the music quickened and deepened with the precise application of the loud pedal and the performance reached a spectacular end. There was silence for a moment. Then an old-fashioned piano-stool protested with a whirl, a quick step sounded softly and the player came to the open door.

She was a slim wisp of a creature with great soft eyes as blue as the desert sky and two pretty braids of ash-gold hair wound around her little head where the smooth bands lay decorously across her brow.

She was clean as the morning in her starched calico dress of faded pink and the rider looked at her blankly for a moment. Never in his eventful life had he beheld such a girl and the wonder took somewhat from his habitual ease.

But her white arm, bare to above the elbow under the short sleeve, was holding the screen door open and she was smiling like the dawn itself.

"Won't you get down?" she was saying in a voice of honey and with hereditary courtesy. "There's a corral round back and water at the end of the trail."

"Thank you," he said, and rode around the house.

Ten minutes later, washed at the spring and dried on his bandanna — a doubtful proceeding — he presented himself at the adobe house.

The girl met him and took him in with such a pretty grace that he fumbled with his hat and, turning awkwardly in the middle of the room, went tip-toeing back to take off his spurs. It was the first time in his life that he had done that for any woman.

But the blue eyes were shining with pleasurable excitement and he saw that his advent was a matter of moment. She seated herself across the big cool room and began to make conversation in that golden voice.

"It is good to have company," she said simply. "We've lived here ten months and you are the first."

"Great — Excuse me," he said. "You lived alone here for ten months — without seein' anyone?"

"Yes. My father went out in the fall for our winter supplies, but aside from that, one day has been just like another."

"Expect to stay here?" he wanted to know incredulously.

"Oh, yes. You see my Daddy went into sheep, and," there was a queer little note of pride in the honey voice, "it seems to be a splendid venture. And beside, we brought all our things. Oh, yes, we expect to stay here."

"Jehoshaphat!" said the rider under his breath. Aloud he said: "Fine place you have — that spring alone's worth a million to the sheep business."

At that she flushed and smiled.

"That spring!" she said. "Why, stranger, I can't tell you what that spring has been to us! It's just like

life had he beheld such a girl. "Won't you get down?" she was saying

the Great West — *by* Vingie E. Roe

P. V. E. Ivory

the river Jordan in its infinite blessing! It is a voice in the wilderness. At first I thought I could never stand it here in the world — I used to cry at nights and walk the rooms in the daytimes when Daddy was out with the sheep — and I was a very wicked woman."

She looked at him seriously, making this confession.

"But God gave me the spring as a compensation. There is always *something*, some one thing, in our darkest hour, for a compensation, it seems. Haven't you found it so?"

The rider uncrossed and recrossed his booted feet, and looked over at the piano.

"Why — yes. Yes, ma'am — I b'lieve so," he said manfully.

For half an hour the eagerness to talk to "company" kept the girl smiling and dimpling in a way that sent the man's eyes fleeting diffidently to her face and circling the wonderful room when he could no longer bear the light of the starved blue eyes.

But presently she rose.

"If you will make yourself at home," she said with that prettily courteous hospitality, "and will excuse me, I will see about my dinner."

The stranger rose.

"I'll have to be a-goin'," he said. "I've already kept you from your work ——"

He did not finish, for the light went out of the sparkling face as if one had blown out a candle.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "I want to cook one really, truly meal — for company! My Daddy'll be in at noon. Please stay with us today."

If she had asked him for his head, this girl whose like he did not know was in the world, he would have thought seriously of giving it.

Therefore he stood irresolute, turning his hat in his hand. He looked out along the sage-brush levels under drawn brows and considered.

"Well —" he said, "my horse is pretty tuckered, an'—" he looked for a minute straight down in her face, "if you'll play for me ——"

"Yes," she said eagerly, "the 'Maiden's Prayer' and 'Silvery Waves' and 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' — in the variations — I can play them all."

The man smiled and flung his hat in a corner. He was getting back a little of the nerve which she had taken at the first disconcerting glance.

"All right," he said, "providin' you'll let me help."

The light came back into the lovely face.

"Help me *play*?"

"No. Let me help with the dinner. I can peel potatoes like a top."

But she shook her gold head and laughed like a linnet singing.

"Never in this world! No company of mine can work in the kitchen. But you can rest and read until Daddy comes — Oh, Daddy will take it right pleasurable, you being here. It's hard for him, too, with only the sheep and Bluegrass Lady and me. He gets lonesome, sometimes."

She was bustling about a little stand in a corner and as she finished she came forward and laid beside him several papers. When she had gone with a last smile from the doorway the stranger picked up one of these. It was the Northwestern Christian Advocate and it was two years old!

For the first time since a forgotten boyhood the man looked at the familiar caption.

For thirty minutes he held the thing and stared with far-seeing eyes over the yellowed page, — while the girl sang in some far recess and the rattling of pans came faintly. He saw a rugged New England farm and heard a church-bell ring, while he rode on a little stool at his mother's feet in a sedate carryall. . . . Mothers . . . it was a blessing they could not see ahead into the future. . . . He laid the paper down as the girl came to the inner door and said gently:

"Stranger — this is my Daddy — Mr. Carlyle Eston Colton, of Kentucky."

He rose and crossed the room with outstretched hand. Some indefinable thing about these simple people with their sheep in the desert and their old fine furniture in the adobe house brought back his youth and its training — that dignified teaching of good manners which had long been lost in the rough places.

"Ah — Prestor is my name," he said, "Jim Prestor, an' I'm from over Cochise way."

"I am very glad to meet you, sir," said the host, "very glad. I welcome you." And this thin man with the white hair and the hopeful eyes sat down with the grace of a courtier, put the tips of his fingers together and began to entertain him on the issues of the day six months back.

To the sunburned rider of the sage that was a strange day, a day like nothing he had ever known, heady and sweet and wonderful, webbed by the charm of the dusky rooms, shot through with the tinkling melody of the piano. The sun was tingeing the levels with twilight purples and reds and grays when he rose reluctantly to go.

"I can't say how much I — I've enjoyed my stop," he said lamely, "and I won't never forget ——"

"But you'll ride this way again?" said Mr. Carlyle Colton. "Surely you'll give us the pleasure of your company sometime in the near future? We are lonely folk, and our latchstring is always out."

The man hesitated a moment and turned his eyes to the girl where she leaned from the piano stool. Her blue eyes were deep and wistful, filled with a longing for humankind that cut to his heart like a knife.

"Why — I don't know —" he considered swiftly, "I was a-thinkin' of makin' camp somewhere in these parts. You see — I'm lookin' for gold — desert prospector — an' I might find likely lookin's around this wash below." The smile that accompanied this lie was winning and boyish.

He was none so old for all the look of experience that sometimes glinted in his long dark eyes.

"Oh," breathed the girl, "I hope you do!"

An hour later horse and rider stood like a statue on the top of a low butte and scanned the world, blue in its last light of day, as far as their keen eyes could see. It was night and the stars were marching across the velvet heavens when they descended and went into camp, the man to lie in his blankets and stare at the wheeling worlds above, the horse to browse contentedly among the sage.

And so began an enchanted time. Two days later he presented himself at the adobe house again. He drank in the "Silvery Waves" as the thirsty sands drink in the rain, and when the girl played the "Maiden's Prayer" he sank to the depths of abasement.

"What business I got bein' here?" he asked himself miserably at the end of a week. "I'm shore playin' a losin' game any way I figger it."

But when he spoke uneasily of moving on,

that wistful loneliness came again into the wide blue eyes that were like the morning skies to him, and he hastily changed the subject.

He had come to sit often on the step at the western door of the great bare house and watch the twilight paint the desert in a million hues, while the girl — her name was Esther — sat beside him and talked in her golden voice of a thousand simple things. The thin gray man was always tired, it seemed, and excused himself early.

The silence of the vast land, broken only by the crying of the sheep in their corrals behind, was a potent factor. It seemed to bring them near together, to smooth away all differences of life and outlook and experience. They were only a man and a maid at the eternal witching game. What did it matter in these enchanted twilights that the blue eyes were innocent as the dawn and young as the new-born, or that the dark ones were old in waywardness? They met and melted softly and the growing light in both pairs was pure as the springs of paradise.

The girl sat with her milk-white chin cupped in her hands and told him the simple history of her father and herself, a gently dignified history of an old house in Kentucky, of a plantation that went from bad to worse, of the pretty gentlewoman who had passed away when Esther was sixteen — here the soft voice quivered slightly, for the memory was not so far away — and for a moment there was silence. The man reached out a timid hand — timid for the first time in a bold life — and touched the round wrist beneath the chin.

At the fleeting contact he felt the blood rush in his veins and he bit his lip.

After that he knew for sure that he should go — and only rode up the wash to the adobe house the next night at an earlier hour!

"Esther," he said to her that night, "there ain't no man in this world fit to touch your little hand — I could kill th' one that does!"

"Why, Mr. Prestor!" she said in genuine amazement, "you should not say such things! It isn't right."

"No?" he asked. "And — and what if it isn't?"

"Why," she said with those earnest eyes on his to his further undoing, "I — I can't a-bear to think of you wishing wrong to any one — not you. Mr. Prestor."

"Damn," said the man under his breath, and rising, he took several turns on the hard beaten earth beyond the step.

For many a day the man who called himself Jim Prestor had searched the level land at dawn, at noon, at dusk, and always he looked back the way he had come toward the south and east. Always his eyes were keen and sharp as flint and always he felt of the gun that hung at his hip.

The horse that had come so far and was so gaunt had picked up amazingly. Rest and water and sufficient forage had filled out the lean sides, lent placidity to the worn and eager face.

"By now," mused the man aloud one day as he sat on the top of the little butte, "I could a ben so fur away that there wouldn't ben a shadow o' chance — Now — the devil!"

But still he lingered. Still he sat on the sill of nights and scanned the curve of a soft cheek, drowned himself deeper in the bottomless depths of blue eyes.

And day by day he felt rising within him such a misery as he had never known. The past rose up to accuse him with a thousand tongues and he had no alibi. When the girl played "Nearer My God to Thee" — with variations — he bit his lips and stared out across the land like a frowning mask of tragedy. He'd have given much to recall the wasted years.

"Esther," he said once when she came out from the shadowed room and sat quietly down beside him. "Oh, Esther — I — I wish you wasn't so good!"

"Why, Mr. Prestor!" she gasped, "what you mean?"

"No — no — I wouldn't lose one ray of light from your white soul — you know that — but I'm — I'm so far beneath you — so darned far!"

And he dropped his head in his hands.

The girl sat in stunned silence for a long time. Then her little hand went out and timidly touched him. He caught it in his own and held it hard, trembling.

"I — I ain't a good man, Esther," he said thickly, "an' I'd give all I got in this world — which ain't much — just to start right again — because I've known you."

The girl blushed in the darkness and there was a soft light in her eyes.

"There is always time to turn back, Mr. Prestor," she said, "and I know you are good. You only think you're not. Your heart's good. I *feel* it here."

And she laid her hand above her own innocent heart.

The man groaned. He cast quickly back across his life and what he saw there brought an oath to die, smothered, on his lips.

But the girl was talking softly and he came back to the present.

"'There is none perfect, no, not one,'" she quoted, "not since the Master walked this world and suffered in the Garden of Gethsemane. Do you know, Mr. Prestor," she was saying dreamily, "I wish I had lived then. I should have liked to follow Him about and listen to His teachings. I've often wished I could see that garden, even now — just to walk where it once bloomed in beauty. It seems as if I could be better — stronger, somehow. I don't know."

She was silent for a time gazing out across the levels where the little sweet wind blew in across the sage and a coyote howled to the stars.

"It takes strength to be good," she went on, "real man-strength — like yours. It's only the weaklings that fall under their loads of sin and wrong-doing, that never shake off their burdens and stand out for the right. I pity them, those weaklings, but I — I could love the strong ones, Mr. Prestor."

She turned to him in the starlight and laid a soft hand on his arm.

"You are strong," she said simply.

It was a declaration, made in the innocent dignity of her maidenhood, and it stopped the breath in his throat.

The face of the man went gray under its desert tan and he nervously tapped his fingers in his palm.

The Garden of Gethsemane, indeed! What was he that he dared to tread even to the gates of holy places?

He wet his lips and his mouth was dry as dust. His apples of Sodam were turning to ashes on his tongue.

"Come in," said Esther, rising; "let me play for you."

Long since the thin gray man was sleeping in the room of the faded blues and there was no light in the lonely adobe house set like a rock in the wilderness of plain and star-studded sky.

The girl could find every beloved key of the old instrument by touch, and the tinkling and sedate melodies began to whisper in the night like celestial voices.

She played the "Maiden's Prayer," and if ever the ancient sweetness of our mothers' favorite fell on a receptive heart it did that night.

The man in the deep chair by the window twisted his fingers together until the knuckles stood out white, and bit his lips. At last he could stand it no longer and rose in the middle of a wailing trill.

"Esther," he said hoarsely, "I — I'll be a-goin'. I think — I'll prospect quite a ways from here tomorrow."

He moved to the door and there was a heaviness about his erstwhile youthful step. He found his broad hat and held it gripped hard in his hand. The girl followed him to the door and standing so on the sill she once again touched the shoulder under the rough blue shirt.

"Come to supper tomorrow," she said. "I'm going to make an apple pie."

For an instant Jim Prestor stood in tense silence. Then he caught her hand and pressed it to his lips, passionately, despairingly.

"Good night, Esther," he said, and was gone.

When the first gray streak of dawn lightened the darkness he turned in his saddle and looked back across the level land. Before him rose the ramparts of the hills with their promise of sanctuary.

Far away on the edge of a great wash the square adobe house stood in its bitter solitude of plain and endless sky.

He lifted his hand and removed his hat.

Thus he sat for a long moment while his lips moved and the forsaken country wavered grotesquely before his eyes.

And in the sweet coolness of that distant house the girl who believed in God and longed to see Gethsemane sang about her work like a linnet and went about the making of the apple pie she had promised, anxiously scanning the can of fruit with an eye to the possibilities of *two* pies, dusting in the sugar and reveling in the soft white dough like any good housewife.

And if she smiled now and then with a dimple peeping at her lips' corner, if she dreamed so long by the open door that the pie all but burned in the oven, why, who should question?

She was young and she pictured other lips that were whimsically sweet between their faint lines, other eyes that were tragically sombre when they turned from hers. It was the old experience that is ever new.

"It's a warm day, daughter," said Mr. Carlyle Eston Colton, his tired old face fresh washed, his white hair brushed to the last fine strand, as he sat to his table at noon. "I see nothing this morning of our friend. Usually he is abroad somewhere, either riding about the levels or sitting a-top the little butte. He seems to me a trifle sad these days."

But Esther laughed.

Dusk came and brought a white cloth on the table and the apple pie in state, but it brought no slender rider loping up along the wash on the lean dark horse. Long the girl watched from the doorway and the laughter was gone when she could no longer postpone the meal.

That night she sat on the step, waiting.

All the next day she waited, and the next night. The blue eyes were troubled and some of the color was gone from the pretty lips.

When four interminable days had dragged themselves away she ceased to sit in the door o' nights. The illimitable land was more than she could bear. For the first time she felt its menace fully, for the first time it beat her down with its grimness.

"Mr. Prestor — he — he's gone, I guess," she told her daddy bravely, and he looked at her with troubled eyes.

It seemed to Esther that life had suddenly become a gray and barren thing, like the desert. All day she looked from the door, the window, for the familiar loping horse, and all day the sage-brush levels basked in the sun with never a moving spot upon them save the gray blanket of the sheep, the spare figure of her father patiently watching them and Blue Grass Lady doing her inestimable duty.

Where she had been content before, had sung at her work and played between whiles, now the heaviness of death hung over her lone world and she could not sing for the lump in her throat.

She drew the lid upon the piano, pushed the stool under the key-board.

Her father saw and understood. No more did he ask for the familiar melodies, though their loss took from him the one genteel pleasure of his life.

Over and over the girl cast about in her mind for anything that might have caused "Mr. Prestor" to depart, searched her tender conscience for any word she might have said to hurt him, and found none.

Perhaps the lone world of the adobe house and the sage-brush plains had palled upon him — he pined for other things. With a quiver of her pretty mouth she decided it must be so. But certain things stayed by her like a precious perfume; a presence pervaded the deep cool rooms.

When she moved the big chair in which he was wont to listen to the music she carefully placed it back again in the exact position it had occupied. The back of her right hand bore an acutely conscious spot — where his lips had pressed so passionately, yet withal so despairingly.

A very real trouble had come upon the lonely girl, and she recognized it so with a quiet dignity.

If she had longed for a Garden in which to walk, she found it. If she wished to be strong she had ample opportunity now, for it seemed sometimes that she could not bear the thought that the lean brown stranger with the dark eyes and the sunburned hair would never again come loping up the wash. [*Continued on page 43*]

Down a Wild Garden

by **Edwin Markham**

Who wrote "The Man with the Hoe"

DOWN a wild garden at the break of day
I wandered, and the world was far away.
It was our garden in the secret glen
Stirred with the old sweet wonder of the night.
The trees were hushed; God's joy had come again,
And all was touched with mysteries of light.

A sudden turn — the bank — the old quick start:
I reached to pluck a red rose from our tree
In the glad wish to take it home to thee. . . .
Then something thrilling rushed across my heart,
A thought, my Love, a thought of where thou art;
For suddenly I remembered — thou art dead,
That heaven's white splendor shines around thy head,
And that we two are years and worlds apart!

A Rose *for* Little Eva

by Sinclair Lewis

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

"Think of the hand that once clasped that of the elder Sothern picking potato bugs"

THE orchestra, which consisted of Miss Gussie Jorgenson, the popular and talented daughter of the station-agent, interpreted Old Black Joe at the piano. The strains which she had been discoursing died in caramel sweetness upon the air. In that exciting pause before the play began, the élite of Gopher Prairie — even Pup Mason, the leader in hardware and social circles — leaned pantingly forward. The curtain rose majestically, with certain hitches, one complete drop, and an audible reference to eternal punishment made by Nels Peterson, the janitor, manager, and stage-hand of the G. A. R. Hall.

Most realistic was the old-time plantation scene which entranced the eye. A large, handsome, and recklessly expensive Kentucky mansion, fully twenty feet long, together with its slave quarters, was portrayed on the back-drop, in front of which were grouped a Southern gentleman with a secret sorrow, a slave-trader with a chew, and a horde of four darkies, who burst out in that chief occupation of colored persons, namely, caroling about the joys of cotton-picking.

The soloist was a pretty quadroon boy with glossy ringlets, who insisted upon the ethnological value of spooning, in June, with a coon, pretty soon, oh, Mister Moon. With a debonair bow which hinted that he was not a colored lad at all, but a lady actress of great charm and ability, the quadroon flung into a clog in which, he, she, or it was joined by the entire staff of negroes, to such a degree of mirth and noisiness that the repining heart longed for those days when all plantations must have been exactly like cabarets without the cover-charge.

To the magic fancy of the Muse are all delicate miracles possible, and without breaking the illusion of bygone years, the soloist was able to add a dramatic novelty to her more strictly accurate ante-bellum ballads. Her lyric was set to the tune of that National Anthem of all New York restaurants, Dixie:

"Yessah, darkies, we all has happy times on Mas'r Shelby's place here in old Kaintuck, so I'll sing you one more song for my old Kentucky home:

The United States has 'most gone dry,
At banquets they drink toasts in pie,
In chewing gum, in beef stew, and maple walnut sundæ.
The Kaiser has an awful pain
When he sees Uncle Sam in an aeroplane,
In destroyers, in dreadnoughts, and other dreadful weapons.

"Where's good old Uncle Tom, my lads? Ah, there comes the brave fellow, whom Mas'r Shelby trusts e'en as he would a brother, and ne'er would sell. Shake a foot, me lads. Greet Uncle Tom with an old-time hoe-down."

It may have been the spectacular entrance of Thomas, or it may have been a realization by the audience that the author of this timely interpolation was none other than the soloist herself, which prompted the applause that now shook the rafters, or at least the lathes, of the G. A. R. Hall. The demonstration was as much enjoyed by the audience as by the bowing talent, since it gave the three rows of young men at the back a chance to pound their feet, and to kick one another's caps along the line.

But every sunny cloud has a German silver lining, and just when the general good-will and festivity was at its highest, the slave-trader seized his whip, drove the unfortunate darkies from the stage, and in coarse tones began to bargain with Mr. Shelby for the immediate delivery on contract of the following goods, to wit: Harry, quadroon, son of Eliza, and Uncle Tom, laborer.

Concealed from everyone save the audience and the orchestra, Eliza listened to the bargaining. Horror stole o'er her face. She clasped Harry, the former soloist, to her bosom, and prepared to flee. The curtain did the same thing, with equal success.

When the curtain crawled up again, the stage-hand had removed the entire plantation, and brought out of the crates a grim and dismal swamp, consisting not only of a back-drop, somewhat holey and faded, but also a rubber-plant in a pot, and a whole practicable tree.

She was, it seemed, a gentleman murderer, who repented, feared . . . and suicided

It was to be the most thrilling scene in Uncle Tom's Cabin, as presented by the Cushman Bland International Theatrical & Uncle Tom's Cabin Company, with a Stupendous Aggregation of Talent and Actors, Carrying a Trainload of Scenery, the Sunny South Darky Chorus in Plantation Melodies and Hoe Downs, with New Modern Feature, Hawaiian Music and Dancing by Famous Native Artists Imported from New York and Honolulu for this Company, and World-defying Pack of Huge, Man-eating Bloodhounds, Specialties between Each Act, Price Only 25 and 35 cents, Children below Five Free, SEE the Darktown Prize Cakewalk Contest, the Death of Little Eva, the Horrible Persecution of Uncle Tom, the Hair-raising Pursuit of Eliza, Remember Not a Moving Picture but a Real Show, Free Concert Every Noon location annc'd on hand bills, SEE Cushman Bland as Uncle Tom, Dulcie Damores as Little Eva, Mimosa Booth in Side-splitting Pranks and Fun of Topsy, H. Rutherford Savoy as Simon Legree, Three Nights Only in Your City, Tonight, Tonight, Tonight.

The most memorable three events of our history are the battle of Gettysburg, the first home-run of Mr. Baker, and Eliza's crossing of the ice, which was the beginning of the prohibition movement. It is true that the Cushman Bland Company, the last Uncle Tom's Cabin agency remaining in the territory, had by competition with the movies been compelled to make up a highly revised version of the play, to pepper it with vaudeville acts, and to use Jazz music instead of the two Lawyer Markses who used to attract the drama-lovers of the good old days of twenty years ago. But it was not legal nor ethical to have any Uncle Tom's Cabin performance whatsoever, unless Eliza should be pursued by bloodhounds. Cushman Bland, that survivor of those days of Booth and high art that never existed, had improvised upon the Eliza motif till the scene had, without losing any of the fine strong flavor of the soil, become as modern as an electric milker.

Mr. Bland was often heard to say, however, that he had no patience with the old-fashioned companies who had Eliza cross the ice. Wooden blocks of ice were not convincing art. . . . Besides, the price of Eliza Ice Blocks in the mail-order catalogue had gone up.

We now understand the philosophy behind the powerful scenes that was about to be fearlessly enacted.

The stage was slightly darkened. The audience shuddered, or was supposed to shudder, at the swamp. Silence and gloom. Not one actor was in sight, not even a maid dusting a gilt chair and soliloquizing, "Well, Master will catch it if he comes home drunk again. He is a rich insurance agent, and he has a son who is a great practical joker, but this time he has gone too far! Ah, the door-bell! There he is now!"

No, the stage was deserted. Then, off-stage, a wail. The audience bent forward, with breaths not only baited but hooked and reeled in. Out staggered Eliza and Harry. Eliza was not carrying Harry because the bonny boy was about twelve pounds heavier than his mother, and two inches larger around the ankle; but they both stumbled, while Eliza sobbed:

"I can guh nuh futhuh, muh poh boee, muh owa Harry darlun, but ere I let thu crool slave-traduh catch youh, I will dash yuh and muh poh self to death. You remember that I have now walked all night, with you slumberun in muh arms, them dee lil hands clasped tight about muh neck, panic-stricken but nevuh ceasun in muh flight, but now I can guh nuh futhuh, though we are nearly to thu Ohio Rivuh whence we can cross into Ohio, where the kind Quakuhs will take care of us. But we must sleep for a momunt. Lay yuh head on mothuh's breast, and do not repine."

While Harry did not see his, or her, way clear to comply with this request, the fugitives reclined side by side. Suddenly Eliza lifted her head in horror. . . . From afar came the baying of bloodhounds.

It was not so afar but that the audience could hear it perfectly. Indeed, it is probable that had you been in on the secrets of dramaturgy, you would have known that Alfred, who composed the Cushman Bland Company's pack of huge, man-eating hounds, was baying to the lure of a pork chop held in front of his quivering nose just three feet from the stage.

Although Eliza did not realize that Alfred was so near, that famous maternal instinct warned her that all was not well for Harry. She pulled at Harry's hundred and thirty-seven pounds, and together they fled forth into the night. They may have missed their way, or the stage may have been moved on a little; anyhow, twice more they were beheld dashing across the scene. The second time the entire pack of hounds

was hurtling in pursuit, with his ears fluttering, his brow wrinkled, his mouth dripping, his dewlap swinging, his deep roar making the footlights tremble. The third time Eliza was just a neck ahead of the pack, but for her heroic nature, there was time. She climbed the practicable tree!

Alfred the bloodhound obligingly gave her time to kick the bottom peg in more firmly, to climb up peg by peg, to perch in the branches, to give a hand to her son and, when they were settled, to whisper *sotto voce* to Harry, "Ouch, ma, look out! You're sittin' on me hand!" But once the victims were out of his reach the pack circled about the tree, uttering again and again that melancholy yammering that is known to be so blood-chilling to fugitive slaves when they are hidden in dark and snake-filled swamps and clinging to property trees that were none too secure when they were new, and have now been used steadily for seven years.

The sunset spread its lavish colors upon the scene — at least they were pretty lavish when you consider that they were produced by a broken kerosene spotlight. The darkness grew thick. The pack of hounds modestly withdrew, as it became bedtime for the ladies. The fugitives slumbered in the tree, discussing behind their hands that night's supper at the Star Hotel. Black seemed their plight. But rescue was at hand! Across the swamp toiled a band of two Quakers, carrying lanterns and saying "thee." Fair virtue in distress had foiled the diabolical schemes of the slave-trader and Alfred the hound.

The curtain fell as though reluctant to hide this triumph of innocence, or else as though Nels Peterson, the theatre staff, had slipped out for just one more beer too many times. Skinny Swankhof, who had sat in the front row and talked with Miss Gussie Jorgenson, the orchestra, during all of the first act, muttered:

"Gosh, it's a punk show, Gussie! I drather see a movie any time. But say, that bloodhound is some dog! Fierce-looking brute. I was almost scared when he howled like that. He's the best actor in the bunch. Say, Gussie, are you going to the I. O. O. F. dance tomorrow night?"

Behind the scenes Nels Peterson was bringing out the set which had been the kitchen in "Is Your Girlie Safe?" the week before. With the addition of four dining-room chairs and an imitation hand-painted picture, all hired from the Boston Furniture & Undertaking Bazaar for ten passes, the set made a delightful New Orleans mansion in which Uncle Tom would soon be giving good advice to St. Clare, recently the slave-trader, and to Little Eva, recently Harry, while Topsy, recently the unfortunate Eliza, diverted them all with her merry tricks and her discussions of the economics of expropriation.

Alfred, the bloodhound, ate his pork chop and rested till he should again be needed, to assist in the villainies of Simon Legree. His square forehead was thoughtful with the dignity of the true artist, and even in the slow tongue with which he had licked his porky lips, there was a hint of the tradition of Henry Irving.

The chief members of the Cushman Bland Company gathered in Little Eva's hotel room after the show. In that white-browed professional with the languid hands you would scarce have recognized him who had uplifted the audience with his double visualizations of Uncle Tom and Phineas the Quaker. Nor would you in the plump white-corduroy-suited lady with the large hat and the white near-kid shoes have discerned her who was called Dulcie Damores by the wide world, but among her intimates was known to be Mrs. Cushman Bland, the gifted interpreteuse of the rôles of Little Eva, Harry, and Cassy. Hardly a day older did she seem than her daughter, Mlle. Mimosa Booth, otherwise known as Liz Bland, who has been our Eliza and our Topsy; and even younger did Dulcie appear than her son Hank, alias H. Rutherford Savoy, who has been so well suited to the parts of the slave-trader of St. Clare, and of Simon Legree — a fellow of infinite wit and whip-snapping.

With the Blands was the most instinctive artist of them all — Alfred the bloodhound. His interpretation of the character of the venomous canine cataclysm of the swamps was sheer creation. Upon the stage his red eyes glared, his horribly hanging mouth slavered, his bay rolled out in the ecstasy of genius. Yet in private life Alfred was a gentleman and a scholar, with affable manners and the morals of a Sunday school. Despite the terribleness of his sagging countenance, he really was humble when he begged for a pork chop; he sat mildly upon his hind legs, and with paws drooping, waited till he was given the word before snapping. He always slept at the foot of Eliza's bed, and if he was forbidden, he would stand in a corner and mew pitifully. His one vice was his guilty love of chops.

But Alfred was too sensitive. He was as cowardly as he was kindly. He was afraid of sparrows, street cars, landlords, and ants. Now he had retreated into an imaginary cave beneath the bed, and in his sleep he whimpered as he dreamed of playing with butterflies and kittens.

The four minor actors who played the Quakers, abolitionists, plantation singers, Hawaiian dancers, overseers, and swamp-noises — low souls with no devotion to art or to anything else save making money — had gone to bed, but the Blands sat up for after-theatre supper in the room of Cushman and Little Eva. Cushman Bland called it their "itinerant green-room," and submitted that nowhere else, in this crass age, was there to be found the stately manners and noble converse of a past generation. They were engaged in that noble converse right now. Removing the top of a milk-bottle with a hairpin, Little Eva, otherwise Mother Bland, piped:

"Say, Cushie, we didn't do such bad business tonight. I'm glad we got three days here. With that construction gang that's going to be in town tomorrow night, we ought to pull another swell crowd."

The great Cushman sighed:

"Ah, but to strut for dullards, to play the antic mime before these ambulatory fellows of the lesser sort ——"

"And if we don't get a full house, we're going to quit; get me, Cushie?"

"You're dead right, ma," Eliza commented, pouring the cocoa out of a cold-cream jar. "I ain't no rube, but if business goes the way it has been, it's us for the farm, all right. Hank will do a grand little dance behind the plow. Ouch, quit, you quit, Hank! Don't you dast to put no cocoa down my neck, hear me?" Eliza got the slave-trader in a hammer-lock and held him till he squealed, and Alfred, beneath the bed, booed in sympathy.

Ignoring them Cushman Bland despaired, "Pity 'tis 'tis true. The Uncle Tom game is going on the fritz. The low morale of the motion pictures has put to naught the passion and splendor of the spoken word, and the art even of the greatest Uncle Tom in the profession. But I never will be easy about that blamed farm. We never will get the mortgage paid up, without touching our poor little ready cash. You know I never will get to like your scheme of buying it, Dulcie. Think of the hand that once clasped that of the elder Sothern picking potato bugs."

"Well, cheer up, old man, the farm won't be so bad. And I'll see the mortgage gets cleared off, all rightee," said Little Eva briskly.

Her liveliness dissipated the fear of going to work which had hung over the entire Bland family since the day when it had become evident that the Uncle Tom furor was past, and she had made them invest in a farm to which to retire. That same busy cheerfulness always charmed audiences. She was almost as much an attraction as Alfred the bloodhound, the following noon, when she appeared in the free street concert, in her hussar uniform, with the banner inscribed, "Dulcie Damores, Champion Lady Cornetist of the Middle West."

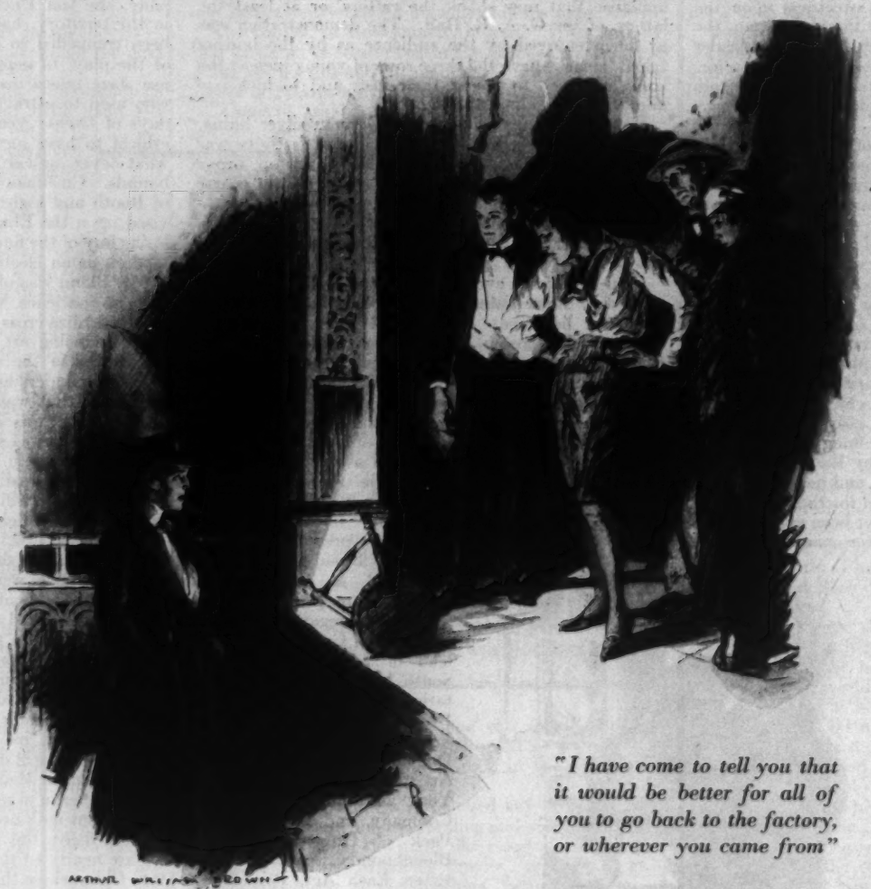
Movies, flat, gray, silent movies, with your blackly shiny "stills" before the Eureka or the Bijou or the Novelty, where are your street concerts? where your blares that announce the arrival of an aggregation of priests of the high dramatic arts? where your stars who can double in brass? Children of the movie age, soon will you know no more, even under canvas, that troupe of soldierly musicians, ladies and gents, who stood reverently in the shade of the temple of the Muses while the champion cornet of Dulcie Damores made "The Bonny Banks of Loch Lomond" and "Nelly Was a Lady" as pleasantly lugubrious as a funeral. Round them gathered farmers in lumber wagons, shirt-sleeved clerks, and every child who dared approach the vicinity of the dreadful, slave-hunting, death-fanged demon of devastation, Alfred the Bloodhound.

A large gang of laborers who were being shipped north on railroad construction work were in town over night. They gathered with the music-inspired street crowd, and to them especially did Cushman Bland address his daily, "Ladies and gemun, it is my priviluge to 'nounce that tonight, in your palatial Grand Army Hall, will again be presented that epochal enactment of the celebrated en-tuh-tainment, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which so delighted your beautiful community lahst evenun."

Apparently the gang of laborers were moved by this chance to pluck the tail-feathers of Art as she flitted past. They occupied most of the first rows of the theatre, that evening. The rest of the house was well filled. Cushman Bland stood discoursing musically upon the size and intelligence of the gathering, with his round and rolling eye fixed to the hole in the curtain, till Little Eva came and propelled him to their dressing-room.

The rows of hulking roustabouts were noisy and tough. They shouted to one another, and pounded the backs of seats with the heels of their laced boots. But they were simple and trusting souls, and when the first scene was magically recreated, and Harry sang about the Southland, the Northland, the Middlewestland, and the Northwesteastofspokaneland, they applauded heavily, and scarcely misbehaved at all, except possibly for throwing a couple of boiled onions on the stage, tripping up the usher, and singing not very nice words to the choruses. It is true that the street-corner boys of the town were encouraged to a certain noisiness and a peculiarly irritating whistling through the teeth by the example of these older strangers, but Harry said cheerily to Eliza, "They won't raise much rough-house; and wait till I pull the

[*Continued on page 32*]



"I have come to tell you that it would be better for all of you to go back to the factory, or wherever you came from"

Love, Looks or Laughter?

The Kind of Plays the Average Person Likes

by Anna Steese Richardson

THE Man from Toronto waved the silver tray, sprinkled with small coins, toward the ferret-faced waiter, and pushed back his chair.

"Oh, by the way, what shall we see tonight? Something cheerful, that will keep us entertained every minute, eh?"

He raised a hand that was none too firm to a forehead furrowed with lines which were not there the last time he came to New York. Then he dropped the hand quickly as if he had caught himself doing that which he did not wish to do. The action was not the only symptom of the nervous strain which comes of shipping munitions overseas one day, and unloading maimed Canadian boys the next.

"'Jack o' Lantern,'" I answered promptly. For a man in his condition, there is no diversion in all New York to compare with Fred Stone and his gay comrades in the world of make-believe.

It was then two o'clock. The Man from Toronto had just one night in New York. He appealed to a speculator. The seats cost ten dollars each. Twenty dollars for less than three hours of forgetfulness! He said the money was well spent. He had laughed like a boy.

The Man in Uniform leaned forward to speak confidentially: "I say, what's the best show in town? Make it funny! No uniforms in it, either! Mother's here. Lord, but I'll be glad to put her on the train. It's not helping either of us, you see, and it keeps me on the jump to head off the chatter about 'over there.'"

He and "Mother" were from Iowa. They saw "Hitchy Koo" at a premium of one dollar per seat. Their last night in town, and everything south of the eighteenth row in the hands of the speculators!

"Such a day," murmured Mary O'Connor, alias "Celeste, Ltd.," of St. Louis, as she flattened down her water-waved tresses. "But I have begged, bullied and bought a complete line of goods for my southern trade, so I'm going after the best play in town."

Nor did she begrudge seven dollars for two seats at "Business Before Pleasure." She comes to New York but twice a year.

"Which shows are selling out? I don't want to be bored," drawled the Lady in Obviously New Sables, to the Perfect 36 who sells theatre tickets in a glittering hotel lobby.

The shrewd ticket vender appraised the sables and the face above them.

"'Chu Chin Chow' or 'Miss 1917,'" she suggested.

"I'll take the best you have for each — tonight and tomorrow — I hope he'll like 'em."

She strolled to the elevator, registering satisfaction. She would spend the evening where thousands could not afford to go, and on her return to a certain industrial center in Ohio, she would mention, quite casually, of course, plays which will not cross the Hudson this season.

Each of these pleasure-seekers is typical of New York's new theatre-going class. Two men who do not want to talk or think of the war shadow which is their daily companion. A buyer who celebrates successful negotiations in New York, as she once did in Paris, with a whirl at pleasure on the last night. And a woman to whom spending without figuring is still a novel and delightful experience.

New York's forty-odd theatres offering spoken and musical plays are practically supported this season by the strangers within her gates. Shut out tourists, soldiers and sailors from the east, the south and the west — particularly the west — and the theatres with their combined seating capacity of fifty-two thousand persons would close their doors.

For New York itself is not going to the theatre "as usual." There are various reasons for this condition. The socially elect, once generous patrons of drama, are absorbed in war relief. Every woman of means who has influence in America and social connections abroad has gone or is going to France. The social climbers, following her example, are organizing societies here, a new one almost every day, and denying themselves theatre-going, as a boarding-school girl cuts out bonbons in Lent. It seems to be the thing to do.

People pay ten dollars to see him. Is he worth it? Mrs. Richardson tells

The middle-class New Yorker who went to the theatre once a week, preferably on Saturday night, as religiously as he paid his rent, now pays the price of his precious tickets to an implacable butcher and grocer.

A first night of a new play, especially if presented with a popular star, was once as cosy and friendly as old-home week at Skeewattles. Boxes were filled with those whose names grace the metropolitan blue-book. Authors, artists and dramatists roamed about during the entre acts, chatting with one another's wives. So far this season, "first nights" have been about as gay as the last oyster supper of the church year, the audience consisting mainly of theatrical managers, their satellites, actors and critics.

If the new play develops into a glittering success, New York's kaleidoscopic, floating population lays siege to hotel ticket offices and speculators, and the prices for tickets soar incredibly. If the new production scores mildly, it is ignored by the money spenders from out of town, and supported indifferently by those New Yorkers and suburbanites who know where to purchase tickets for near-successes at cut rates.

Any speculator and any agent for cut-rate tickets will confirm these statements. The day of the easy-money broker who rode up from Wall Street, flushed with victory, to scatter dinner favors and theatre tickets at the feet of his friends has passed. The spenders in New York, especially the night spenders, come from across the Alleghanies, the Rockies, the Sierras.

A popular bachelor was inclined to insist that the average New Yorker still supported the theatre. I asked him whether he spent much money for tickets. He answered with some heat, "Certainly I do! I nearly always entertain my out-of-town guests at the theatre. Only last week, I took Captain M—— to see 'Maytime,' and the week before a friend of my sister was here, so I bought good seats for 'Peter Ibbetson.'"

And then we both laughed, because, you see, it was for the out-of-town guests, if not by them, that the money was spent!

To understand the new theatre audiences in New York, you need only stroll through the great hotels about dinner time. The very character of those who lounge in the Peacock Alleys and the glittering foyers has changed. Men of the Army and Navy, newly commissioned officers to whom are attached nervous, often wan-faced women, seem to predominate. These are men being transferred or joining their regiments.

Next in point of numbers are rugged men in high-grade ready-to-wear clothes, piloting women who scorn make-up and whose taste in clothes seems to run to upholstery effects rather than to Paris lines. These are the men who have made new fortunes in automobiles, motor parts and supplies, in harvesting machinery, in munitions and on farms. They stroll about in groups, suggesting to a New Yorker that some national convention is in progress.

Finally, each hotel has its groups of South Americans who now come to New York because they are barred from their beloved Paris, Madrid, and Monte Carlo. And our Southern cousins are inveterate theatre-goers.

Come to New York suddenly without reserving a room, and you will be glad to sit in the theatre while you figure where you may lay your head for the balance of the night. The clerk of the hotel at which you usually put up, is trying to rent a room for you in a high-class boarding-house. If he fails, you may have to trudge to Hoboken, Jersey City or Yonkers or some other outlying city for what is left of the night.

A New Englander who, in the days of a less crowded New York, has always stopped at the Vanderbilt, recently telephoned to a friend from a hotel in the heart of the Tenderloin which flaunts a sign, "Rooms without bath, $1.50 per day":

"Let's make a night of it — dinner at the Ritz, a good show, 'The Midnight Frolic' and the rest of the night at a Turkish bath."

He spent fifty dollars to avoid returning to the room where his luggage reposed for twelve hours at $1.50!

On the other hand, consider the fate of the suburbanite who on rare occasions would see a play in town. She discovers that the popular theatre train of last year has been taken off for lack of patronage. Her husband cannot come out to dinner and return to town, in time for the theatre. They must dine in town, thus doubling the cost of their outing. And she finds the after-theatre train shorter than last season by two or three cars.

Another indication of the money-spending class may be found in the New York salesroom of a piano which is internationally famous. You may try an instrument, priced at a thousand dollars or more, and announce that you wish to bring a musical friend to see it. The salesman smiles irritatingly. He cannot promise that the piano will be there two hours later. You think he is trying to force the sale and you take your haughty departure. In three or four hours you return, to find that the salesman was unpleasantly correct in his prophecy. The piano has been sold. This firm is selling pianos as fast as the factory can turn them out — to men from the west who are making the new war fortunes, more particularly to the farmers who are selling wheat at war prices.

But in the department stores where the middle-class New Yorker goes in search of his piano or phonograph, business is dull unto death. Here in New York, the trade-demand is for luxuries. It comes from those who are shopping in New York for the first time.

The same men who are buying thousand-dollar pianos for their homes, sables, sealskins and jewels for their wives are saving the New York theatrical season of 1917–18, are lining the purses of managers and are encouraging the growing evil of the ticket speculator.

What plays does the new money-spender like?

Above all else the play which flaunts arrogantly the banner of success, the play which is "turning 'em away," the play which at night has a line from the box-

office to the curb, the play for which the speculator holds seats at prices ranging from five to fifteen dollars each.

And always he demands the newest, the most talked of attraction, the *dernier cri* in extravagant production. The first of these spectacles was "Cheer Up," the greatest success in the Hippodrome's long line of successes. For a time, the monstrous house was sold out nightly.

Then came "Doing Our Bit," the new Winter Garden revue, and the floating population rushed to see the spectacle.

Came then "Chu Chin Chow," a London-made novelty of stupendous proportions and alluring oriental atmosphere, a story of the nursery, transformed by music, scenery, costuming and fair women into an artistic appeal to the senses. And the long queue of ticket-buyers wound through the lobby of the Manhattan Opera House. Finally Messrs. Ziegfeld and Dillingham flung open the doors of the Century to "Miss 1917," and out-of-town patrons of the theatre proceeded to buy up the house, principally through speculators.

As this article goes to press, the four monster productions with their wealth of scenic novelties, their lure of music, dancing and lovely girls are settling down to a normal division of patronage, with the floating population making the way of the speculator pleasant.

Yet the manager and the average New York critic continue to talk seriously of the "New York verdict" on a play, and to define the difference between the metropolitan taste in plays and that of the road.

"The road" now comes to New York and practically molds the New York verdict. For he who pays money through the box-office window convinces the manager and confirms or reverses the opinion of the critic. That portion of "the road" which does not come to New York, rarely sees a metropolitan success in its true glory, for the modern success does not go to the road — it waits calmly in New York for the road to make enough money to visit the metropolis.

Occasionally a manager blessed with the true spirit of adventure permits "the road" to enjoy a success for an entire season before bringing it into New York. Then do the metropolitan "first-nighters," completely encased in ice, and the critics, steeped in Broadway traditions, await its New York premier, thumbs poised for a quick downward turn.

Such was the history of "The Masquerader." After coining money for a year on the road, it challenged Broadway. One critic wrote, "It is easy to understand this play's popularity on the road. It is pure melodrama."

That was written nearly five months ago — and "The Masquerader" with Mr. Guy Bates Post in the gripping dual rôle still ranks among the money-makers of New York's mid-season.

Another eminent critic referred to its success in "Philadelphia, Rochester, Boston and other cities west of the Hudson."

How strangely do we New Yorkers by adoption, who hail from the hinterland west of the Hudson, say Detroit, Duluth and Des Moines, lapse into almost childish ignorance of geography, when, through work and social interests, our perspective narrows until we bound New York on the north by Westchester County, on the east by Brooklyn, on the south by Governor's Island and on the west by Hoboken!

But to return to our muttons, otherwise the demands of New York's new theatre-goer.

Does he want drama, tense and gripping; laughter, unforced and continuous; love, persistent, faithful, and, in the end, triumphant; or beauty?

"A combination of all these elements," answers the astute manager.

But the season's box-office record does not confirm his opinion.

CONSIDER first "Jack o' Lantern." It has practically no story, no love interest, but it has Fred Stone, his particular brand of comedy, and a background of pretty girls. And even standing-room is at a premium.

Consider next two plays with story-interest, "Peter Ibbetson" and "Business Before Pleasure." Granting that one is the most idealistic of romances and the other the broadest of comedies; the one written in the purest of English and the other in the crudest of Broadway and Ghetto vernacular; the one depicting mid-Victorian aristocracy, the other portraying up-to-the-minute industrial life, motion-picture making, the fact remains that the same audiences which have supported "Peter Ibbetson," are now buying out "Business before Pleasure."

The same men and women who wept openly, shamelessly with "Peter" now laugh gaily with "Potash & Perlmutter."

Not since the Messrs. Shubert brought "The Bluebird" to America, has there been a play which appealed so surely to all that is finest in human nature, as does "Peter Ibbetson." It gives us back all the faith, all the illusions of adolescence, all our dreams, all our hopes. It is the dramatization of love, pure, faithful love which throbs beyond life itself. Its success is the veriest triumph of love. For it offers scarcely a "laugh" as the theatrical profession knows laughs, and its cast cannot boast a single really beautiful woman. It is made by its story — and this statement is offered with all deference to the almost perfect artistry of those talented brothers, Lionel and John Barrymore.

Those who take theatre-going lightly, will tell you that "Business Before Pleasure" sells out at every performance because it can boast ten laughs to the minute. But under the laughter which shakes the ugly walls of the Eltinge Theatre, ugly in garish, more-than-half-size portraits of popular screen-stars, there is a deep, underlying reason — its intense humanness, its wholesomeness. How much of this atmosphere is due to the work of the dramatists, Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman, and how much to the rare art of Barney Bernard, I am not prepared to say.

As a play it stands in a class by itself. Every character is clean. The so-called vampire, played by Clara Joel, is guilty of no graver offense than inability to choose between love with poverty, and luxury without love. In the end she proves to be a very good sort. The villain is played in such admirable comedy vein by Edwin Mordant that when he finally shows his hand, he first surprises his audience, and then calls forth the hisses which are the reward of the successful "heavy."

And — yet — there is Barney Bernard! You think more about him after you reach home than during the performance — and again the next day — and the next. He is the personification of the simple, kindly, sincere Jew, who loves his home and his woman, and whose instinct for money-making is often overpowered by his love for his fellowmen. You feel that he is the sort of man you would like to know, to break bread with, to do business with. Mr. Bernard is exploited as a comedian. Give him another "Music Master" and he would rank with David Warfield. He has the same simplicity — and when his lines permit — the same tear-winning note in his voice.

Yes — decidedly, "Business Before Pleasure" wins on two counts: laughter — and Barney Bernard.

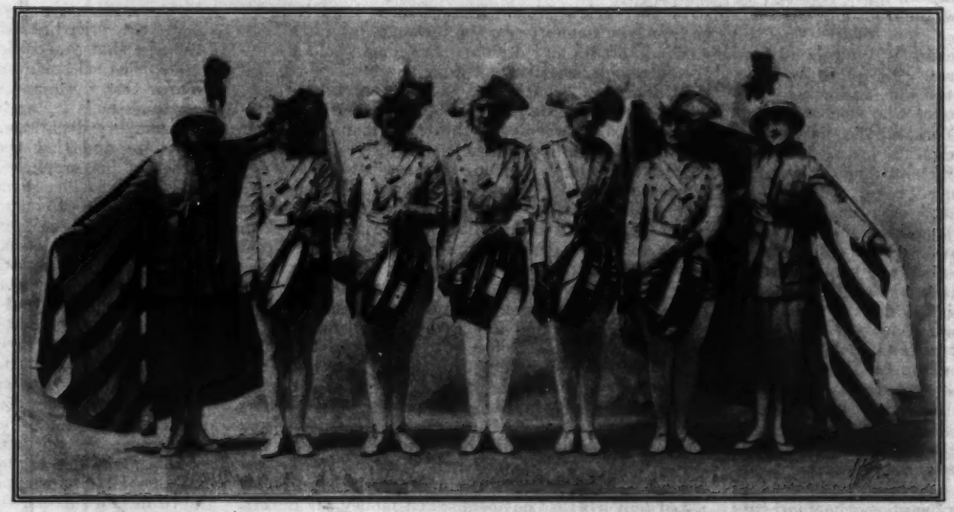
New York's new theatre-goers are disinfecting the drama. While these men and women of newly-made riches are liberal spenders, they bring to New York, along with their money, something of the wholesomeness which belongs to the soil and the industries from which it grew. They are not the same type of spenders, for example, who were made overnight in Pittsburg, and who for a time turned Broadway into a Babylonish thoroughfare. Neither have they had their wealth long enough to yearn for the decadent drama. As a result, French farce, real or spurious, is conspicuous by its absence. The problem play which exploited the most intimate sex-relations under the guise of teaching a moral lesson, has also vanished from Broadway. The sole example of this type is "The Torches," which enjoyed a short vogue merely because there were many intellectuals in and around the city who had hopes of a great drama from the pen of Henry Bataille.

The most risqué play in New York at this time is "The Very Idea," at the Astor. It draws not because it is risqué, but because it is a good story, cleverly written, admirably played, and because it pokes hilarious fun at a much discussed subject — eugenics.

Another striking feature of the season has been the attitude of the theatre-going public toward the woman-question.

Today the mass of women are doing big, fine things for their country. The parasite, the hysterical and piffling woman has no place in the world of those who face war. For this reason disaster overtook three charmingly written little plays which a few years ago might have been received hilariously. These were "Saturday to Monday," a comedy exploiting deliciously woman's dissatisfaction with the so-called bonds of marriage; "The Rescuing Angel" graced by Claire Kummer's inimitable lines and Billie Burke's personality; and "Romance and Arabella," one of the most artistically played and produced comedies seen on Broadway in years. But the crowds which line Fifth Avenue to cheer a suffrage parade and the westerners who bring word of how women vote back home, would have none of the erotic ladies who coaxed, snuggled, lured and billie-burked their way to a happy but unconvincing ending.

So far, no great play of America at war has been offered, but a thousand small straws fluttering along Broadway show that the wind is setting in that direction. When a master hand writes the earnest, gripping drama depicting how the world conflict touches the purse, the heart, the soul of America, the theatre will be found cleanly swept and ready to receive it.



These girls in "Cheer Up" will cheer up anybody

Why Do I Think I Will Succeed?

by William H. Hamby

HAVE you ever asked yourself this question? It is answered here in a breezy, sensible way; an article peppered with fact stories to prove all that the clever author says. A corking talk to Americans in every walk of life

Heading by Guernsey Moore

FOR several months in a western city, I passed every morning along a street occupied by small shopkeepers — a class of business men with the proclivities of Longfellow's Arab — and almost every morning I noticed one or two of them *had* folded his tent and stolen away. Sometimes he went of his own accord; sometimes arm in arm with the sheriff.

The next day, and perhaps the next, the room would be vacant; then a new barber-shop, a second-hand store, a curio shop, or one of those perennially pale, watery, yellowish twenty-five-cent restaurants would crop out.

The constant change on that street meant that practically all of them were failing; those who came seldom lasted three months. They all lost money; some of them all they had, some all they could borrow; others, more prudent, limped away while only financially crippled.

I grew curious to know upon what these people based their hope of success; by what process of reasoning did they convince themselves that their little sickly business plants would grow in soil where so many others had withered and blown away?

It got to be my morning custom to watch for new ventures and step in and ask the proprietor in a tactful way:

"Why do you think you will succeed here?"

Some of the answers I got were funny, some ridiculous, some pathetic — but all of them interesting.

Since then I have asked almost every man and woman I met that same question: "Why do you think you will succeed?"

And the replies have been the most fundamentally interesting human stuff I have ever listened to, for almost invariably they carry a story of the life struggles and failures and hopes in the great primal battle for bread and place.

Curiously enough there is a sameness in them — especially from those who fail. The psychology of the proprietor of the ten-cent barber shop and the twenty-five-cent "Eat Here" joint is almost identical with that of the head of the new department-store or the booster of a million-dollar hotel.

Loosely those who base their hopes of success on false expectations, fall into three broad divisions:

1. Those who trust in luck.
2. Those who trust in the real-estate man.
3. Those who trust in themselves.

It is surprising how many people trust in luck to pull them through. Yet it is natural.

There *is* such a thing as luck, of course, and they all have seen it. We may call it the law of average, may name it cause and effect, or explain it in any other scientific way — and yet it remains the same thing — the thing that ordinary men call luck.

One night I went into the Red Owl at Mexicali — just over the Mexican line — which is perhaps the largest gambling room now on the American Continent.

In that motley and odorous throng of seven or eight hundred men and women who crowded around the gambling devices, one man stood out because of his pathetic anxiety. He wore overalls torn and soiled, he was unshaved, his hands still soiled from his day's work or day's travel. He looked half sick, poorly fed; and, perhaps, back beside the dusty road on the American side was one of those frequent tragedies of poverty, a sick wife or child, and a covered wagon with a broken wheel. This man was not a gambler. He stood over the roulette wheel watching with red, hungry eyes. His mouth — a weak mouth — opened and closed. I saw the fight going on — the fear battling with the devilish chimera of hope. His hand was in his pocket. There was just one piece of money there; its imprint showed against the overalls — one silver dollar.

At last desperately he brought it up, and dropped it on the red.

The ball spun round and round. He moistened his lips and swallowed. His hands clutched the edge of the table.

Red won.

The battered fellow snatched up his earnings and fled the place.

Now, that was luck. It happens at times here and there, anywhere, to miner, to farmer, to merchant, to lawyer, to laborer.

But no man can live on it!

A new automobile tire may in its first ten-mile run hit broken glass or a nail and be punctured. That is bad luck. But be assured at the end of the year, despite accidental broken bottles down the left-hand road, and tacks down the right-hand alley, it is the honest, well-made tire that has the most miles to its credit.

Just as no man can live on good luck, so no man need fail on bad luck. Hence, in figuring one's chances of success, luck should be considered negligible — should not be counted in at all.

Yet in one way or another I believe nearly sixty per cent. of people go into a business, choose a location or an occupation with a hope for luck the determining factor.

One morning I stepped into a little store room that had just been fitted up with a line of stock foods. The proprietor had a long nose, a bald head, and a roving eye. He certainly did not look like a farmer — or even a farm lecturer.

"Is this part of the city a stock center?" I saw he was good natured, and spoke jocularly: "What makes you believe this sort of thing will go here?"

He leaned over the counter — and his eye and tone became instantly confidential:

"You see that sign out there?"

I looked at a billboard on a vacant lot across the street. A show had been bilied for the 19th, and the posters had all been since torn away, but the glaring "19."

"That," said my stock and food man, "gave me the hunch. You see, 19 has always been my lucky number. I was out of a job, and a friend of mine who manufactures this stuff wanted me to sell it.

"I started out yesterday looking for a location, and when I saw that 19 I said, 'That's the place.' Now, you think this is funny, but I'll bet you ten of those dollar packages against a dinner at the Grant that I make two hundred dollars a month here."

I did not need the stock food, but I risked the man food on the bet, and it was never called for. Once, at least, his 19 hunch failed to work.

No doubt scores of other people have made ventures on reasons just as fantastic had they been honest enough to confess it.

But while most people's trust in luck is not so unreasonable, it is just as futile. It is a sort of expectation that something will happen to make the business succeed, some shift in population toward that place, some unheard-of boom in business — or — or — something!

This expectation is perhaps an outcropping of that feeling which each of us has that he is a special favorite of the gods — whether it be the Great God under whom we operate our creed, or the god of chance under whom we spin the roulette wheel, or merely the god of theft under whom we transact our business.

One day I saw a window display of some new washing compound, and a printed card asking for general agents. "A Big Thing for the Right Man."

I went in and asked the inventor, discoverer, promoter or promulgator if he thought I was the right man.

"You certainly are," he decided with one-third of a casual inspection. "And it is the biggest opportunity you ever ran into. See here!" and he began to expatiate on the washing compound and the profits.

"But," I held out, "do you know of a good location to establish a distributing station like this?"

"I most certainly do." A little town fifty miles up the road was exactly the place. It had all the natural, artificial, and prospective advantages any washing compound could possibly need.

After a few minutes I deliberated: "Now I want to be sure, I don't want to run any risks. From what you know of me (he had known me seven minutes) and what you know of this compound and what you know of that town, are you absolutely certain that, starting say on a capital of five hundred dollars, I could succeed; make big money both for you and myself?"

"I know it, I know it!" He hit the desk enthusiastically, confidently. "Why, I've made four thousand dollars right here in five months!"

"There is no doubt; you are perfectly sure it would be a safe venture for me?"

"*Ab-so-lutely.*"

"All right. Lend me five hundred dollars for a starter."

Did he? Hardly.

That is one of the best tests I know for the fellow who is sure the thing he has to sell is exactly your line; or the place he has to rent exactly the right location for you. It has a magical effect in pruning down green-bay predictions.

Queer as it may seem, a very large number of people enter professions or go into business or locate at a certain point purely on the recommendation of the one person who is sure to make money out of it—the man who has the goods to sell, the man who is to do the training for a price, or the man who has the location to rent.

One morning there dropped down on my sociological beat one of those tired, travel-worn grocery stores with wilted turnips and carrots set out in front, and caddies of tobacco in the window.

Jake Garner, the new "storekeeper," had a lank jaw, an anemic face, and pale eyes.

"Well, how is business?" It was a banal question, but it will not do to startle a man on his first morning with facetious cleverness.

"It is going to be good," Jake had come forward with such hopefulness that I felt guilty at being a questioner instead of a customer. But an optical search revealed nothing in Jake's stock I could possibly eat, and being opposed to throwing even poor food away, I refrained from buying.

"Got a good location here," Jake said, hopefully, his hands fumbling along the counter as though secretly practising wrapping up things. "Mr. Russel says this is one of the finest locations for a grocery store in town."

"Who is this Mr. Russel?"

"He is the man I rent this building from — a mighty smart man, one of the best business men in town."

"And why is this a good location?"

"Well, it's right downtown, and there are three big hotels near," was his reply.

"Do big hotels buy their supplies of little grocery stores?"

"No-o. I guess they don't, generally. But — I may get some of their trade." Jake looked a little discouraged and I felt guilty, but the sooner he saw *it* the less it would cost him.

"There are lots of people pass here," he pulled on his left boot strap of hope.

"Going to work, or going home?"

"Going to work — but of course they go back in the evening."

"Their work is two blocks down toward the wharf. They don't buy groceries and take them to work. You have no delivery. Hence they can't order them sent home, and most of them live three miles away. They won't buy groceries and carry them on the street-car that far, unless you are selling cheaper than anybody else in town."

Jake ruminated a minute. "Well, you never know what to expect. Customers come when you aren't really looking for them. I've got a feeling I'm going to do well here. There was a fellow back East where I lived — started in down by the depot ——"

I am always running into that fellow back East. This is one of the stock props by which people who go into a venture without experience, caution, or capital, bolster up their trust in chance, their credulity, their poor judgment. Four out of five of them will tell you of someone they have known who started in without any more than they have a few years ago, and now the bankers get on their knees begging for their deposits.

"And Mr. Russel says" — I had an engagement at the post office and did not get to hear all Mr. Russel had said.

Disinterested advice is worth listening to — often only that and nothing more. But interested advice — where the adviser is to profit by it himself — is always dangerous, and should be given no weight at all in shaping one's decision. No matter how honest a man is, how truthful he tries to be, how wise he is, it is never safe to accept his judgment of your opportunities to succeed, where he is selling the opportunities. Of course he may be right — but don't take his word for it.

To take hope from the man "back East" or "out West" — the success of another man, is excellent — if one also takes stock of the cause of his success. But these people do not. They base their hopes on what he got — and not on the way he did it. It is not that these listless seekers of chance success are too bold, too venturesome. Usually they are very timid, given to much spasmodic caution of the wrong sort. They are the prototype of covered-wagon farmers, who drift forever and ever after the chimera of perfect climate, rich soil, easy work — and a fine farm with a spring in the middle and a school-house in the corner, electric lights at the front door, and wild game in the back wood's lot!

It is because they have not nerve and keenness and persistence enough to investigate and choose the better half — good location available, then face the issue, that they take without question the easiest thing in sight and trust to chance to send success their way.

In figuring up one's reasons for expecting success in any venture, one should not count in luck at all, nor its treacherous side partner, "if things break right." Neither should one give any weight to the complimentary opinions and hopeful prophecies offered by those who will make something out of one's venture whether he does or not. Nor the light, easy, "Oh-sure-you'll-succeed" sort of encouragement offered by friends who make it a rule to boost everything that wants boosting, no matter how bootless it may prove to the boosted.

Nothing is more certain than that no beginner will ever find the door of a perfect opportunity wide open. There is risk and a fight, sweat and uncertainty in the most favorable venture. But when one thrusts his foot into the crack of the door opportunity has seemingly left open, and thereby runs the risk of getting it mashed, he should at least know the door does not merely open into a blind alley. [*Continued on page 34*]

Wild Apples

by the author of "The Straight Road"

Chapter XIX — San Francisco

SELDOM has a serial story been so popular as this. Crowded with action, full of human appeal, it mounts steadily, and whirls toward its inevitable big climax. Everyone is reading it

Illustration by C. E. Chambers

FOR a while Julian stood beside his roadster in that forlorn hollow, dazed, his face lifted to where above him on the line of the Avenue, against the gray night sky, were black bulks of handsome houses — his own among them — trees shouldering together in large, beautifully kept grounds. Then he laid hold of the side of his machine and climbed in. Time to be going — time to be going. He started ahead, wheeled at the corner so as to pass the McCulloch gate; but intent on getting to the street that would take him most directly to the State Highway — the road to San Francisco — he did not remember till afterward that he had passed it, at speed.

As fast as he dared, out of Las Reudas itself, through the lesser, suburban fruit ranches, and then, a little faster, along the miles and miles of prune orchards, where he could vaguely glimpse the piles of empty pickers' boxes stacked inside the fences, and in the tepid, dead night air of the great valley, smell the heavy, fruity odor of the prunes lying on the ground.

Then the lift of the Palo Verde grade that would take him out of the valley; as though the unseen earth had risen under him in a mighty groundswell. At the summit of the divide he met sea, wind, and fog. He was above it, but a late moon, its significant, melancholy face swimming in cloud, showed him as it might have been all the kingdoms of earth outspread, gray, unreal, dreamlike, veiled in mist.

He got down here to change a punctured tire. Working away on the mountain top, in the night, getting the spare from its holder, putting his collapsed tire in its place, the medicine of space and silence began to cool a little the burning fever of personality. When the tire was on and he swept down the grade, his engine cut out, his horn braying for the curves, he still moved in a strange world of space where the hard-and-fast realities he had known were all shaken loose, dissolved; where, at any turn a feeling might have confronted him, walking embodied, or the flesh of an individual, the substance of a rock, a tree, have resolved itself into mere pang and tremor of an emotion.

He drove fast, cutting out the muffler so that the little Go-devil roared like a dragon. He ceased to think, to reason, to remember. For hours he was scarcely more than a sensation of speed in space; without any volition of his own he was being forced to put what had happened behind him.

Foggy morning gradually took the place of foggy moonlight. In this dimness he passed the familiar grounds at Palo Alto. Benchy's university here — Benchy's and a lot of other boys he knew at Stanford. Then he was going through San Bruno, the parked way that edges Burlingame.

Still in the blue-lipped dawn he came into the cemetery region; Cypress Lawn, Mount Olivet, Forest Hills — marble and granite shouldered together on the slopes above him, as the houses of Las Reudas had seemed to shoulder last night — the dead were in both — for him.

The quiet folk up there in the white cities of tombs seemed to watch him passing in his fever and misery with a sense of superiority. They had solved it — or anyhow laid it by. Well — he wasn't quitting yet. Suddenly he was aware that he was hungry — furiously hungry. He wouldn't stop though to get anything to eat till he was in the city. He held on as far as the outskirts of San Francisco, and at a queer little place on the edge of the Mission, before he turned into Market Street, ate with relish the kind of breakfast they were serving there to workmen, plumbers, jitney-drivers and teamsters.

The pastel tints of the Exposition were everywhere; everybody was talking Exposition. Two men beside him at the lunch-counter where he ate were full of pessimism.

"Going to be just like it was in Chicago," the elder chewed the remark along with his fried ham. "Ninety-three — I was there — it's where I dropped my roll, because I didn't calculate on the competition."

"Un-hunh," the other nodded over his thick cup of coffee; "every gink within a thousand miles rushes in. Stands to reason there ain't jobs enough to go round."

Out on the sidewalk again he waited by the roadster till the way was clear of a line of powerful trucks which made slow, ponderous going of it, taking through the open streets to the Exposition Grounds great forest trees, the green tops trailing back of the third pair of wheels — those highest branches which had always breathed the sky-air of still, clean, remote places, sweeping the dusty asphalt.

Everywhere that he looked preparations for the big show were hustling forward: apartment houses being hastily built, new hotels; Market Street, as he got further down, thronged with jitneys that already bore announcements, "Exposition Grounds — 10c." There were the green-and-buff auto stages, too. He could only creep along in the Market Street jam, turned off it at Kearny and got across to Union. Here at Union and Montgomery was the Square which Thatch had spoken of. From there he climbed in the wake of a car going out to the Presidio. Then he found Branch Street, dipped abruptly off Union into its steepness, pulled up in front of number 139, a tall, white, wooden house, fronting the bay, and rang the bell.

He faced around on the door-step to wait. The little side street was very near the top of Russian Hill. The ground went down here like a Gothic roof; and with no buildings as yet across below, the view was heart

"You watch me," she spoke to Julian as though she had not heard Fertig.
"I'll get rid of someone up at One-thirty-nine, yet"

lifting. He thought if he could like to live at all he'd like to live up here.

Then the door was jerked open energetically, and he saw a good-looking woman in a bright, big-flowered kimono of Chinese blue with darker and lighter blue chrysanthemums on it. The garment became her. She was a good height, well-made, vigorous looking, with a great rope of bright hair falling on each side of her neck, and far down the front of the kimono. The gray eyes with which she searched her visitor's countenance — very ordinary eyes from the standpoint of beauty — were inquisitive, daring, full of fire.

This was the woman who, Thatch Dye said, would hide you or lie for you, or fight for you if necessary; who was a bit gushy, but at that as straight as a string. He could believe it all. She looked it.

"Thatcher Dye gave me your address —" That was as far as he got when she threw the door wide open, crying:

"Come in — come in! I thought it was the electric light man. I was just going to tell you that I wanted a new switch for the basement." She laughed. "We have an awful time with our lights up here on the edge of the Beach this way. We don't know whether we're Russian Hill or North Beach."

And so forth and so on, while she led the way to a ground-floor sitting-room, which bore evidence of being convertible into a bedroom, and having been so converted during the past night. Everything was bright and clean; and it all looked like the lady of the house — eager, emphatic, redundant; the shelves crowded with what she no doubt called curios, the couches piled with gay cushions; the windows much curtained, much looped, much dingle-dangled. When she slacked up a minute to offer him a chair he got his card into her hand, but she didn't look at it or give him a chance to speak.

"So Thatch Dye sent you?" It took the rising inflection of an inquiry, yet without waiting for any response she went strongly on, "How is Thatch? Has he got his garage started? Is he married?" A sparkling smile. "I haven't seen that boy for two years or more. He comes to San Francisco — and never comes near me. Says he's on business, but I know all about that girl he's got down there in Siloam. Can't see what's the matter with his calling on me, even if he has got a girl and is here on business. I'm certainly business, myself. So Thatch Dye gave you my address?"

Into the slim conversational gap left momentarily open to him Julian neatly inserted:

"He thought you might have a room vacant."

Mrs. Madeline Kaylor, while she worked the rapid-fire machine gun of her chatter, had continued to study Julian with warm friendliness.

"Not for yourself!" There was something wistful in the gaze that made a rather embarrassingly minute and estimating inspection of him. "Your sort don't come hunting rooms on the edge of North Beach — I'd say. Exposition? I'm not going to list my rooms. They're always full, anyhow."

"It's for myself, Mrs. Kaylor."

"Oh!" She threw back one heavy braid and then the other with a little nervous movement, a half laugh, and a parenthetic, "I'm a sight this morning." Then, "How long would you want the room?"

"Why, I don't know. Indefinitely. I'm looking for a job up here."

"You're looking for a —" she broke off and stood a minute eying him sharply. "Well — say — didn't Thatch send me a note — or anything?"

"I gave you my card with the address," Julian prompted her, supposing it was his name she wanted.

"What's the matter with me this morning?" She studied the card. "Any relation to *the* McCullochs in Las Reudas — Steve McCulloch, the patent-medicine man, and Mrs. McCulloch that cuts such a great ——?"

"Their son," Julian interrupted hastily.

"'Oh — Hades — Polly, you talk too much!'" laughing, clapping a hand to her mouth. "Well, at that, I didn't say anything — did I?" Next moment she broke out suddenly, "Why — I ought to have known you from your picture in the *Messenger*."

Julian shrugged a little, and again she laughed.

"Newspaper pictures are awful things, ain't they? Never do you justice." Her eyes were on that scarred cheek. "But with the name and all — I'm an old San Vicente girl, and I always keep the run of my home paper — Dale Pollard's page — the society news anyhow, and things like that. And when I saw that picture — and how you'd been with the fire fighters ——"

"You have no room for me at present?" Julian tried to check the flow of compliment.

"N-no," reluctantly. "I wish to goodness you'd got here yesterday. I've gone and rented my third-floor front to an Italian — an Italian trained nurse." Her tone was almost ridiculously wistful. She seemed to want to stop Julian as he rose. "If you care for the view, it would have been the very one you'd have wanted."

"Anything would do me," Julian said. "I shall stay on the hill, anyhow."

"You will? Well, say — listen: I'll tell you what we'll do. I'd hate not to do something about a room for you. It seems so unfriendly to — Thatch." She came over close to him, and put out a hand, as though she would have touched him, but did not quite. It seemed a characteristic motion. "You go on now, and ring me up in about an hour. I'll have a list of places in the neighborhood. I'll get you a room — till I can give you one of mine here at One-thirty-nine."

"Yes, Mrs. Kaylor." Julian moved toward the door.

"And wherever you are, in the meantime, I want you to make home of my house. Just come here when you haven't got anywhere else to go. I've lived on Branch Street for six years and round — different places in this neighborhood — longer than that. I know everybody and everybody knows me. I'm one of those kind that can't seem to quit joining societies," moving beside him through the length of the hall. "Heavens to Betsy! I'm a member of every Ladies' Auxiliary that was ever invented! I belong to everything — from the Native Daughters to the Chimney Sweeps' Union. Some of 'em's always having a celebration of one kind or another here. When they're not, my friends have a way of blowing in on me and just taking the house. We may not be so very swell, but we're jolly, all right. Play cards or dance — you dance, of course?"

"Yes, Mrs. Kaylor." They were at the front door.

"Well, you come in — any evening — and we'll get up a crowd and have a little dance, or play five hundred. I wish to goodness I had a room to give you."

"I wish you had," Julian said so sincerely that she instantly questioned:

"Well, listen: Where you going to take your meals? Lots of good places in this quarter — and reasonable, too — if you like foreign cooking. French dinners; Spanish, for them that don't mind red pepper; Italian — the Gianduja's a dandy little Italian joint. Bunch of us always go there for Saturday-night dinners."

They stepped out on the high stoop.

"That yours?" She gave a startled glance at the Go-devil with its trunk and suitcases. "Well, you *have* come to stay. I certainly will dig up a room for you. And say — the fellow that has one of mine I'd like to give you has got a little garage down there just off the square, at the foot of the hill. S'pose you go down and see him? — keep your machine there, anyhow. 'Phone me from there in about an hour."

"Thank you," said Julian. "I will."

He left Mrs. Kaylor standing looking after him in her door. She talked steadily while he crossed the sidewalk and got into his machine. When he put his foot on the starter, she raised her voice:

"Oh, say — I forgot — bunch of us going to the movies tonight. Come up if you can."

Julian nodded indefinitely, lifted his hat to her, and drove away.

Back to the Square again, with its Farmacia Italia, motion-picture theatre and Italian groceries; then the crooked side street with the sign "P. Fertig — Garage," and the additional information, "Repair work a specialty."

To Julian, P. Fertig somewhat reluctantly disclosed himself as a man of indefinite age, average size, nondescript attire; nothing to distinguish him from a thousand other men in the city except a slight cast in one of the light, greenish-gray eyes, which gave to his glance a curious, departing quality. He might have been forty, forty-five, even fifty; but then again, he might only be about thirty — though he was getting a little gray about the temples; and he was dingy rather than dirty. Julian drove the Go-devil into the garage, on impulse, and then rather wished he had not done so till he made some bargain about it.

"I — I'd like to leave my machine here," he began awkwardly.

"Argh?"

In the moment of speaking Julian realized that this wasn't a very good way to start asking for a job — and to ask for a job here had been his intention. He climbed out slowly, and found that Fertig had never taken his unaccordant gaze from the Go-devil, over which it was running in a swift, systematic, nose-to-tail examination. The eye which had no cast in it came around finally to the owner standing beside the roadster; the other one apparently went off on voyages of discovery of its own through the open door behind Julian's shoulder.

"Good chassis," was the sole comment. "What did you get it out of?"

"A French racer that belonged to ——"

P. Fertig began to chuckle noiselessly and interrupted:

"You don't have to give it away. The devil himself couldn't tell what this thing was in the first place. Must have had pickings from six or seven cars. Never be recognized again in the world."

Julian got tired of seeing him walk around the Go-devil and prod it. Finally P. Fertig stopped, still grinning, looked out into the street, back at Julian, and just said:

"Well?"

"I — I think I should like to keep the machine here," Julian explained awkwardly, "if it doesn't cost me too much. And I've got to have some place to stay, myself."

"Here?" The man's eyes narrowed. Again he sent that quick flash of estimating examination over Julian's expensive clothes. He seemed to weigh his good manners.

"I went to 139 Branch Street to see if I could get a room," Julian elucidated. "Mrs. Kaylor said she hadn't any for me just now, and suggested your place for the machine."

"Oh — she did?" Fertig took that into his consideration. "Well — that's different again. What is it you want — a place to stay nights?" he blew out his inquiry oddly, and watched for Julian's reply, which was suggested by the form of Fertig's words.

"Yes. You're an all-night place, aren't you?"

"Well?"

"You have to have somebody stay here nights? I think maybe I ——"

"Argh?" Fertig was staring at him again — if one took a chance and judged by the direction of the good eye. "What you mean, stay here nights? This ain't a lodging house."

"I'm looking for a job," Julian spit it out at last, half angrily.

"Y' are?" Fertig seemed to resent the statement. "Well, say, did you know that there's only about a thousand has beat you to it? — all a-running to get a job around the Exposition — take it away from some man that lives here."

"I'm not looking for work at the Exposition," Julian said stiffly. "I thought perhaps you — I know more about machines than anything else."

"About machines, argh?" Fertig grinned. "Yeh — that thing you're drivin' looks as though you knew too much about machines. Whadja say your name was? Where you from? Ever work as chauffeur — or mechanician?"

"McCulloch. Las Reudas. I've driven my own car and cared for it. I helped build this one over."

"Argh, the devil!" said Fertig. "They ain't any work like that at night, keepin' garage — nothin' but change a tire, or pump in some gas — or wash a car 'casionally. Stiff I had here'd shut up and go to bed in the back room — wouldn't even answer the telephone. I got onto it and fired him."

"The back room?" Julian glanced at a half-high partition in the further corner of the place.

"Bunk or two in behind there, and a place to wash up. Sometimes some of the [*Continued on page 55*]

The Door of Dreams

by **Jessie B. Rittenhouse**

I OFTEN passed the Door of Dreams
But never stepped inside,
Though sometimes, with surprise, I saw
The door was open wide.

I might have gone forever by,
As I had done before,
But one day when I passed I saw
You standing in the door.

Seeker

by **Margaret Widdemer**

SHE was so full of restlessness,
So ceaselessly went to and fro,
That it was hard for us to guess
What thing she wished to find or know.

Only the gifts the gray years brought
So fretted her on cheek or brow. . . .
Could it have been her youth she sought?
I hope that she has found it now.

Our Hidden Powers

by Cleveland Moffett

IN this remarkable article, Mr. Moffett tells a true ghost story. He is not a credulous fool, but a sound investigator, a seeker after the truth. You will be amazed at what he has already discovered; you will sit breathless at what he here records

Illustration by Lejaren Hiller

HERE is a truth usually overlooked or forgotten, that we have it in our power, all of us, or almost all of us, regardless of conditions, to be happy.

What is happiness?

Happiness is the supreme good in life, the ultimate goal of all human endeavor.

What does happiness depend upon?

Happiness depends upon three things: health, love (including service), achievement. And we all, men, women and children, have it in us to achieve something, to love or serve somebody, to do what is necessary to gain health and to keep it.

There is no man or woman so weak, wicked or despairing; so selfish, useless and ineffective; so shattered in body, mind or spirit (I am not speaking of insanity, although even here there is hope, as we shall see) but may yet win happiness by drawing upon immense healing and strengthening powers, within and without, that are waiting to be used by everybody.

Take health.

We all know or may easily know the simple bodily laws that will keep us in good physical condition, if we will only obey them. There is nothing difficult or mysterious about these health laws,—reasonable exercise, reasonable diet, reasonable habits, that is all; and if it is true that most of us have poor health and die before our time, it is because we do not live according to reason. But we might begin thus to live at any time, if we would; we have the power within us, in almost all cases, to re-enter into the inestimably precious possession of health, if we only use this power!

There is a well-known United States Senator, for example, who at the age of sixty-three, after years of unreasonable living (especially unreasonable working), suffered a stroke of paralysis as he was climbing the steps of the National Capitol. His whole left side was involved, his speech and memory were affected, the doctors said that his case was practically hopeless. And it would have been hopeless but for one thing —this man had enough intelligence, enough will power, to begin, even at this late hour, a system of reasonable living. He first found out, after study and investigation, what was the best plan *for him* to follow, the best daily plan of eating, drinking, sleeping, exercising; then he proceeded with all his power to follow this plan, the result being that today, seven years later, instead of reposing in the cold, silent tomb, as was expected, he is an active figure on the floor of the Senate. He has recovered the use of the paralyzed members so that he rides horseback and walks two or three miles a day with little fatigue. In short, he has been restored to health and happiness, thanks to the persistent practise of a reasonable plan of living. I may as well add that I am speaking of Senator Benjamin R. Tillman of South Carolina, and, at the end of this article, I will give in detail his reasonable plan of living.

Let us now consider various hidden powers that have a great bearing upon health, love, achievement—in short, upon happiness.

It is evident that, however great our hidden powers, of whatever sort, we shall get no good of them until we have learned to draw them forth and bend them to our service. The man who owns a farm that has a gold mine hidden away in it may live and die poor if he never discovers this mine, or never has the enterprise to develop it. For countless ages the air about us was full of electricity, boundless stores of it, ready to do man's bidding, to turn his machines, to haul his trains; but these stores were never drawn upon. And the giant powers of Niagara thundered uselessly for centuries because no one knew how to harness them for productive work.

To use our hidden powers to the best advantage we must first *desire* to use them; then we must have a sustained and developed power of will, that will enable us to accomplish this desire.

I have a friend, a New York doctor, who after practising medicine for years in the conventional, conservative way, became interested in certain occult phenomena that came to his notice while he was attending a lady in the family of James H. Hyslop, President of the American Society for Psychical Research. This doctor, being an open-minded man, found it impossible to reject these phenomena as of trivial importance. His intellectual honesty compelled him to search for some rational explanation of the apparitions, delusions, or whatever they were that he found set forth in thousands of pages of psychic records, and all carefully attested.

One thing disturbed him, however: namely, the fact that these occult or spirit phenomena seemed to come only to a very few professional mediums and clairvoyants whose claims to psychic powers are rather discredited since they make money by the use of these powers and, doubtless, in some cases exaggerate them in order to profitably impose upon credulous persons. The doctor felt that, if there really are psychic forces capable of acting upon human beings, they must act more or less upon *all* human beings, upon him, upon his patients, upon children playing in the street, upon everybody. Why not?

Of course this was only a theory to be tested, but it was an interesting, a reasonable theory; and my friend, being of a practical turn, resolved to make the test.

I will not detail the methods that this doctor pursued, except to say that they were mainly in the nature of mental concentration, a fixing of thoughts on occult subjects, an opening of the soul to psychic impressions; in other words, he would sit quietly and patiently in a state of meditative receptiveness for periods of ten or fifteen minutes, every day or several times a day, and wait for something to happen, he did not know what.

Day after day he persisted in this strange experiment and soon he began to see small blue figures, irregularly shaped, that moved about rapidly in the room and cast no shadows. Some of these blue figures were luminous, and among them were occasional luminous white figures. At first the doctor regarded this as an hallucination, an optical disturbance, similar to the lights that one may see by pressing on the eyeballs and thus exciting the visual nerves; but in this case there had been no pressure on the eyeballs nor any understandable cause of the phenomena. Furthermore, as days passed and the investigation proceeded, there was a noticeable increase in the number of moving shapes until these seemed to swarm everywhere, over the walls, pictures, furniture, like a colony of wriggling microbes seen under a microscope. And they were nearly always blue, although at times a large yellow radiance would appear in the doorway or in some part of the room.

I saw her as plainly as I see you. I saw my wife! "Will, I am here, I have come!" Those were the first words she spoke

Week by week this phenomena increased, both in frequency and intensity, and gradually an extraordinary change took place in this persistent investigator; he felt a strange sense of power growing in him, a confidence that he had somehow tapped a vast, unexplored source of spiritual vital energy, and he was now impelled to use it.

One day he asked the janitor of his apartment-house: "How are those headaches of yours?"

The man shook his head: "No better, sir. I've tried everything, and it's no use."

"Suppose you come into my office tomorrow morning. I may be able to do something for you."

Next morning the janitor appeared, not very hopeful, poor fellow, for he had consulted many doctors during years of suffering from these headaches and no one had been able to help him.

"Stretch out on that reclining chair, close your eyes, don't think of anything," said the doctor, following his inspiration, for he had no knowledge

of the best way to proceed, this being his first occult case.

Then he laid his hands on the man's forehead and fixed his mind in the psychic way he had adopted. Almost immediately the small blue shapes appeared in great numbers, and began to pour themselves in fine agitated streams like blue mist over the patient's brow, over his head, over his shoulders, over his body, until he was completely enveloped by them, laved by them, penetrated by them.

That was the treatment — nothing more, but it sufficed to drive away those obstinate headaches for three months, after which a second laying on of the hands completed the cure. At any rate, the patient has had no return of his trouble for over a year.

Here was a crude groping, beginning of — something; the doctor himself had only the vaguest ideas as to what he had done and how he had done it; he knew nothing as to the nature of that strange blue stream, almost like a flow of X-rays, that he was now able to evoke at will.

As months passed, other persons were relieved of pain, other cures were effected and it finally seemed established that there was definite virtue in this method of treatment. Whatever these blue streams were, they did good work, they helped people: and I may mention that one patient, while under treatment and without any conscious suggestion from the doctor, told him that *she saw blue shapes about her!*

The case of another patient is interesting as showing how this doctor was led to take a more sensational step towards the use of hidden powers in healing. This was an intelligent young woman of good family, who nevertheless seemed to be driven towards certain forms of depravity. All efforts to check her evil tendency had failed and at last the mother, in her distress, resolved to try psychic treatment.

The trouble apparently was not in the young woman's mind or body, but in her soul, in her spirit. How could this trouble be reached? And what was the trouble exactly? for soul and spirit are vague conceptions.

In his perplexity the doctor decided to use an automatist, or medium, one of those persons who claim to be in communication with the spirit world; such an effort could do no harm and it was in line with his general investigation. The medium *might* be able to furnish some enlightenment touching the condition of this unfortunate young woman.

As a matter of fact the medium explained the case as one of possession by an evil spirit, a depraved spirit, one of those unsatisfied creatures that have passed beyond but still long fiercely for earthly indulgences and are able to enjoy these vicariously, under certain conditions, in the bodies of men and women who are unable, through some weakness, to resist their encroachments.

The medium described the evil spirit in this case as being misshapen, with one shoulder higher than the other, and the doctor remembered that his patient had a curious way of hitching up one of her shoulders.

"Why do you lift your shoulder like that?" he asked her one day.

"Because my shoulders are not even," she insisted.

"You are mistaken, your shoulders are perfectly even," he assured her, and proved it by measurement.

But the young woman would not be convinced. She *knew* that one of her shoulders was much higher than the other.

I mention this case not to dwell upon the details of the exorcism treatment (which was not undertaken here) but to illustrate how useful in diagnosis the statements of a medium may be, assuming that there is a spirit world and that mediums can receive communications from it.

However that may be, we have in New York today the interesting spectacle of a serious and successful physician, who not only uses ordinary methods of healing, but adds to these the psychic treatment of patients, including the laying on of hands, the use of mediums in diagnosis and the exorcising of evil spirits. After all, why should these ancient practises be less potent today or less needed today than they were in Bible times? And what more plausible or kinder explanation is there of various tragic phenomena in the life about us than to say that certain men and women are literally possessed by evil spirits?

It is certainly a beautiful thought that there are about us protecting agencies that can come to us and to our dear ones, bringing healing, wisdom, peace of mind; and that we have in ourselves the power, by living right and lovingly, to open a spiritual door that will make it easier for good agencies to enter us and help us, just as we have the power, by living wrong and unlovingly, to open a door that will let in evil agencies.

In this investigation I have come to know Mrs. Salter, a Southern lady of remarkable psychic power, who has done excellent work as a medium for the Psychical Research Society, serving both in diagnosis and exorcism cases. She declares on the testimony of her "guides," that no person can be possessed by an evil spirit unless there is in that person a willingness to entertain evil.

"It is the man or woman who is selfish, envious, jealous, a glutton, a drunkard, a libertine," she says, "who draws evil spirits to himself or to herself. I have often seen these spirits hovering about such persons or inside them, wicked, greedy, destructive. I know intimately a woman of about forty-five who belongs to a distinguished Southern family and was once a great beauty. For years she has been possessed by the spirit of a man who in his lifetime loved unwisely both drink and women. I have seen that man's spirit many times while I have been talking to this woman. Under his control she has become a drunkard and I have seen her do indelicate things."

"You mean that the man's spirit compelled her to do these things?"

"Yes, I have seen his wicked, gloating face urging her on."

"Where was this spirit — in the woman's head, in her brain?"

"No, it pervaded her whole body."

"Did she know the spirit was there — did she feel anything?"

"No, nothing; but I could see the spirit plainly."

The medium tried to explain how evil spirits may be exorcised through the instrumentality of good spirits working in connection with a person still in the flesh but possessed of psychic power. This is possible only if the possessed person desires sincerely to be freed from the evil spirit. There are cases, it appears, where the patient is glad to be possessed and these cases are usually hopeless.

I know a New York clergyman, a man of prominence, who not only believes firmly in our power to behold spirits of the dead, but assures me that he has actually seen such a spirit, talked with it, touched it, on many occasions. Here is his story, told with intense conviction:

"I am a very practical person," he said, "a man in fine health, very busy, not subject to dreams or illusions or abnormalities of any kind. The one beautiful thing in my life, the center of everything, is my love for my wife. She died seventeen years ago, but — there——"

His voice changed, his eyes moistened as he showed me a woman's picture in his watch.

"Her death came suddenly after childbirth — she left me with four little children — and in our last talk when we realized that the end was near she said: 'Will, I know how you feel about the future life, I know how you interpret that passage in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, "Seeing that we are encompassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses," and — if it is possible — I will come to you!'

"That was the promise my dear wife made to me before she died and I knew she would keep it — if it were possible.

"Well, eleven months passed after her death and she did not come to me, in spite of my prayers and longings, and although she was never out of my thoughts for a single day; then one night she came.

"I was lying in bed and the room was dark, but I saw her as plainly as I see you and I was wide awake, as sane as I am at this moment. *I saw my wife!* I touched her, I felt her caresses, I heard her voice with its pretty Southern accent that was so familiar.

"'Will, I am here, I have come!' These were the first words she spoke.

"She stayed there with me for half an hour and we talked about many things, just as we used to talk in real life — about the children, about my work, about my grieving for her. I asked about her condition in the spirit world, but she would tell me nothing; she said she was not allowed to do so."

"How could you see your wife if the room was dark?"

Poising an eager finger the clergyman met this objection with the greatest positiveness: "I *know* that I saw her, I heard her, I felt her."

"Was her spirit body like her earthly body?"

"No, it was a different body, a shadowy body, but I could feel it, nevertheless. I could feel it penetrating me, and I recognized her face, her form. *It was she!* Wait! Listen!

"Just as you are startled now at what I tell you, so I was startled when my wife appeared, only a thousand times more startled, and, before I knew what I was doing, I had turned on the electrics and in the flood of light I saw that she had disappeared.

"'Oh, dear God, forgive me!' I cried out. 'Let her come back! Let her come back!' Then I turned out the lights in an agony of hope and fear and — *my wife came back!*"

"Isn't it possible you dreamed all this?"

"No, no, no! I tell you my wife was there. It is a matter of absolute certainty, just as I am certain that you are there. And she has come back to me again in the same way on four other occasions in the past seventeen years. Each time I have touched her, talked to her, heard her voice plainly. There is no possible doubt about it. There is nothing in my life as certain as this."

Please notice that this is the well-considered utterance of an active and successful New York clergyman who preaches twice every Sunday to large congregations, and lectures through the week, a broad-shouldered citizen full of rugged health and vigor, a doctor of divinity, a kind-hearted and trustworthy man, if I am any judge. He declares that his dead wife has come back to him five times, that he has touched her each time, talked with her each time, received precious counsel and comfort from her each time.

What shall we say about this? Is the clergyman deceiving [*Continued on page 7*]

Your Furnace and Patriotism

by **Fred C. Kelly**

MY neighbor, let us suppose, employs a colored man named Henry to mother his furnace. Henry does not always have his heart in his work. The consequence is that when the ashes are carted away every ten days or so, the load contains several shovelfuls of burnable fuel. And what business is all this of mine? If my neighbor sees fit to squander his substance buying an extra ton of coal now and then, to make up for that which he wastes, why should I not wish him luck? I don't have to pay for it, do I?

That is just it; I do have to pay for it. Because my neighbor's man Henry wastes coal, and a few million more persons also waste coal, my dealer has people clamoring for the privilege of coaxing him to sell them coal.

The reason for this situation is that there is actually not enough coal to supply all domestic and industrial users, and our battleships, and our Allies—unless some of us practise rigid conservation. We must save not only in our factories but in our homes. If my neighbor wastes a shovelful of coal, I, or somebody, may have to worry along some day with a shovelful less than is needed. Every time he saves a bushel of coal, there is a bushel less for him to buy from the dealer, and the dealer has another bushel to sell to the man who has none.

We are a nation of wasters—in the matter of coal, as in nearly everything else. Today saving coal is not only a matter of duty, but of decency.

It isn't that the supply of coal is running out. There is no end of coal in the ground. But our present transportation facilities can move only so much. We need more tracks, and more cars and more engines. Most of the new equipment of this sort that we are able to build will be needed, either abroad or for handling the millions of tons of other supplies.

So if we can't move more coal, we must make the coal we've got go farther. If you think this is mere idle chatter, uttered solely for the purpose of making conversation, just wait until some morning when your furnace is out, your coal-bin empty and your dealer unable to deliver any more.

The experts have figured it out that if every householder in the country would save even one small shovelful of coal each day, at the end of a year there would be a total saving of 15,000,000 tons. This would keep 5,000,000 warm all winter. It would keep 7,500,000 soldiers all winter in cantonments. It would send a fleet of 25 battleships 3,000 times across the Atlantic.

How much coal have YOU saved?

PROPERTY OF CASE LIBRARY

Blackmailers and Other Crooks

by Melville Davisson Post

Illustration by W. J. Enright

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the third and last of a series of articles by Mr. Post. They make mighty interesting reading. The names of persons and institutions are, of course, fictitious.

It is said that everybody in London is either paying blackmail or receiving it.

A well-known journalist used to put this epigram at Sir Melville Macnaghten when he was at the head of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard. The thing annoyed Macnaghten because the amount of blackmail levied in London was stupendous and he knew it to be an unsuspected cause of many a suicide and voluntary banishment from the country. Macnaghten himself said that the gangs of blackmailers in London had reduced their profession to a fine art. He wrote a chapter on it in his memoirs.

"Have you ever realized," he said, "what it must feel like to be blackmailed and to know for a certainty that you are going to be blackmailed again; to start up at every ring or knock at the door in terror lest a feared and hated form is once again going to force its way into your presence? Many a man has committed suicide rather than submit to it; he goes out shooting alone in a wood and never returns alive. An accident had happened, and the verdict of accidental death is, of course, returned. But the agony of mind which the victim suffers first — that is the torment, that is the horror."

The records of Scotland Yard are crowded with the ingenious schemes of this vicious brotherhood, some of them of extraordinary ingenuity.

Lord Holm was the victim of one of the cleverest of these despicable schemes. Holm had just come up from India. He had been the English Resident in one of the northwest provinces. He had been called up for an explanation by the Foreign Office. No one knew about it precisely. The thing had been successfully covered. But it was understood that there had been a sort of religious outbreak. One had arisen claiming to be the *guru* of the Sikhs, a sort of Messiah for which there was a legendary prophecy in the religion of that tribe. Holm, fearing that the natives would rise, had hanged the prophet on a rather summary investigation.

The Foreign Office had considered it advisable to bring Lord Holm up out of India and to send another in his place, but they were doing it after the English fashion. He was coming to London to receive an advance in title; his health had been affected by his long residence in India and his faithful public service deserved a proper recognition.

This was the situation about Lord Holm.

He was at Blackwell's Hotel waiting to receive the honor. The whole matter was hushed up and the future of the man seemed serene when one night a newspaper reporter came to see him at Blackwell's Hotel.

It was almost midnight.

Lord Holm had been at his Club in St. James's Place. He had just arrived at his rooms at Blackwell's Hotel when the newspaper reporter knocked at the door. The man apologized for coming to see Lord Holm at so late an hour. He said that he had endeavored to find him earlier but without success. A thing of the greatest importance to Lord Holm was about to happen and he felt that he ought to let him know. The man then explained that he was a reporter on a great daily in London, and that he had discovered that the paper was about to publish an article on Lord Holm, setting out the whole affair in India and asking the Government not only to hold up the advance in title but to bring him before a Court of Inquiry.

Lord Holm was tremendously disturbed, for he knew perfectly well what the attack would mean

He explained that Lord Holm had done him a great kindness.

Once upon a time he had been stranded in India and the Resident had enabled him to get out to London. Holm didn't remember the individual case — there were so many of them — but he was impressed by the man's gratitude.

To support his statement the reporter laid on the table before Lord Holm a proof of the entire front page of the paper in which the whole sensational story of the affair in India was set out with the most lurid exaggeration. The thing had been successfully elaborated. The Resident had been compared to Pontius Pilot; he had executed without a trial, in the most unEnglish fashion, the Messiah of the Sikhs in the northwest provinces precisely as Pontius Pilot had executed Jesus of Nazareth in the province of Judea. This parallel was presented as of Indian origin. It was the view taken by the native tribes. The article charged Holm with the unfairness of his summary proceeding; it condemned him to infamy and it clamored for his trial. It went on to attack the policy of the British Government in covering up affairs of this character.

"It is time," it said, "to clean house; to make an example of Holm; try him before a court of inquiry and discharge him from public service."

Lord Holm was tremendously disturbed.

He had been entirely right in the position which he had taken in India. It was his business to see that the province should not be stirred up to revolt by fanatical crusaders, and his summary dealing with the pretended *guru* was according to the native customs of the state, under the authority of the Rajah.

But he knew perfectly well what this tremendous attack would mean.

The English people were ready for a sensation. The Government to which he was attached was not entirely secure. The thing would not only ruin him but would doubtless help to overthrow the Government that supported him. This the reporter carefully pointed out to Lord Holm as the reason why he had endeavored to bring it to his attention before the paper should be published.

Holm did not know what to do.

It was after midnight, too late to consult with any of his friends or any member of the Government. But the man whom he had helped out of India and who now came to him as a friend in his hour of need, was able to make a suggestion. He said frankly that the editor of the newspaper could be reached with money. The man, of course, could not be bought out of hand. But if Lord Holm would go to him, point out that the statements of the article were untrue, accompany that with an offer to cover the expense to the newspaper of the edition if the article were omitted until he could present his side of the case to the editor, the publication could be stopped.

Holm seized the suggestion and the two men went out of Blackwell's Hotel at midnight, got in a hansom and were driven to the residence of the editor.

The address was in a distant part of London and Lord Holm found himself in the presence of a little shrewd man who might have been a doubtful solicitor. Here he presented his side of the matter as the reporter with him had suggested.

The editor began with one or two severe sentences to the newspaper reporter, including his discharge. He was very angry about the matter having thus been made known to Holm. However, he seemed surprised that Lord Holm took issue with the facts. He asked him to indicate the statements which he held to be untrue. He seemed to consider them, and in the interval Holm presented the course which the newspaper reporter had suggested to him,— that the article be withdrawn until the newspaper could satisfy itself about these statements.

The editor thought it would be a very difficult matter to delay the issue of the paper at this hour. It went to press at three o'clock in the morning. That left practically two hours to make a whole new page. Holm took advantage of the hesitation and offered to meet the expense of it. The result was that Lord Holm gave the editor a check for a thousand pounds and went away with his friend the newspaper reporter at one o'clock in the morning.

But this was not entirely the end of the expenses.

The reporter had been discharged for his fidelity to Holm; he would be discredited, he said, in every newspaper office in London. The [*Continued on page 68*]

Odds on the Boy

by Leon Kelley

Illustrations by Irma Dérèmeaux

WHEN Rosie Kirschbaum embarked upon the sea of matrimony, she forsook her maidenly aspirations to climb socially. From a gay, headlong life of twelve-cylinder automobile riding, late-hour dancing, and breakfasting in bed, she turned contentedly to the simple, scrupulous living of her newly wed husband, Herman Lichtman. By means of the wealth being accumulated through his chain of movie theatres, she was suddenly showered with the things she had once wanted. Then she didn't, for a while, want them any more! But in the fall of that first married year, in October, Rosie again grew restless.

It is in the fall of the year that the society units of Herman Lichtman's little modernized-but-still-quaint town extend their intangible, yet prehensile fingers to snatch superfluous money from the unsuspecting inhabitants of the town. New York, the town's mother and idol, sets the pace in this game; and the town faithfully keeps near to New York's heels! Society ingeniously alleges as its motives: "for the benefit of" the local hospital, the local fire company, the public library, the local civic association, and so on — none of which institutions ever benefit as they should, though they all pretend they do to flatter their supposed benefactor.

Thus they awaited the first sign of either encouragement or calamity

Rosie's first dabbling in the little town's society revealed to her a novelty. She had consistently scorned its affairs, because she was originally from New York. But Rosie dipped into it now, much as a timid person dips reluctantly into water and finds it surprisingly refreshing.

Society! To the débutante it brings a thrill; to the matron it is very life; to the man of the world, a bore; to the tired business man, the same and more of it. But to Rosie, something for idle fingers!

Rosie chose the Gan Eden-sorosis as her most available field of activities. When the founders of Gan Eden-sorosis had named their society, they had sought an appellation permanently expressive of its better qualities, and so they called it "paradise"! Gan Eden's exclusive membership was drawn of course from the wealthier. A slogan was attached: A tiny beam of sunshine in this world of dreariness!

The Gan Eden-sorosis was indeed much more than a mere sunbeam, but it was modest about it. Even its members themselves knew that Gan Eden was the very sun about which other local social planets revolved in either light or darkness, according to how they crossed one another under the steady rays of Gan Eden, in their erratic chase through the town's social constellation.

As days grew colder and shorter, the activities of the Gan Eden-sorosis grew hotter and more prolonged; and Rosie was in the thick of it all. Herman therefore complained.

He liked to think of Rosie as a home-loving little woman. He mentally avoided the truth — that Rosie was possessed with the womanly craving to be up and scintillating in her own little vanity fair. Herman feared that Rosie might become an extremist on society. Moreover, among the other things that Rosie neglected in pursuit of her diversifications was Herman himself!

It was only to be expected that Mrs. Israel Lichtman would promptly endorse her son's opposition. Like Herman, she sought happiness in a small world — a world bounded on all sides by the new hedgerows surrounding Herman's big, stuccoed residence.

On the other hand, it was just as natural for Mrs. Kirschbaum to express with equal vehemence her belief that Rosie "should be somebody in society yet, you see!" Mrs. Kirschbaum had been a religious, *shool*-going woman while her husband David had lived. She had long sanctioned her daughter's trotting with fellows who thought themselves foxish dancers, and speeding with auto owners who thought themselves speedy fellows because the autoless sponging on them for free rides so frequently told them so. In spite of her age, the gay life had therefore strengthened its appeal for Mrs. Kirschbaum. In fact, Mrs. Kirschbaum was rather anxious to believe that with Rosie's entrance into society, she herself would be introduced!

For the weeks leading up to the holiday season, general wrangling brooded above Herman's door concerning Rosie's and Mrs. Kirschbaum's "coming out." Gan Eden-sorosis shone its brightest with its holiday dances and fêtes, benefits and home-talent plays — for all Americans indulge in the grand opportunity for merrymaking granted by the Christmas season, regardless of extraction or religion!

Then, one day, a new element with considerable influence was introduced to the situation when Mrs. Kirschbaum beamingly announced to the elder Mr. and Mrs. Lichtman — and the maid! and the cook! — that a new member of the family was to arrive in the spring. Although it isn't just the way that Mrs. Kirschbaum phrased her announcement, to be sure, the new member was to come by way of the Stork Central Railroad!

When a newborn infant opens and closes its tiny fingers, it takes the world by the throat. And its extensive influence often precedes its own arrival. Thus it was that the news about Rosie, once it was out, had only the one possible effect of bringing general happiness to the hearts of all in Herman's house. But it is a fact that the individuals were affected in certain minor ways with some variance.

In Rosie herself the conflict was most coniplex. It had been brewing in mind, of course, long before the announcement. It was a tussle between the ecstatic sensation about becoming a mother, and the consuming ambition to become president of Gan Eden. Every member of the sorosis, by the time the holidays were past, knew that Mrs. Herman Lichtman was campaigning for the presidency, to be renewed at the annual May election. But none of them knew that she wanted to clinch her chances before a greater event should prevent her from personally projecting her own campaign.

Though a tardier recipient of the news, Mr. Israel Lichtman was no less happy than his son. For these two only supreme happiness. Herman would be *tatè*, Mr. Lichtman would be *zèdè!*

But the two *schweigers* were another matter. Mainly because of her devoted years in the nurturing of a daughter, Mrs. Kirschbaum dearly loved little girls. She yearned to see Rosie have a little girl, to feel the tiny arms-about-neck of a granddaughter. Mrs. Lichtman was not only contrarious about it because of Mrs. Kirschbaum's expressed predilection, but she also knew that Herman had always wanted a son, to whom his interests could descend. Always in sympathy with her son's ideas, she consequently wanted Rosie to have a boy.

Without either knowing what the other was about, the two stout old women began preparations by getting a stock of things for Rosie's baby. It happened that they each secretly bought a complete layette, one pink, the other blue. Either would by ordinary persons be considered appropriate for boy or girl baby, but they each considered their own layette appropriate only for the particular sex they each favor d. It also happened that, looking far ahead, Mrs. Lichtman bought several playthings more suitable for a boy; while, wholly unconscious of that, Mrs. Kirschbaum purchased from her jeweler several trinkets becoming a little girl.

One evening in February, thinking herself alone, Mrs. Kirschbaum arrayed the golden heart-on-chain, and the tiny bracelet which she had bought, on the library table, to inspect them for the twentieth time with loving pats and murmurs. She visualized pretty pictures for herself of the trinkets some day bedecking Rosie's daughter. As she sat lost in her dreams, Mrs. Lichtman thumped into the idealized-Alaskan-cabin room from the reception hall of ye merrie England. She was wheeling Mr. Lichtman, in his chair, securely beneath his plaid shawl and skull cap. The family had just finished dinner in the Dutch-railed dining-room, and by a standing schedule, a snug, sociable evening in the library was billed.

Mrs. Lichtman carried *The Tagenblatt*, hanging by one corner from her free hand. She rushed in with such peculiar forcefulness and so unexpectedly that she completely confounded Mrs. Kirschbaum as the wheel chair skidded past her. Mrs. Kirschbaum blushed and tried to hide her trinkets in her palm, but she did not succeed before Mrs. Lichtman had glimpsed them.

"What's those?" she demanded in her masculine voice. "*Ha*, Sadie?"

"Them? Just some things I got — some jew'lry!" Mrs. Kirschbaum stammered.

"Huh! Funny kind of joolery for an old woman like what you are, Sadie!"

The trinkets slipped from Mrs. Kirschbaum's hand to the floor, in full view, as things will slip from hiding-places at the wrong moment.

"*Nu!* So? . . . Iz, would you look at her, now!" Mrs. Lichtman's eyes popped. "*Ach*, neglaces *und* bracelets! For a baby! For a *goil* baby, *nit?*"

It was a thrust that raised Mrs. Kirschbaum's ire a degree. She forgot the privacy she had thrown about her purchases.

"Well, if you got to butt in about it, *yes!* They *are* for a girl baby — for my Rosie's baby what'll be born this spring. I'm getting things ready for her!"

"Oh, goil huh? . . . And who told *you* Rosie'll have a goil?"

"Nobody told me so — I just know! I got a hunch!"

"Well, *I* t'ink it'll be a boy! . . . And what's more, I *hope* it'll be a boy!"

Mrs. Lichtman tilted her chin. Mr. Lichtman, jaw wilting, sighed a careful sigh which betrayed his fear that the mothers-in-law would lapse into heated differences once more, and gasped a low, timid: "Rachel, do desist!" His arm thrown fondly about his wife, Herman and Rosie entered.

As though they were all alone in the room, or for that matter in the whole world, the mothers tried to outsizzle each other with fierce glares. Their opinions, now seeking expression, were merely the automatic outcropping of their personal sets of ideas concerning babies in general, their own heart-of-hearts' desires about babies in Rosie's particular case, though they spoke as if what they were saying were words shot at each other merely for the enjoyment of quarreling.

"Oh, so you *hope* Rosie'd have a boy, huh? I should care, yet — whatefer you think or not! . . . I'd like to bet anything it *will* be a girl!" asserted Mrs. Kirschbaum staunchly.

"Say! . . . What's it about — what's it about?" Herman inquired, smilingly amused.

"About your Rosie's baby!" Mrs. Lichtman declared. "And that's enough, too! . . . *She* says Rosie'll have a *goil!*" This addendum was spoken with withering scorn.

"Well — maybe she will!" Herman grinned, poking verbally at his mother, winking to Rosie. "Who could tell?"

"Sure, Hymie — huh?" Mrs. Kirschbaum quickly

took the advantage offered. "And I hope she will, too, Hymie! Rach — I'll bet you *anything* she'll be a girl!"

"Hoim, listen to that, now! . . . Bet! *Dumkopf!* Would *that* change it any, Sadie? *Ha?*" Mrs. Lichtman wanted to know.

"Whether or not — I'll bet she will, all right all right!" Then a sudden idea struck her, and she hastily added: "Rachel! . . . Just — to — show — you — how — much — I — think — it's — a — *girl* — for — Rosie! I'll bet you five hundred dollars!"

Mr. Lichtman emitted a shocked gasp; Mrs. Lichtman flushed scarlet; Herman and Rosie exchanged "what next?" glances.

Then Mrs. Lichtman caught her breath and recited slowly: "Sadie — you t'ink you're making me a fool! *Pfui!* You t'ink I'm no sport, but just to show you, I'll raise you up a couple! I'll bet *eight* hundred it's a *boy!* and we'll see if you could have *your* daughter have a *goil* only because *you* want she should!"

Mrs. Kirschbaum adjusted her glasses; she sank into a chair, to think it over. She almost whimpered as she replied: "Ah, Rachel; why do you always—? *Rach!* It ain't fair! I make a fair bet and you try and raise me! You *know* it after all I spent on our new twelf-cylinder auto, and after all I spent on my tenants, them Goldies, *über* my liddle bung'low, I couldn't afford it. I think you just done it because you *knew* I couldn't afford no such thing; and you're trying to get out of it that way and make it look big to ev'rybody else and me look the qvitter! . . . Ah, vell, if you——! NO! . . . Five hundred or not'ing!"

Mrs. Kirschbaum's insinuation had instantaneous results in the now inflamed mind of Mrs. Lichtman. "All right, then; five hundred or not'ing! Go on and *bet* your measly five hundred, Sadie!" she retorted. "Just to show you how much I could be a real sport too, I'll bet my eight hundred against your five! I'm gifing you all the odds! That's how sure *I* am it's a boy for Rosie — not a goil!"

"I'll bet you!" Mrs. Kirschbaum cried, eager to snap up the proposition before Mrs. Lichtman could change her mind.

And thenceforward the bet was an established thing, to remain until its decision one of the chief topics of frequent discussion at Herman's board, and at the less important assemblages of his family.

Mr. Lichtman was speedily made stakeholder and judge, and the *schweigers* each wrote out a check, submitting them into his hands. While this process was in operation, Herman bent, smiling, above his wife, who lolled upon the davenport before the crackling fireplace, somewhat irritated that the dignity of her situation had been sullied by such ill-timed levity. Herman sympathized.

"Don't you care, Rosie dear," he whispered. "I'll make 'em decide, might, to bank their money, whoever wins, for benefit your baby. That's how we'll put one over them both! All right?"

And that is just what Herman did, later on that evening. With slight persuasion, blinded by their anger toward each other to the fact that he was slyly doing them out of their prospective winnings, Mrs. Kirschbaum and Mrs. Lichtman agreed that the profits of the wager would be deposited in the baby's name by the winner. This tickled Rosie, because by such an instrumentality, whether boy or girl, her baby could not fail to be the gainer!

During the next few weeks a sort of subdued frenzy attached itself to Rosie's mind. It was time for her to abandon the Gan Eden-sorosis presidential campaign. Such an abandonment would send awry her plans. The spring election would see another woman ascend to power at the head of the little town's society circles. Rosie would have to swallow the astringent dictation of such another woman, rather than the sweet of victory she so deeply desired. Well, perhaps the ensuing year she could again put forth her foot as a candidate.

One day, in her vexatious dilemma, Rosie approached her mother, her true confidante.

"Say, ma," she opened, "I'm up against it now. I got to settle down. You know *that!* Doctor says I'm having too much excitement running around in Gan Eden. I don't know what in the world to do, a-tall! Gee, I'm just getting on so fine, too. Ev'rything's coming my way for pres'dent. If it wasn't that I got to stop now, I think I could get pres'dent easily!"

"But, Rosie, *liebe!*" Mrs. Kirschbaum replied. "You ain't — now — *sorry* —— "

"*Ma!* Nev-er! Of course I'm not! It's the greatest thing in the world — don't you s'pose I know *that?* Only — only I wish I could have *both!* — a baby *and* the pres'dent's job!"

"Rosie! Why not? You could, too. Let *me* do your work in the sorosis — let *me* get you elected. I could, now I'm a member and all. Let *me* manage your affairs in Gan Eden; then you got no worries to think about till after I get you elected!"

"Ma — could you? You dear! Will you do it for me?"

Through her own progressiveness among the members of Gan Eden, Rosie Lichtman had cultivated a coterie of friends who recognized her unusual capabilities as their leader. They already had listed themselves as staunch workers for her campaign. As many a man in politics does, they each believed that if Rosie were to be their next president they as individuals would reap rewards for their support — in being appointed to committees, and so on! It was upon these women as a nucleus that crafty Mrs. Kirschbaum worked during the weeks following Rosie's actual retirement from the personal conduct of her Gan Eden affairs.

Her greatest stroke was to persuade all but Mrs. Epstein to withdraw their nominations. The nominations were made at the regular March meeting, at which one of Rosie's friends had nominated her with popular acclaim. Among other nominations submitted at that time was that of Mrs. Epstein, made by a close friend of her own. Mrs. Epstein herself was rather energetic, and supported by a separate clique.

"Ma — could you? You dear! Will you do it for me?"

They tried to out-sizzle each other with fierce glares

When she saw the lay of the situation between the two lone contestants, her own daughter and Mrs. Epstein, Mrs. Kirschbaum felt the tiniest grain of doubt as to whether Rosie would really after all be Gan Eden's next president. She began to evolve a "scheme" which she presented later to her coterie at a skilfully arranged "special meeting" of Gan Eden-sorosis members, held in April.

This was based upon her own tedious, investigating perusal of Gan Eden's regulations and by-laws, which filled a thick, leatheret volume, and for clutter can be likened only to the laws of New York State! Mrs. Kirschbaum found that elections in the club could be held by canvassing the votes of all members, by the unanimous standing vote of a quorum or more at any regular meeting — in short, any manner at all adopted by a quorum of ten members in good standing at a regular or a special meeting held before the May election itself.

At her own request, Mrs. Kirschbaum induced the secretary, a friend of Rosie's, to notify the members of a special meeting to be held one week before the regular April meeting.

Mrs. Kirschbaum, in reciting her inducements to the secretary, said many strange things. By one of those curious tricks that insist on happening in even milder politics, only ten members received their notifications in time to attend this meeting, and these ten were all of Mrs. Kirschbaum's coterie!

The appointed afternoon came. Cheeks flushed, eyes snapping, mind tingling with a week's care-laden preparation, heart a trifle quickened at the responsibility of her actions, Mrs. Kirschbaum was drawn up in her impressive Slackard-Twelve to the clubhouse of Gan Eden-sorosis. She rubbed her knobby hands with no little satisfaction and smiled blandly from behind her spectacles as she entered the room where the quorum was already congregated, with full power to act. She was tardy — importantly tardy!

A body of women of the composite type that belonged to the Gan Eden-sorosis is every bit as plastic as a piece of putty. But like putty the women which the group comprises are too apt to either take a new impression from whatever new mold may happen to hit them, or else in time dry up and crumble altogether in pieces. Mrs. Kirschbaum, in launching her "scheme," noted the former, but she wholly neglected the latter!

In the sumptuous library of the clubhouse, the instant president of Gan Eden directed proceedings. The secretary, Mrs. Goldberg, was there, too. She practically ran things, being much more competent and talkative, though less wealthy, than the president herself.

With a curt explanation Mrs. Goldberg surrendered the floor to bulky, smiling Mrs. Kirschbaum. She stood next the mission table behind which sat the president and Mrs. Goldberg. Her face was set with a conscious sense of importance. There was much clapping of hands by the quorum of ten. Mrs. Kirschbaum acknowledged this with a low, awkward curtsy, made with graceless effort.

"Ah, ladies!" Mrs. Kirschbaum began, her affable smiles literally sweeping the room. "I could tell by how you clap your hands how much interestedt you are that my daughter Rosie should be elected your next

pres'dent! As for myself, I'm only too glad because I can say a couple of things, not so much because I myself should be up here so important talking at you, but because I'm thinking first and only of my daughter Rosie; and maybe I don't *know* all of you think of her too whenefer it comes to talking about elections next month! . . . . Am I right?"

Loud applause met Mrs. Kirschbaum's generous self-effacement. Mrs. Blumenfeld leaned over to Mrs. Aaronson, the automobile agent's wife, and said:

"Ain't that just like her, now? Thinking all the time first of her daughter!"

To which was the reply, Mrs. Aaronson, the agent's wife, leaning over to Mrs. Blumenfeld, "Ain't it the trooth — ain't it so, now!"

"I guess ev'rybody knows," Mrs. Kirschbaum continued, "that ten of us at a special meeting like this one can decide anything to do about electioning. I guess we all *know* that Mrs. Epstein won't have much show against my Rosie when we get going!" (Applause!) "I guess — I guess — *nu!* you ladies must egscuse me; I'm no speecher, but you *know* what I'm driving at, don't you? We ten here could make this May's elections be held anyhow we want. And — well — I've got a motion to tell you of, of a scheme I got to make new kinds of elections — without voting, or any other red tapes about it. It's all simple — an idea I got because my daughter Rosie, you know, is going to have a baby soon!" (More applause!) "Maybe next month, we expect! That's May! May's the month for elections in our Gan Eden! *Nu!* so I thought, why shouldn't we make the elections depend a lot on Rosie having a baby? Because, you *know* it, feller members, the members of this here club are all interestedt in my Rosie!" (Much more applause!) "Only, I want to tell you all right here and now, this ain't my Rosie's idea — it's my *own!* She don't even know why I'm here now! I'm making it a surprise for her if you would use my idea!"

The women present leaned toward one another with a stirring flutter of interest. Novelty! Especially was novelty acceptable in an election, the one stagnant feature of the year's events, usually about as exciting as the choice of officers in a Maine sewing circle.

Mrs. Kirschbaum warmed to her subject, coming from behind the screen of embarrassment which had stiffened her first words. "Before I tell you of my scheme," she said, "I want to tell you of something what happened in our home qvite a while ago. Maybe you don't all know Mrs. Lichtman, my Rosie's *schweiger?* Some do? Some don't, I guess — I don't know! Well, anyhow, she bet me one night eight hundred to my five hundred that Rosie's baby will be a boy! I bet: girl!"

A gasp whistled the round of throats present, mostly throats of mothers, old and young. A couple were those of proper young ladies — that is, young ladies who were proper when their mothers were nigh. Faces leaned forward with the eagerness of a tight-laced village gossip (of Mass., Neb., Pa. and elsewhere) when she bends a too willing ear to a morsel of news she very well knows will make her throw up shocked hands. However, as compared to that type, the eager curiosity in the quorum of Gan Eden must be kept strictly in the realm of metaphor, because, goodness knows, there were no prudes in Gan Eden. Gan Eden's members were modern women — of New York — and nearby!

The group of members acted almost as one. They looked at one another with surprise; they all began to laugh and giggle; they all clapped hands strenuously; they all began to talk in delighted spurts and sputters.

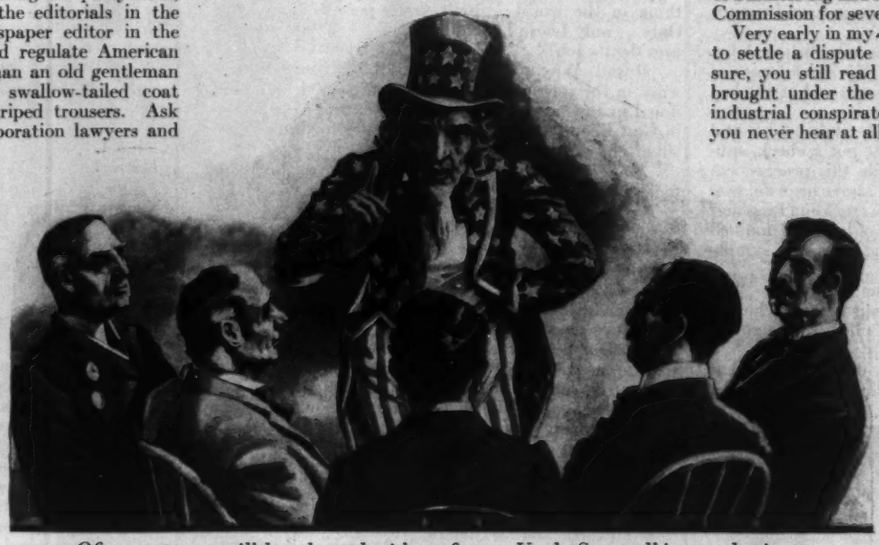
They silenced themselves as Mrs. Kirschbaum continued, more eloquently than ever, what with the encouragement of the quorum's attitude:

"*Why* should *we* all be interestedt that my Rosie's baby should be a girl? I ask you, *why?* . . . Why? Why, just because we should all want to see girls born *über* all the United States of America! *Why* should we? Why because, the more [*Continued on page 36*]

Uncle Sam Talks to Business Men

through Waldemar Kaempffert

Illustration by Albert Levering



Of course, you will laugh at the idea of your Uncle Sam talking on business

OF course, you will laugh at the idea of your Uncle Sam talking on business. To find out what an egregious blundering old party he is, you have only to read the editorials in the newspapers. There isn't a newspaper editor in the country but could pass laws and regulate American affairs much more intelligently than an old gentleman in an out-of-date star-spangled swallow-tailed coat and an impossible pair of red-striped trousers. Ask the big bankers and the big corporation lawyers and they will readily enough supplement the newspaper editorials by telling you how I am ruining business with my anti-trust laws and with my efforts to conserve the resources of a land blessed with incalculable natural wealth. I know that whenever you think of me you wonder what new scheme I am hatching to thwart your plans. No doubt I always seem to be restraining you. When you return from Europe, I appear disguised as a Customs Inspector and search your trunks; when you make more than a certain sum in a year, behold me with outstretched hand collecting income taxes and excess profits; when you buy a box of cigarettes I make you frequently lick a stamp. Wherever you turn, you seem to find me blocking your path. You cannot ship a carload of apples from one State to another, or send a telegram from New York to San Francisco, or distribute a publication through the mails without feeling my hand on your shoulder.

Yes, thanks, I think I *will* take the easy-chair.

Well, to resume: I might as well confess that I first began to take a very direct interest in American business when the great trusts threatened to devour everything. There was a time when it seemed as if they were going to oust me — me, your Uncle Sam — and dictate to the American nation how it should live and conduct itself. I instituted criminal prosecutions under the Sherman Law. Some of them were conducted in a spirit that reflected the state of public opinion. It was abhorrent to the principles of a free people that an industrial organization of monstrous proportions should dominate the oil fields, or the railroads, or the iron industry. The octopus was the symbol of the trust; its long, sinuous tentacles clutched everything. In a wave of bitter resentment against militarism in business (that's what it was, although we didn't call it so then) the interests of the country were forgotten. I did not see at first that the so-called trust may be an instrument of economy as well as a boa-constrictor, something that might contribute to the well-being of the people as a whole instead of crushing a little rival out of existence.

I found that it is absolutely necessary to preserve freedom of opportunity in business as well as in political life. An industry which falls into the hands of a little group of men must inevitably collide with me. That little group must not triumph. The result can be only government ownership or socialism, neither of which appeals to me. I must therefore oppose private monopoly. Size alone is not an evil; monopoly is. I believe that business men must be permitted to be big and preserve all of the economies of large-scale production, and at the same time I must keep the competitive system and preserve competition among big units. I found that to do this it was necessary to have an administrative rather than a judicial tribunal. Each lawsuit was a course in practical psychology and political economy. I found that manufacturers who complained bitterly that they were being hounded by great monopolies resented the Sherman Law when it was applied to themselves. I saw that the hopeless muddle in which business men had plunged themselves in trying to make me enforce the laws against their competitors and at the same time avoid punishment themselves, called for constructive action. The Federal Trade Commission was created.

This Federal Trade Commission of mine is the conception of Mr. Joseph E. Davies of Wisconsin. As Commissioner of Corporations he had devoted much time to a study of the trust problem and methods of unfair competition. He had a dream of a constructive, administrative agency which would settle trade disputes as well as give sound advice, which would act both in a judicial and in an investigative capacity, and which would, above all, be a helpful, constructive body — the mentor of business big and small. I made him a member of this Commission for seven years, as well as its first chairman.

Very early in my experience I learned that it is better to settle a dispute over a table than in court. To be sure, you still read in the newspapers of prosecutions brought under the anti-trust laws against a band of industrial conspirators; but there are dozens of which you never hear at all. Slowly but surely I am implanting the doctrines that a business man need not be overreaching in order to succeed and that the same standards of gentlemanly conduct that he would have his son learn apply to himself in the management of his own mercantile affairs. When I beheld the trickery, the contemptible cheating, the artful dodging of a certain type of business man who thrives by undermining his competitor and not by honest, enduring, creative work, I realized why the nobility of every old monarchy has been taught to look down upon tradesmen, why dukes were admonished not to soil their hands with money made by bargaining. What would you think of a knight dealing in typewriters, who circulated a letter falsely stating that a rival had moved his factory from Chicago? "Better make no arrangements for obtaining machines from that factory," was the gist of that mendacious missive; "you might have to wait weeks for repairs or for spare parts; deal with me, Sir Johnnie on the spot." It's unbelievable. And yet it happened. Of course, I stopped that as soon as I heard of it and made Sir Johnnie circulate a retraction. And I didn't go to court about it either.

There was a slimy voracious crocodile in the sugar-refining business, with little cunning eyes and a mouth full of very sharp teeth. He, too, thought that money is most quickly made by fooling the public. A small sugar refiner complained to me about the crocodile. He himself was branding his sugar honestly; the crocodile was not. I didn't know it at the time, but it seems that the words "Pure Cane Fine Granulated Sugar," plain as they are, mean one thing and that the words "Standard Granulated Sugar" mean something else. The public was deceived into believing that it was buying from the crocodile a standard sugar. What else could the words, "Pure Cane Fine Granulated Sugar" mean? In reality, an expensive step in the refining process had been omitted by the crocodile. His sugar was "off," in the parlance of the trade, and could be sold at about ten cents per hundred pounds less than the market price for "Standard Granulated Sugar." The smaller company had to meet this competition in the sale of its own correctly branded product.

I made the crocodile issue a notice to the trade announcing that the sale of the questionable brand was discontinued.

Boycotting is not uncommon. An association of wagon peddlers had prevailed upon a manufacturer engaged in interstate commerce to refuse to sell to a certain jobber by threatening a boycott — a variety of sandbagging resorted to more frequently than you might suppose. I stopped that by just wrinkling my brow into a frown.

If I wanted to I could transform you into a volcano of indignation with similar tales of coercion and deceit. I could tell you, for instance, of machines secretly tampered with to bring discredit on their manufacturer; of bribes paid to the traveling salesmen of rivals to show faulty samples; of employes corrupted to damage the machines of a factory; of letters forged and circulated to slander a competitor; of goods sold below cost in a particular community and even given away, only to be sold at extortionate prices after competition had been destroyed; of tying contracts worse than Shylock's bond; of blacklists, rebates and preferential contracts. I could write an encyclopedia of knavery in business if I wanted to. What's the good of efficiency and honesty in manufacturing if they must meet deception and force and are powerless to cope with them?

But these are mere examples of restraint, you say? True. But I cite them not only because they typify the kind of work that I must do in order to teach the ignorant and unscrupulous merchants and manufacturers the principles of mercantile honor, but also because they taught me a great truth. The more I reproved and punished, the more it was driven home to me that for generations the courts had guided the course of industry. Everywhere I saw the lawyer; the business man was hiding behind him.

Lawyers seem to thrive best in democracies. They tell me that Athens and Rome in their palmiest days were lawyer-ridden. It may well be, for they flourished long before my time. But I do know that fully eighty per cent of the members of our Congress and of the British Parliament are lawyers. Chemists, engineers, business men, manufacturers, the men who must submit to the law are not in any sense represented by their own class either in Washington or in London. A lawyer lives ever in the shadow of the law. Precedent, which means tradition (sometimes another name for stagnation), controls him. I am not railing at lawyers now. They are very necessary. I couldn't get along without them. But I do maintain that they are not constructive business men. Do they develop mines or oil wells or shipping? If they play any part in these industries, it is usually to help the mine-owner, the oil-well prospector, or the shipping magnate to realize his dreams without ending his days in jail or sustaining financial loss in damage suits. Because the training of the lawyer teaches him to look only to the law, it is but natural that the bureaus of lawyers maintained in Washington used to devote much of their time to attacking business. That's why some business men misunderstand me.

Why can't governmental business men direct business with the assistance of good lawyers to interpret the statutes? It was a new idea in this country. The more I turned it over in my mind, the better I liked it. I cast about me for assistance and began to talk to manufacturers about this idea. Then a light dawned on me. At last I saw why business was ruled by the law. It was a matter of education. The lawyer is thoroughly trained in his profession. When he tries an important case, he surveys the entire history of legislation from the time of Richard the Lion Hearted to the law enacted yesterday. But the business man has no such knowledge of business. Does he know how checks came to be invented? Can he tell you the effect of a bond issue by Spain on the price of stocks in Chile? Ask even the average lawyer — not the great corporation counsel but the average intelligent lawyer — any question relating to the law and you will receive a precise answer which will illuminate an ancient practise. But ask the average business man — not a great banker or a great corporation president, but the manager of a dry goods store — an elementary question on bank clearances or the economic reason for market conditions, and you will receive a vague, smeary answer. Lawyers know the law; business men do not know business.

Most men are thrown into the ocean of trade by force of circumstances. And they know nothing about swimming. No one even throws them a life-preserver.

And now, since you lift your eyebrows incredulously, I am going to prove what I say.

Every well-conducted business house has a few narrow-chested, sandy-haired clerks on high chairs whose noses are buried in books from nine in the morning until six at night. There are apparently dangerous cashiers who are kept in cages like wild animals in the zoo — cashiers whose sole purpose it is to count the moneys that come in and the moneys that go out. Everything seems to be tabulated from the quantity of ink and paper consumed day by day to the number of saucepans or shirts sold over the counter. And yet (sit tight here and prepare to gasp) I have discovered that most American business men know practically nothing about bookkeeping! Think of it — they cannot keep books! By bookkeeping, of course, I mean cost accounting. Ask the average business man how much it costs him to make a bowler hat or a pipe, and you will expect — indeed, you have the right to expect — an answer exact to the third decimal place. And yet, the truth is that the business man merely guesses. "I think," he answers, and not "I know." Only the banks, railways, public utility corporations and the so-called "trusts" know what cost-accounting means — know the essentials of their own business.

You don't believe it? My records show that there are 305,000 corporations in the country. I am not counting the banks and institutions of a more or less public character, but only the corporations in actual trade and industry. "Corporation" — it sounds prosperous, doesn't it? The very word suggests the clicking of coupon-shears and the endorsing of dividend checks. Of these 305,000 business corporations, *over 100,000 have no net income whatever*. Ah, but the rest, you say, the rest are very, very prosperous. Are they? The truth is that of the rest over 90,000 *make less than $5,000 a year*. The remainder (less than 80,000) have a net income of $5,000 a year and over. And yet, in our cartoons we picture the corporation president as a very fat person about to burst out of a very loud checked suit adorned with dollar signs! He ought to be portrayed as the skinny Ossified Man that used to be one of the attractions of the defunct dime museum.

I know what I am talking about, for I have asked thousands and thousands of business men to give me facts. They can't do it. They guess. Their statistics are inaccurate or incomplete. What is more, they know it. I would ask a group of them some questions and they would admit that only about ten per cent of the firms in their industry had adequate information about the cost of production or selling. How could I be expected to give the assistance and advice that they needed?

Lest you may still have some lingering doubts about the business man's ability, let me quote my Federal Trade Commission's statistics of the dealings of the few thousand successful corporations. About twenty thousand of them make annual sales of less than one hundred thousand dollars; another twenty thousand sell goods valued at one hundred thousand dollars to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; ten thousand have sales varying from two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to five hundred thousand dollars. Only a paltry four hundred and sixty-two can boast of a business of five million dollars or more a year. "Big Business" is not nearly so big as congressional investigations have led us to believe. Do you understand now why I maintain that business men as a class are incompetent and that most of them are barely making a living?

I had to rub my eyes when I found out that "practical" business men are not nearly so well off as many impractical college professors who are supposed to have more theories than dollars to their credit. I was so benumbed by the old lawyer-methods of attacking a problem that I didn't know what to do at first. In 1916, for example, I spent three hundred and eighty thousand dollars on economic investigation and legal proceedings for the adjustment of trade disputes, and only the small sum of ten thousand dollars in teaching business men how to find out what it costs them to make their goods. And yet it was as patent as my beaver hat that I ought to be conducting a kind of mercantile correspondence school.

When I did realize that business men as a whole knew next to nothing about bookkeeping, despite all our so-called business colleges, I sat down and wrote a little pamphlet called "A System of Accounts for Retail Merchants." I sent out literally hundreds of thousands of that pamphlet. Did you get one? If you didn't, ask me for it. Henceforth, I shall waste no sympathy on the retail merchant who does not know accurately the cost of conducting his own business and is therefore unable to price his goods intelligently.

This matter of bookkeeping or cost accounting affects a man's credit. Suppose that you were a banker and suppose that the manager of the dry goods store around the corner came to you for a loan. He has to buy goods for autumn and for Christmas. Some of them must be paid for at once. He asks for a loan. If you are a wise banker, you will first consider the competition which he must meet and which may compel him to make close prices. Then you will ask whether the manager of that store is making proper provisions for depreciation on stock, building and fixtures — whether he is keeping books in the right way. You will find just what I found, that most store managers are unable to give a bank this very information. They have no way of keeping accounts that the bank can understand. Many of them actually don't know their overhead expenses. Nor can they tell you much about the rapidity of their turnover. A bank is in the business of lending money. It does not lend money as a favor, but because it wants to earn interest. It is willing to help a business man expand — but it must have the facts. If it can't get them it does not lend.

I haven't the slightest doubt that most failures in business may be traced to bad bookkeeping or cost accounting. How can a man put a selling price on a product if he doesn't know what it costs? The great Chicago packers can tell you to the one-hundredth part of a cent what it costs merely to sell a pound of pork. But can your butcher do as much? Cost-accounting is becoming more and more important. Business is no longer done on the large percentage of profits that prevailed a half century ago. The margins are smaller now; and whether you are engaged in building locomotives or selling sausages, you must know precisely what your goods cost.

Parodoxical as it may seem, this war will do much to educate the American business man. Against my will I have had to take off my star-spangled coat and red-striped trousers and to clothe myself in khaki. I had become so used to my old beaver hat that I hardly know how to wear an olive-colored military cap. But now that I am in this war — and I mean to fight as I never fought before — I have visions of a new commercial era. To fight efficiently I had to take stock of iron, copper, food, leather, rubber, timber, in fact of nearly everything that this country produces and to make an inventory of it. The war speeded me up. I was doing all of this in my own good time before I sent von Bernstorff home, but I had to get the facts quickly when I decided to fight the most formidable enemy I ever had to suppress. After I have seen to it that our peace and happiness are not likely to be menaced again, do you suppose that I am going to stick that inventory in some pigeon-hole and forget all about it? Man alive, that's the greatest business document ever compiled in

[*Continued on page 44*]

A Change of Heart

by

Franklin P. Adams

The genial F. P. A., known all over the country as the conductor of a "colyum" in the New York Tribune, has resigned, and is now a Captain in the army. Everyone misses his quips and measures, and McCLURE'S publishes with pleasure the first verses he has written since he entered his country's service.

IN other and more peaceful times —
(*Eheu!* the years seem thrice a million
Since I committed daily rhymes
As a civilian!)

In those, the typing times of peace,
As master of a Dome Diurnal,
I told the hated Hun to cease
The strife infernal.

My wealth of verbiage was great;
Of bitter phrase I was no miser;
I screamed a daily hymn of hate
Against the Kaiser.

My pen was sharp, my lyre was loud.
I hated Bernstorff and Boy-Ed so!
I hated all the German crowd,
And often said so.

But now I am in closer touch;
I sense the spirit and the letter;
And now I know the Germans much,—
Oh, so much,—better.

I understand their purpose now —
I, who was given to flay and flout them —
How green I was! I don't see how
I wrote about them.

Withdraw my rhyme of earlier date!
Erase each previous high endeavor!
Now that I *know* those birds, I hate
'Em worse than ever.

"Oh, can't you understand what I mean — how I'm placed and what it's like?" Ethel urged

Illustration by John Alonzo Williams

Two Wives

The Great American Novel Which Is Being Widely Discussed

by Ernest Poole

Chapter XIV

BY the next day Ethel had made up her mind to look for another apartment. The move had several points in its favor. It would not only take her away from this place where she felt the spell so strong; it would also give her something to do. Besides, it would provide an excuse for not seeing Amy's friends.

She found Joe more than ready for the change. He himself had suggested it, some weeks before, and Ethel made the most of that. "I've been thinking over your idea of moving," she began one night. And in the talk which followed, the intent little glances she threw at him made her sure that in her husband's mind was a half-conscious deep relief at the idea of getting away from these rooms and their memories.

"Poor dear," she reflected tenderly, "what a place for a tired business man — a home with two assorted wives waiting for him every night."

But when it came to looking about, to her surprise Ethel found it hard on her own account to make the move. For with all its faults and drawbacks, this was the place where she had struggled, groped and dreamed, had married Joe and discovered him in hours she would never forget, and here her baby had been born. The place had grown familiar. Even the huge building, for all its appearance of being exactly like every other on the street, had in some curious fashion taken on for Ethel a special atmosphere of its own; and coming back from a bleak succession of apartments she had inspected, this did at least seem more like a home.

Joe came to her rescue. He was a part owner here, and with delight she learned from him that a large and sunny apartment at the top of the building was to be free the first of May. Ethel went up to see it at once. And the arrangement of the rooms, and the way the sun flooded into each one, made her exclaim with pleasure. The present tenants were a young widow and her companion, a most respectable elderly dame. The widow was about Ethel's age and excessively pretty and stylish, and in her low sweet voice and her manner was a peculiar attractiveness that Ethel could not analyze. She explained that she was going abroad, possibly to be gone a year, or she never would have given up this gem of an apartment. She seemed more than glad to show Ethel about, and displayed a friendly interest in her visitor's eager planning. When Ethel left at the end of an hour, the widow smiled at her and said, with a charming little hesitation:

"I don't think you have my name. It's Mrs. Grewe. I do hope you'll come up whenever you like, and let me help you all I can. I shall so love to feel when I go that you and your kiddies will be here. I've noticed them so often, downstairs and in the elevator. And they're both such darlings."

And at that, with a thrill of pride, Ethel felt almost as though she had found a friend in the city at last.

They saw each other frequently, for Ethel was always running in to look through the various rooms and puzzle and decide on curtains, rugs and portières. In this she was aided more than she knew by the taste displayed in the furnishings, rich, subdued and yet so

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gay, that young Mrs. Grewe had collected here. The two had animated talks, and once when her new acquaintance suggested, "I'd be so glad if I could be of some help in your shopping," Ethel replied, "Oh, you could! I'd love to have you!" And they started in that day.

And yet how curious, even here. For whenever Ethel endeavored to get the conversation upon a little more intimate terms, Mrs. Grewe would almost instantly become evasive and remote. And once when Ethel asked her to "drop down and have dinner with us some night," she declined almost with a start, as though she were saying, "Ha! Look out! I'm in danger of letting you be a real friend!" And thinking this over, Ethel reflected, "The only New Yorker I've met so far, whom I'd like to know, is nice to me simply because she is going abroad in a month and so it's safe! Has she offered to introduce me to a single friend of hers? Well, then, don't! Keep your old friends! I don't want to eat them!" And for days together she would leave the young widow alone.

But the latter would make pleasant advances, and soon they would be shopping again. This acquaintance was one of the few bright spots in a season which for Ethel was full of anxious worries. For it was by no means easy. Amy had been a shopper who simply could not resist pretty things, and so her apartment was crowded with furniture and bric-a-brac. "How much can I get rid of without offending Joe?" asked Ethel. "He is the kind of man who says nothing. He won't object, but he'll feel hurt." It took the most careful probing to find out how far she could safely go. And she was tempted by the shops. In her smart town car, with plenty of money and with young Mrs. Grewe at her side, it was almost impossible to resist the adorable things she discovered. "No wonder Amy bought too much." But there they were, all Amy's things, and to be rid of each table, each chair, each rug meant the most careful thinking. "One thing is sure," she told herself. "That apartment upstairs is to be my own home."

In the meantime her new occupation was working out wonderfully as an excuse for not going about in the evenings. She was so dead tired every night. No need to feign fatigue, it was real. She even had to call in her physician, in the first "draggy" days of Spring; and he warned her that she was doing too much; it was too soon after the birth of her child. She was glad when Joe happened to come in and overhear the doctor. He became the same old dear to her that he had been a year ago. And with eagerness, tired though she was, she took pains every evening to dress in ways that she knew he liked, and to be different each night. And at times it was almost like a second honeymoon they were having. She used the baby, too, and Susette; she often persuaded Joe to come home in time for Susette's supper or better still for the baby's bath. And all this was so successful that even when her spring fever was gone she still stayed at home in the evenings.

But at times she would rouse sharply with a pang of realization that though all this was very homey and dear, it was by no means wholly safe.

"I'm lazy, I'm not facing it! I'm just putting it off — and it's dangerous!" For Joe was out so much at night. Over half the time he did not get home until the children were in bed, and often after a hurried dinner he would leave by eight o'clock — for business appointments, he told her, at some club or some café. He was putting through another big deal. At times, despite her efforts, angry suspicions would arise. He was dealing with some men from the West. No doubt they had to be entertained. She had heard a little of such entertaining from traveling men she had known at home. "Oh, Ethel Lanier — don't be so disgusting!" But after all, a man so tense all day in his office needs some gaiety at night.

"I'm lazy, and it's dangerous!"

She began to suggest going out in the evenings. They went to "Butterfly" and "Louise" and each evening was a great success. But within a few days Fanny Carr called up and asked them to dinner and the play. Ethel made some excuse and declined. She did not mention it to Joe, but that night he said gruffly, "Sorry you turned Fanny down." And Ethel looked at him with a start. So Joe was seeing *her* these days!

"I haven't been feeling very strong, Joe," she said in an unnatural tone.

"You've been to the opera twice this week," was her husband's grim rejoinder.

And this was only one little instance of many that made Ethel sure that Fanny Carr was still about. She was getting at Joe through his business side, going to his office. She had asked him to sell her house on Long Island, and through this transaction she had tangled him into her affairs. A lone woman, defenseless in business, needing the aid and advice of a man. "Oh I can almost hear her lay it on — her helplessness!" And Ethel fairly ground her teeth. For Fanny, only the day before, having called and noticed that a sofa and a rug were missing, had asked to what dealer Ethel had sold them. "Now," thought Ethel, "she'll buy them herself, and then she'll ask Joe to drop in for tea at her hotel apartment — 'on business,' of course — but the rug and sofa will be there! Poor Amy's things! Oh yes indeed, Fanny is clever enough! If only she would *take* his money — and get out and leave us alone!"

Ethel had some lonely grapples with life. She was right, she angrily told herself, in wanting to go slowly until she could discover real friends; but on the other hand she admitted that Joe had reason for being impatient. At thirty-seven it is hard for a man to change his habits, and Amy had accustomed Joe to crave excitement every night. Even Ethel herself, in some of her moods, felt restless to go about and be gay. And again and again the youth in her rebelled against the trap into which she had fallen.

"The minute I even propose a play, I show him I'm well enough to go out. And then he asks, 'Why not Amy's friends?' And he remembers the mean little things that Fanny Carr must have told him — the beast! — and so he says, 'I see it all. Ethel is only bluffing. Now that I'm rich she's trying to make me drop the friends and the memory of the wife who stood by me when I was poor.'"

Ethel even went out twice to their detestable parties, in the faint hope of finding one woman at least she would care to know. But if there had been any such, Fanny was careful to leave them out.

Friends, friends, friends of her own! Where to find them? On the streets, as she went about at her shopping, she saw so many attractive people, and she drew their glances, too. She had developed since her marriage. She had a ravishing figure now, and her face had a distinctive beauty, and she had learned how to foster that. Almost always she felt the hungry eyes of men, good, bad and indifferent, rich men, beggars, Christians, Jews. But that of course was only annoying. Ethel wanted woman friends. On the street from her elegant little car she would see women who were walking glance at her with envy, just as she herself had done in her first year in the city. The thought brought a humorous smile to her lips. And looking at the constant stream of motors passing she inquired:

"How many of us are there, in this imposing procession, who haven't a friend?" And she leaned back in her car and laughed. "A social set all to myself, my dear!"

How they all passed on. How coolly indifferent, self-absorbed! Was there no entering wedge to their lives? But her youth would rise with a sudden rush in her warm body, so smartly dressed, so tingling with ardent health, and glancing into the glass in her car and making a little face at herself, she would exclaim:

"Oh fiddlesticks! All this is going to have a nice fine happy ending! Nothing awful is to happen to me!"

At one such time, as though interrupted, she leaned quickly and graciously forward, as she had seen women do in the Park, and bowed with a cordial little smile — to a vacant lot — and then turning back to the imagined friend at her side, she said sweetly:

"Excuse me, dear. What were you saying? . . . . Why, yes, we'd love to. Thursday night? What time do you dine?" A lump rose in her throat. "Now Ethel, Ethel, you soft little fool — you're only twenty-five, you know. And of all the adorable babies waiting in a nursery —"

One day she found Fifth Avenue crammed and jammed with a huge parade. She had her chauffeur get as close as he could, and with intent and curious eyes she watched the suffragists march by. What hosts and hosts of women, how jolly and how friendly. Oh, what a lark they were having together! "Here's something for me!" she exclaimed to herself. But how to get in? For an instant she thought of leaving her car and falling right in with some marching group. "But how do I know they won't turn me down?" She waited and lost courage. Soon she saw marching ahead of one section a smartly dressed woman whose picture she had often seen in the Sunday supplements. And at this Ethel's courage oozed again, and with a pang of envy she thought:

"Oh, yes, this is all very fine for you! You're so safe and settled — you've got a position and real friends!"

In a moment she felt this was small and mean. The envy and the bitterness passed. She watched other women, such confident, easy, gay-looking creatures — not like Amy's set — who looked as though they could preside at big meetings or at their own tables at home, and be gracious and say witty things to the clever, brilliant men at their sides. Behind them came whole regiments of women and girls of a simpler kind. Some of them earned their own living, no doubt — yes, and had to work hard to do it.

"Wouldn't they do? Look at that one! Wouldn't I like her for a friend?"

In a flash Ethel remembered the little history "prof" at home, who had begged her girls to live and grow.

"Now, Ethel Lanier, you're going to get right out of this car and fall into line — friends or no friends!"

In a moment, scowling to keep up her nerve, she was pushing through the standers-by right into the Avenue, and feeling like a public sight she tried quickly to get into line.

"You can't march here! Our line is full!" a voice said sharply. Ethel gasped and reddened, turned blindly to the file behind.

"Do you want to march with us?" somebody asked.

"Yes! Oh, thank you!"

"Fall right in. That's right, my dear — here, take one of my flags."

"You're awfully kind!"

"Hooray for the vote!"

Through eyes a little misty Ethel saw striding along at her side a sturdy little old lady in black. And she blessed her fervently. It was a thrilling marvelous time. In less than ten minutes she felt herself boon companions with everyone in her line. But then, before she realized what it was that had happened, her group had reached the end of their march and had melted suddenly into a throng of chattering, laughing women. Ethel stared about her blindly.

"Never mind," she decided, "I'm going to see more of this!"

And the next day she presented herself at suffrage headquarters.

"I want to work," she said to a girl at a desk. The girl looked up at her busily.

"All right, go to that table," she answered.

And at a long oak table, one of a dozen women and girls, Ethel folded envelopes and addressed them for about three hours. Down at the end two girls, companions, chatted and laughed at their labor. But the rest were just busy. "Hand me those envelopes, if you please." And so it was all through the room. She came back the next morning and the next.

"In a year," she thought, "I've no doubt I'd make friends." Her expression was grim. "It isn't their fault. They want the vote, they don't want me."

And she turned forlornly back to the work of moving up to her new apartment.

The first of May was drawing near, and she saw signs of restlessness, as thousands of New Yorkers prepared to change their quarters. Moving, always moving. Did they never stop in one place and make it a home? The big building in which Ethel lived took on an impersonal air, as though saying, "What do I care? I'm all concrete, with good hard steel inside of that." What a queer place for people's homes! People moving in and out! Curiously she probed into its life. She had long ago made friends with the wife of the superintendent, and through her Ethel collected bits about these many families so close together and yet so apart, all troubles kept strictly out of sight, the freight elevator for funerals, cool looks and never a word of greeting. "Keep off," writ clear on every face.

"It isn't real, this living! It can't last!" she exclaimed to herself. "They'll have to work out something better than this — something, oh, much homier!" She thought of the old frame house in Ohio. "That's gone," she declared, with a swallow.

Her acquaintance with young Mrs. Grewe was still the one bright spot at such times. When Ethel felt blue she would go upstairs to the sunny new home that was to be hers; and there the gay welcome she

A READER says: "How *real* Mr. Poole's novel is! I feel as if I were in the room with those people he writes about — as though I were listening, when I ought not, to what they say and do." Don't miss this engrossing story. It is the literary treat of the year

received restored her own belief in herself. Mrs. Grewe would often lead her to talk of her home in Ohio, the eager dreams and plans of her girlhood; and on her side she gave pictures of life in London and Paris as she had seen it so many times. They still shopped together occasionally. But one afternoon about six o'clock, as Ethel's car drew up at the door and she and her one friend got out, Joe came along — and with one quick angry look he hurried into the building. Quite furious and ashamed for him, Ethel turned to her companion. Young Mrs. Grewe smiled queerly and held out her small gloved hand.

"Good-by, my dear, it has been so nice — this afternoon and all the others." Her tone was a curious mixture of amused defiance and real regret. Ethel stammered something, but in a moment her friend was gone.

Upstairs she met Joe with an angry frown, but to her indignant reproaches he replied by a quizzical smile.

"Look here, Ethel." He took her arm, in a kind protecting sort of way which made her fairly boil. "Look here," he said, "I can't let you go about with a shady little person like that. I didn't know you'd picked her up. Now, now — I understand, of course — you met her up there in the new apartment. What a fool I was not to have thought of it."

"Thought of what? For goodness' sake!"

"She won't do, that's all."

"Why won't she?" Ethel's color was suddenly high and her brown eyes had a dangerous gleam. Joe looked at her, hesitating.

"Yes," he said, "you're the kind of a girl who has to be told the truth now and then. She's the mistress of one of our big millionaires."

Ethel stared at him blankly.

"I don't believe it!" she cried. "Her taste! The way she dresses! Her — her voice — the things she says!"

"I know, I know," he answered. "That sort is rare and they come high. I've talked to her—"

"Oh, you have, have you! Then why shouldn't I?"

"Because, my dear, I'm one of the owners of this building. My talks were brief — just business."

"What business had you letting her in?"

"Because times were bad three years ago and tenants weren't so easy to find. What harm has she done? This isn't a social club, you know —"

"I know it isn't! Nobody speaks — or even smiles!" A lump rose in Ethel's throat. "And she was so nice and friendly!"

"I'll bet she was —"

"I won't believe it!" Now her face was reddening with self-mortification. "Do you mean to tell me — living like that — with a companion, even — a prim old maid who looks as though she had left Boston only last night—"

A twinkle came into her husband's eyes:

"My dear, the friend of a *big* millionaire always keeps someone from Boston close by." His arm went around her. "Poor little girl. I guess I won't have to say any more —"

"Perhaps you will and perhaps you won't!" Now again she was nearly choking with rage and with hurt vanity. Her one and only companion! The only woman she had been clever enough to find! *That* kind! Oh-h! Suddenly she turned to Joe to tell him that if he could give her no friends she'd pick and choose just where she liked! But quickly she remembered that he would answer, "Haven't I tried?" She turned away, broke into tears and ran out of the room.

She had a bewildering chaos of thinking, out of which she emerged with the thought, "Well, I must see her, anyway, in the work of moving into her apartment. And am I sorry? Not at all! She was good to me — at least she was that! And besides," reflected Ethel, with the same caution and relief which she had so despised in New Yorkers, "she's going soon. It's safe enough."

The talk occurred the next morning, up in the new apartment. There were no awkward preliminaries, for Mrs. Grewe's whole manner had changed. Quite a bit of its careful refinement was gone, and in its place was a rather bitter frankness.

"I quite understand — you needn't explain," she said at once. "Your husband has made a fuss, hasn't he? And this is good-by. Too bad, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is." Ethel mustered her courage; all at once she beamed on her friend. "I want you to know," she stoutly declared, "that neither is my husband my boss nor am I a prig! Back in school we girls — we used to talk — and read and discuss things. Bernard Shaw —" Her hostess smiled.

"Oh, Shaw, my dear, is a dear witty man — and he's so funny and so fair. But to live with him — ugh! — rather icy!" She laughed. "See here. No matter what you have *read*, you've never *met* me until now. I mean the big Me that thrills all girls — who speak about me in whispers. Well then, just for a minute, meet me — look at me and see what I am." On her piquante little face was a look of friendly challenge. "We've had such fine little shopping bees, and I'd like you not to be sorry. And what I want to say is this:

"I was just like you. *I* came from a small town — *I* had my dreams — *I* reached New York — *I* married." She smiled. "Not once but twice. I was divorced. And my second was a love of a man, and we had such a blissful honeymoon. It lasted a year and a half and then — he got taking things — dope — and that made it hard. It ended in another divorce. The next man didn't marry me. Meant to, you know, but hadn't time. Then *he* passed on —" with a wave of her hand— "and now I'm here." A humorous smile came over her face. "And for the life of me I can't see how changed it is from when I was married. The same sort of apartment, only it's nicer — the same ocean liners and hotels — the same cafés where one can dance exactly as one did before." Again she wrinkled up her brows. "The only real difference I can see is that when I was married like you, my husband only told me the truth once in a while — as yours did last night — while now they tell it all the time. Oh, I'm wise, I'm wise, my dear — for one so young. I'm twenty-eight. How old are you?"

"I'm twenty-five."

"Three years behind. Well, on the whole I guess I'd stay married if I were you. It's so nice, if he's still in love with you. But the minute he isn't, or makes any fuss, or gets ugly] [*Continued on page 65*]

"To Collect or Not to Collect"

How a Stupid Letter May Cost Its Writer a Lot

by James H. Collins

THERE is an old saying that "fools and women write letters." Yet business correspondence has to go on. How do you conduct yours? Are you wise, or foolish, in your dictation?

FIRST, a fine example of the wrong way:

Last spring a woman read a magazine advertisement offering some books on approval. By signing and sending in a coupon she was to get these books free of cost, for examination, paying three dollars if they were kept permanently. If she sent them back within five days there would be nothing to pay.

She did not want the books, and promptly sent them back, and she is an honest woman, and that book concern conducts a reputable business.

But the books got lost in transit, somehow, and though she sent a separate letter, explaining that they had been returned, the company referred the matter to its collection department.

This collection department believes in immediate and rigorous frightfulness as the only way to deal with people who fail to pay their bills. It has a wonderful series of form letters with which it tries to scare money out of slow-pay customers, and on the assumption that this woman had kept the books, and owed the company three dollars, it immediately got busy.

Dunning letters were sent her every few days, regardless of her explanations. Each letter was more severe than the last, until finally there came a specimen that aroused the woman's husband. Written on the letter-head of a bonding company, it threatened to put the alleged debt in the hands of an attorney, for suit in court. The husband appealed to the magazine that had published the advertisement, and the matter was taken up with the book concern, which was brought to see that the books had really been lost through no fault of the woman. The president of the book concern promised that nothing further should be said in the matter.

But the collection department did not forget. It kept the item alive in its files, and several weeks later sent a letter that was a masterpiece in left-handed collection correspondence.

This purported to be a personal letter from the collection man, who asserted that he was typewriting it himself after office hours. He had just come from a stormy interview with his boss, he said, who had scolded him for being too lenient with the woman who owed them three dollars. His boss, he added, in confidence, was a hard, hard man, reared in the old school of business, who did not believe in being lenient with anybody. Things looked bad for this woman. They looked bad for the collection man, too. If he could not get that three dollars, probably he would lose his job. He was a young married man, and could not afford to lose his job. He spoke feelingly of the trust he had placed in this woman, and the grief caused by her failure to pay for those books.

Now, most form letters, written for anybody in general, are pretty certain to give themselves away by some little slip when sent to somebody in particular. This one did. For when he drew up the original masterpiece the collection man had tried to make it as intimate as possible, and in one place used the tell-tale phrase, "I am talking to you as man to man"—and sent it that way to a woman!

It took another indignant letter from the husband, and a fresh inquiry by the magazine, before the record of that transaction was extracted from the collection files, and the endless chain of the form letter broken.

A little too common in the business world lately, these stupid, long-winded, impertinently "intimate" form letters. They are usually the compositions of young men who assume that the public is half rogue, half fool, and can either be intimidated or cajoled by some magic formula of "personality" or "punch."

Just the other day a magazine editor received a form letter from a publisher, speaking of his prominence in literature, and informing him that there was a little space still left in a biographical work then going to press. For five dollars, the publisher agreed to insert a biography of the editor, written by the latter. This communication was simply put away as an illustration of stupid business literature. But if that letter had been written by some business men, with their faculty of estimating people imaginatively, and couched in the succinct, forceful, dignified language of the correspondence sent out by many large corporations, it would undoubtedly have landed the editor's five dollars. For just as the business bungler fails to get attention for a good proposition, so the skilful business correspondent could, as a feat, succeed in finding a following for a bad one.

Other examples of machine-made collection correspondence are easy to find.

An Eastern business concern sells some of its products through boys, extending them moderate credit. When a boy falls behind in payment for goods, the collection department goes to work with machine-made letters. One of those communications is designed to enlist the boy's mother in getting the money, and is written in a tender, appealing way, asking her to use her [*Continued on page 51*]

Who would break up this happy family reading circle?

Drowning the Magazines

by Gelett Burgess

Heading by F. J. Casavant

SUPPOSE, in a happy prosperous valley, you see a little town of buildings of all sorts standing along a river. Call these buildings of varying heights the magazines we depend upon for most of our reading matter.

A freshet comes, the river rises. The river is the cost of production of the magazines, the freshet is caused by the extraordinary increase in the price of paper and of ink, and of labor. But though the rise is dangerous, the owners of the magazine houses strengthen their foundations, and though they are uncomfortable with the water in their cellars, they are fairly safe. That is the situation today in the magazine world.

DON'T think of this as technical stuff. It is for every magazine reader. It vitally affects you — and *you*. Please read it; then write to your Congressman, protesting against this unfair legislation

But upstream there is a great dam, upon which the well-being of the whole magazine community depends. It was built in 1870 and strengthened in 1885. This dam is the One Cent a Pound Postal Rate. Under its protection thousands of magazines were erected. The United States became the most intelligent nation on earth. Every man who will may have brought to his very door a theatre, a college education, a church; no ranch too distant, no farm too small to receive this periodical entertainment, information, inspiration in his loneliness. Farm journals stimulate and refresh the country wife, every trade and profession has its technical journal, every religion and every sect its organ.

But now that dam is to be lowered, and the waters are going to rise. The prospect is sinister. The magazines are to be drowned by the rising tide of expense. With the gradual application of the new Zone System of postal rates, beginning next July and increasing regularly the price per pound, magazines one by one will be submerged till only a few of the largest, tallest publications are left. It is estimated that a representative group of 86 periodicals of general circulation of the miscellaneous type of reading matter, would lose $4,858,785.45. A group of exclusively farm papers would lose $2,348,683.85. Thus, trade journals will go, farm journals will cease publication, educational periodicals, technical and scientific and philanthropic magazines — all must go. The magazine world as it exists today will be practically drowned out.

But what *is* the magazine world? You and I, who read these papers! The publishers and editors and printers erect these periodical edifices, but we, the readers, live in them. It is you and I and all the readers, therefore, who are threatened by this flood of expense that will cut off our reading matter.

What is the alternative? Suppose you don't mind if thousands of editors, writers, publishers, compositors, printers, electrotypers, binders, clerks and the whole army concerned, all lose their jobs. Suppose you haven't realized how dependent the prosperity of the country is upon the immense volume of advertising matter carried by these lesser papers. Your main fiction and miscellaneous reading matter, you may think, will be safe. Instead of taking the lesser magazines that will perish, you will subscribe to the big ones that survive the flood.

But, no! Don't you see that these big ones will cost you more — in proportion to the distance you live away from the place of publication?

The new law establishes postal zones identical with those of the Parcel Post, and the farther away from the publication office you live, the greater will be the rate of postage—and you will have to pay it!

Thus the new law is virtually a fine on reading. It is so unfair to the country people that as soon as they understand it there should come such a protest as will make every congressman and senator tremble in Washington. Why should a man in California have to pay 10 cents for a publication that the man in New York gets for 5 cents? Yet that's what the new law will automatically enforce. If you are a Westerner or a Southerner, you are being unjustly discriminated against.

Undoubtedly we are the most intelligent nation in the world. Why? Because we are literate, and we are the greatest readers on earth. Why, again? Because the one cent a pound rate on second-class mail has enabled an immense amount of printed matter to be sent to every person in the land, regardless of where he lives. Only 7% of our people go further than the grammar schools. The rest of their education has been gathered from books and magazines carried to their own doors. Now think what the cessation of this flow of information will mean! What if it were proposed to give up all our colleges and universities? Yet this is what the tax on information in our thousands of educational magazines really means. Think of the chemist and dentist and country physician being denied his technical paper; the children, boys and girls, their home reading with its wealth

"On the tick and piping hot—
That's the way to eat it!
Soup that goes right to the spot!
Where's the feast to beat it?"

Ready in three minutes!

And minutes are precious when you are tired and hungry.

"Nine-tenths of wisdom," they say, "is being wise *in time.*" It is something the same with soup. A large proportion of the benefit you get from it is in having it on time and *hot!*

Just notice the smile that breaks out all over Dad's weary face when he catches the first fragrant steaming whiff from

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It is not only all that a soup ought to be, but you can have it at three minutes' notice any time.

Fresh-flavored delicious vegetables—choice white potatoes, sweet potatoes, rutabagas and carrots—daintily diced, baby lima beans, small peas, tender corn, juicy okra, fine tomatoes, cabbage, celery and parsley, a little delicate leek and onion and sweet red peppers.

Added to this plenty of barley, rice and "alphabet macaroni"—all blended in a nourishing stock which we make from good selected beef.

Isn't that a dainty dish to set before King Hubby when he comes home tired, hungry and impatient?

And it is all cooked and prepared—ready for your table. Simply add *hot* water, bring to a boil and *serve it hot.*

21 Kinds—12c a Can

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Beef	Mulligatawny
Bouillon	Mutton
Celery	Ox Tail
Chicken	Pea
Chicken-Gumbo Okra	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

of inspiration and instruction! Think of the farmer's wife and her frequent insanity in the isolation of former years, condemned again to give up that community of interest with thinking, working women that she has so long enjoyed! All drowned by this ferocious flood of Congress-enforced postage penalties.

Well, are you going to submit to this intellectual famine? The Post Office is not a branch of Government from which to raise revenue, war or no war. It is a right of the citizen, and no matter what it costs, citizens should share its privileges equally, no matter where they live. And during the war, when we want more than ever intelligent discussion, the fullest information, the broadest, wisest counsel, to penalize this great educational force in the land is madly criminal.

What, then, are we going to do about it? The nefarious law is already passed, smuggled into the war bill with which it has no real part, because certain cowardly members of Congress feared the criticism of national periodicals and insisted upon its passage with the threat of refusing their vote to the big war bill. The law goes into operation this July — then the flood will begin to rise.

Well, this is what I have done: I have written to my senator and my congressman, protesting against this disastrous legislation, and asking them to urge its repeal.

What have *you* done — you, readers, thinkers, patriotic citizens? If you have not also made your protest, make it now — today! The time is short. The waters are already rising. Help rebuild the dam — the dam that has protected you so long. If you study, if you laugh, if you enjoy a story, if you are interested in religion, science, trade — your supply of reading matter will soon be swept away. Write your protest to Congress in time!

A Rose for Little Eva — *Continued from page 14*

Death of Little Eva. That always gets 'em. They'll can the rough stuff. Watch your ma make 'em weep, Liz. But what's the matter with Alfred? He looks nervous."

Alfred *was* nervous.

Not only was the dog of death agitated by the stamping in the front of the house, but also, with that affable nature that ever strove to please, he was trying to be friendly with a kitten. Alfred loved kittens. Their playful ways and fluffy gentleness were akin to his own delicacy. But this kitten was not gentle, no, nor playful. It was a bad, suspicious cynical, picaresque alley kit, which had strayed in through the stage door. Its experience with previous dogs had been unfortunate. It demanded free and equal suffrage for cats, and the conscription of dogs. It was ready at any time to take the stump for these doctrines, and indeed when Alfred companionably sidled up to it, the kit did take the stump, upon Little Eva's wardrobe trunk, and publicly denounced Alfred as a "Mrrowr." It offensively arched its back and swelled its tail, while Alfred looked up at it and panted. He gamboled before it; he pretended to pat a little mud pie with his huge paws; but the kitten merely sneered down at his invitation to come and play, and observed, unjustly, "Pbrowrrr meameou hpsst."

IT was time for the swamp scene, and for Alfred's first cue. Already Eliza and Harry had staggered into the midst of the morass, and pillowed their heads upon the moccasin snakes for a moment's rest.

The alley kit came down from the trunk and crouched behind that copy of the Chicago directory which was one of the most valuable stock props of the G. A. R. Hall, serving as it did as a library, a stage telephone book, a Bible for stage ministers to carry under their arms throughout all scenes in which they appeared, and as a block to keep dressing-room doors open. In the fly, behind the directory, Alfred discovered his little friend, and with bounding heart and a wide-open countenance, he began to lick its fur. His was a hearty and rather rough lick. It plastered down the fur, and reduced the kitten to the naked appearance of a wet rat.

Uncle Tom appeared with the pork chop which was Alfred's cue for the off stage bay before bounding upon the scene. Alfred bayed, oh, tremendously. The kitten, released from the licking, raised its poisonous paw and swiped Alfred across the nose. The baying slackened and turned into a foolish squeak. The kitten sailed straight up into the air, widespread, and landed upon Alfred's back, clawing and squalling. The man-eating monster of the marshes, with his tail sheathed, his cat covered back humping, his legs entirely folding under him in his bounding flight, and his voice uplifted in a quavering whinny, bolted upon the stage, upset Eliza, and exited R.C., with speed.

The audience saw only a thunderbolt of inextricable dog and cat, a streak of yammering brown and red, and the exquisite humor of Eliza's sitting down hard and rubbing her knees. The crowd rose — not as one man, but as a lot of men, delighted and noisy — and the words that it said were words of lumber camp and frontier saloon.

To her son Harry, Eliza groaned, "Come on; quick, ma! We'll climb the tree."

They ran for it. As Eliza reached the second peg of the tree, Alfred came roaring through again, muffler cut out, throttle wide open, and steering gear shot away. He collided head on with the property tree, the old and feeble tree, which wavered, and collapsed. The kitten went flying off into the air, and it was already running before it touched the floor. It vanished; Alfred vanished, leaving a trail of "ki-yi, ki-yi, ki-yiiii;" and Eliza sat bewildered amid the shell shattered forest ruins.

The roustabouts in the front rows had all the encouragement they needed to wreck the show. While Gussie Jorgenson fled from the piano, they climbed upon the stage, followed by the younger and tougher townites. They drove Eliza and Harry from the stage, they stamped on the property tree, they invaded the flies, broke up wardrobe trunks, and slashed the plantation drop, and before the town policeman could be retrieved from the back room of Knudsen's Harness Shop where he was playing pitch, they had howlingly escaped through the stage entrance. The policeman did arrest William Lloyd Garrison Mizzle, the mildest youth in town, who was hiding beneath a seat, but this gallant punitive expedition did not satisfy the Cushman Bland Company. Upon the stage which, with its flats torn out, gaped back to the plaster walls like an empty barn, they stood weeping.

"We might as well end our tour right here and now — our scenery is gone — them devils even busted all our banjos!" wailed Eliza.

"Yes, and Alfred is gone. I can't find the poo' fellow nowhere. He may never come back. . . . Fall'n and conquered and ab-so-lute-ly vamoosed," lamented Cushman Bland. His hands trembled.

Harry of the imbecile youthful expression hastily turned into Little Eva, the brisk and cheerful mother of the clan. "Never mind, chickens. Looks like this was the hand of fate pointing for us to beat it to the farm right now. We'll be country gents. We'll rig up a stage in our barn, and only play when we want to. I wish we had — a little more — money, but — Well, we got each other, folkses, and there ain't many families can say that." She pulled off her black velvet tam-o'shanter, threw it up, and yelped, "Us for the cunnin' cows! No more havin' to do a fool clog for hick audiences. We'll be the hicks; we'll go to every show that comes to Ojibway Falls, and kid the performers."

Her husband could, in an emergency, stop presenting his perpetual rôle of The Great Cushman Bland. Now he thundered in the index, "You're a good kid, Dulcie darling. Children, wipe off the tears, and let's see if we can't be as plucky as your ma."

Mimosa Booth and H. Rutherford Savoy kissed Little Eva back of each ear, and engaged in a tussle which, feeble though it was, gave them a devil-may-care manner. They were beginning to pick up their scattered wardrobes, Mimosa shrieking that Cushman Bland's Richard III. sword would make a peach of a hoe for string beans, when through the deserted auditorium strode the human exclamation point.

It was a tall, thin, intellectual young woman, with chained eye-glasses — presumably chained to keep them at their dangerous task of riding the mountainous bridge of the lady's Nearly Roman nose.

"I have just heard of this outrage, and I have come to the rescue," stated this ghost of Hamlet's maiden aunt. "I am Miss Dill."

"Pleased meecher, Miss ——" conceded Little Eva. Eliza had taken one look, and gone back to packing, declaiming, "— and then I'm going out to look for Alfred. Poor doggie, wandering around, and nasty little boys stoning him, and I just couldn't sleep a wink without him lying on the foot of my bed ——"

"I am afraid that you did not catch my name. I am Mabel Rockland Dill."

"Oh, yes. Miss Rock Randal. What can I do for you, honey?" Little Eva soothed.

"De-oo? Do for me? My dear woman, I don't see how you can do anything for me! I'm afraid you don't know who I am, after all. I am, perhaps, of some little significance in this community. I am president of the Jolly Knitters, and the Two Orphans Dramatic Association, and recording secretary of the Blackhaw University Alumni Association of Radisson County, but I am not what we show-people call a provincial. I am a graduate of the Halsted Street Dramatic School of Chicago, and as such, I say it with all modesty, something of an authority on stage-craft, in fact, my professor — and while his own practical experience is not large, he is a Master of Elocutionary Public Reading from a special course in Vassar to which he was the only man admitted! — and he himself told me that I was qualified to take a leading part in any Ibsen company, but of course you understand I do not financially need to follow my career professionally, in fact, I would not care to commercialize my art, but rather confine myself to being an influence here for more elevated drama, and I have come to tell you that it would be much better for all of you to go back to the factory, or wherever you came from, instead of perpetuating this silly old-fashioned melodrama, and if you want my opinion ——"

Little Eva's arms were akimbo, and so was her voice: "And if you want my opinion, Miss Panhandle, you amachoors make me so sick ——"

"Thank you, I don't know that I really do care for your opinion! I have ——"

"Well, you're going to get it."

"— come to tell you that immediately upon hearing of the discourtesy of the audience, which should have charity even for an Uncle Tom's Cabin company, I decided that I would get up a benefit for you, for tomorrow evening, and raise at least enough for you to get home."

"A benefit?" Little Eva's hands were pressed together. Her pugnacious eyes became visionary. "I've always wanted to have a benefit! I always read about the New York benefits in the Clipper and — But could you pull it off, Miss? Would the town ——"

"The town better! It is I who alone am responsible for the planting by the city council of no less than seven maples in the park! Very well. —I must hurry out, now, and get the talent for the occasion, and start the Cyclone office printing the bills. You may, if you wish, give the Death of Little Eva scene, as it only requires a plain interior."

Mabel Rockland Dill folded her name about her and departed, while Cushman Bland chanted, "A courtly and gracious woman, despite a certain imperiousness of manner, my dear. I must rebuke you for having taken her ignorant — by gum, they were ignorant, all right! — taking her amateur remarks in ill part. Behind her brusque dictatori — dictatorish — dictatoriality of *une belle chatelaine*, 'twas a true and womanly heart. . . . Gosh, a reg'lar benefit!"

"Well, I still maintain she's a fried-mush-faced cat," murmured the mother, in her most angelic Little Eva tones, "but still — Cushie, when we came from Douglas County and made our first hit in East Lynn, and was reckonized even by the most jealous in the profession, we didn't think, did we, that some day we would have a benefit!"

FIFTY cents, instead of thirty-five, was charged at the benefit, but every seat was taken, and a crowd standing. The full high-school orchestra played all of its seven pieces, including the wedding march and the funeral march and the waltz composed by the local barber, to the immense satisfaction of everybody except the ex-orchestra, Gussie Jorgenson, and of Adolph Tretska, the trombone player, who had lost his gum down the mouth of his instrument just before the first selection.

The benefit was regularly opened by Squire Stevens, the popular sewing-machine agent and justice of the peace, and convention-addresser of the town, who had introduced seven several congressmen to audiences. He now gracefully referred to these seven stalwarts, along with the eagle, the broad acres of the Midland Empire and in the gold of wheat not of mines is our treasure, the prospective cow-pea crop, George Washington, the three Muses whose names he remembered, Mike who said that funny thing to Pat, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Sarah Bernhardt, the Kaiser, and, as

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an afterthought, Cushman Bland and Dulcie Damores. His address and frock coat were received with delight by all, especially by the Blands, glowing behind the hastily repaired scenes, and patting Alfred, who had sneaked back, matted with cockleburrs and disillusioned regarding kittens and innocence.

The Squire might have kept up his judicious remarks so long that there wouldn't have been any other feature at the benefit, but when he absently reached out his hand for the pitcher and glass of water, and didn't find any, he became confused, and with a quotation from Dan'l Webster, he retreated.

The Main Street Quartette pleased in selections from Pinafore, The Wizard of Oz, and the Collegians' Own Pocket Songster. Miss Gussie Jorgenson, after looking sniffily down at her rival orchestra, played the Intermezzo from Cavalleria. John J. Tampole, the well-known bookkeeper of the Gopher Prairie Flour Mills, gave recitations from Kipling, and for many a long day the ravished ears of the audience will ring to his awed:

"You're a betta — man — than — I ahm, Goonguh Deen!"

It being a Roman Nose holiday, Miss Dill did not permit the Blands to appear at their own benefit, except in the Death of Little Eva, which went off despite the fact that just as Eva was succumbing she saw one of the rioters of the previous night, and snapped to Uncle Tom, "Lemme up, and I'll catch him and snatch him bald-headed." But Uncle Tom was the stronger, and by holding her down while he was murmuring to St. Clare, "Mas'r, Ah hopes you take wahnin' from this — see, the sweet and forgivin' spirit is flown," he compelled her to die peacefully.

Then burst the feature of the evening. Miss Mabel Rockland Dill had been unable to bestow her histrionic gifts upon Gopher Prairie oftener than twice a year, and then in plays which were contaminated by the rest of the caste. Now she appeared before the curtain, in a Russian blouse from Minneapolis and Russian boots from her father's hunting kit, and announced that alone, single-handed, she would face the celebrated, that is, foreign, one-act play, "The Blood Drips," by Serge Klopotsky.

She was, it seemed, a gentleman murderer, who repented, feared, briefly outlined anarchism, and suicided, in the manly straightforward way of all heroes of the New Drama. Compelling was that speech of hers delivered with Swedish movements in front of a somewhat Americanized ikon:

"Drip. . . . Drip. . . . Drip." A high lob, a fierce rally. "Dead — dead!" A net ball, but a superb serve with the second ball, leaping straight up in a splendid exhibition of MacLaughlin's American service. "Corpse. . . . Gray. . . . But I'm a better man than you. I dared the last fine splendor of a murder." Quick backward run, and back-hand return almost equal to Pell's. Score, thirt-love. "And now — I shall be consistent — I shall end the unsocial line of the Trofimovitches by my own hand!" 'Vantage out. Game!

They called her to the curtain twice, and twice more she took a chance and came out anyway. On her last call she led out Squire Stevens, the Quartette, Gussie Jorgenson, and even those strangers whom the town couldn't be expected to applaud as they did their fellow-citizens, namely, members of a certain Cushman Bland Company.

In her appreciation of Miss Dill's generosity in giving them a benefit, Little Eva hadn't minded her stealing the show. Twenty-four hours before, with their scenery ruined and Alfred not yet returned, all had been tragic, but now the world was neighborly again, and as she bowed to the people, she loved them. Amid rustling and craning, a small boy came down the aisle bearing a basket of roses. He was so scared that he could not lift them over the footlights. He looked appealingly at Little Eva, and she darted out, took the flowers from him, and stood with them clasped in her arms. They were the first floral tribute of her career. In the hush she stammered, "Thank you! oh — that's all I can say!" and began to cry while the audience cheered.

The stage career of the Cushman Blands was over, in roses and glory.

The four Blands were in Cushman's dressing-room when Mabel Rockland Dill, changed back into her baggy Norfolk suit, loomed among them. Little Eva received her with a lavish smile, but Mabel did not seem cheerful. She poked out a roll of bills, and as Little Eva reached for it, Mabel gave her a look which said, "These intellectual eyes of mine can behold thee nowhere, low one." She turned her shoulder on Eva and handed the bills to Cushman Bland, remarking:

"There are the receipts, two hundred and fifty dollars — far more than you deserve, but let that pass. And now, my friends, let me advise you that, if you are so dull that in this age of Klopotsky, you still stick to inane melodrama, then you'd better give up even trying to understand the Spirit of the Stage Beautiful, and go and earn your living honestly! Now —" pointing to Eva's triumphal bouquet — "if you will give me my roses, I will go."

"Your roses? Whatcha mean 'your roses'?" Little Eva rounded the promontory of Mabel's shoulder and confronted her.

"I simply mean that they were intended for me!"

"Now where do you get that ——"

"My dear Miss Damores, or whatever you call yourself, do you suppose that Gopher Prairie is interested in you? No, in me — me who got up this benefit, who have compelled every barber in town to put up a placard forbidding cursing in his shop, who have made the city council plant ——"

"Yes, I know; seven maples. You'll spoil them maples if you go on digging 'em up and replanting 'em. Now you look here, my dear Miss Squill, or whatever you call yourself. I want to know what makes you think them roses were for you? Didn't the boy bring them straight to me?"

"I know it because — I —— Didn't you see that the urchin was frightened and confused? I knew beforehand that a, well, a certain person was going to send them to ——"

"Say, I got you now. You sent them roses to yourself! You're right. They're yours. Take 'em and beat it!" Little Eva smothered her with the basket.

"'Beat it'?" shouted Mabel. "This to me, but for whom you beggar players would have had to walk home ——"

"Oh! Oh, we would, would we? You look here!" Little Eva snapped.

She dragged the struggling Mabel to a suitcase, yanked from it a pile of little books, and slapped them one by upon a table, crying, "See those savings-bank books? Ten of 'em! And three thousand in each of 'em! See the balance in that book? See it? And in that one? And would you like to see the deed to our, uh, country villa, to which we are about to retire? No? Pleasure to show it! You know what? You got up our benefit so you could show off! Now you take your roses and go!"

As Mabel rushed terrified away, Little Eva wept into her rouge-pot, "And I won't have any benefit bouquet after all!" She was blind with unhappiness. Cushman Bland and the children slipped away.

Cushman dropped his stateliness. He humped across the way to a candy and news store, and bought a pink basket, and a plain card upon which he wrote something. Not like a high soul but like a frightened and eager husband he trotted down the street, his elegance of black broadcloth trousers flapping about his Cassian legs. . . . He had noticed that there was a rose garden beside a house a block away, not too near a street light.

Ten minutes later another small boy knocked at the door of Eva's dressing-room, and to the still weeping lady presented a pink basket of roses bearing a card, "To Mlle. Damores, with the admiration of a Committee of Citizens of Gopher Prairie for the greatness of her art."

When Cushman Bland came in again, she was hugging the roses, and exulting, "Oh, Cushie darlin', look at this! I have got a real floral tribute, after all! . . . Oh hon, I thought I wasn't goin' to get one, this very last, last night of our career."

Cushman bent grandiosely over her hand, declaiming, "Sweets to the sweet — and ne'er was tribute half so well bestowed." Liz and Hank galloped in to join the family tableau, and chant, "Ma, that's simply elegant." Round them was the triumph of farewell.

But Alfred the bloodhound had sneaked out. He stood on the apron of the stage, looking at the empty seats. The Blands might be content with roses, but they were not conscientious and inspired artists like Alfred. For the last time he saw the altar of his genius. Stilled was the clapping; the painted palaces were crumbled now and dust; and the pomp of ceremony dwindled to a senile emptiness of flea-hunting and the long sleep. Down the furry nose of the old actor rolled one doggish tear.

Why Do I Think I Will Succeed? — *Continued from page 18*

The best, and most treacherous reason for expecting success is belief in self.

Men are not egotistical. That includes women. They may be vain and bombastic, and arrogant — but rarely egotistical. Deep down in the secret judgment chamber where a man faces himself, there are thirteen who underrate themselves to one who overrates. That is, they underrate their general capacity, their actual possibilities. Out of every hundred I have asked, "Why do you think you'll succeed?" fewer than seven have replied, "Because I have more brains and push than any of my competitors." And very few have even answered, "I know more about this business than anyone else."

But the danger is in their overrating their weak points, and mistrusting their strong ones. I suppose it is the same instinct that makes a parent overfond of a crippled child.

A gossip is forever repeating with horror what others have repeated. She does not know that she is a gossip. She prides herself on her tongue-tied discretion. She would readily undertake the job of Custodian of the Great High Secrets, although the penalty of revealing them were death; and when she was being executed two hours later, she would swear that it was Mrs. Jones who told the secrets, for she heard her over the back fence. A man who will hesitate on the street corner for ten minutes trying to decide whether to go to the post office, the barber shop, or the shoemaker's first, feels the utmost confidence in his fitness for a job as Umpire in the National League.

That is what makes self-trust treacherous.

I questioned a young man one day who had just invested seven hundred of the sweatiest dollars ever touched — earned by the sweat of wielding the rod in a country school for four years — in a small newspaper that had changed hands seven times in two years, and lost money for all the seven:

"Why do you think you'll make the *Banner* wave fast enough to frighten away the wolves from your boarding-house door?"

"Because," replied the hopeful young editor, "I have it all planned out. The other fellows failed here mostly because they were not good solicitors. Now I'm going to map the whole country for twenty miles in every direction, and make a house-to-house canvas."

"You are a good solicitor then? How much did you make out of the 'Lives of the Prophets' that summer you went canvassing?" It was a mean thrust. I had the story from a friend of his. He had started out as a book agent during one summer vacation. After spending fifteen dollars for an outfit and three days' training, he was sent to a near-by town. He walked seven blocks before he could make himself stop at one house. He tried two more — sold one book. Rested until after noon. Walked twelve blocks before he could ring another doorbell — and then fled without waiting for the door to be opened. And threw up his job the next morning.

"Why" — he got red in the face but tried to laugh — "I hated to canvas for a book. But this is different. I won't mind soliciting for my own paper."

He really thought he would not because he wished it so. In the enthusiasm of the beginning he did solicit two weeks for his own paper, but his antipathy to soliciting was instinctive; and the constant dislike for a job will wear away the resolutions of an iron man.

He failed quicker and lost more than all the rest, because he had trusted his success to his weakest point.

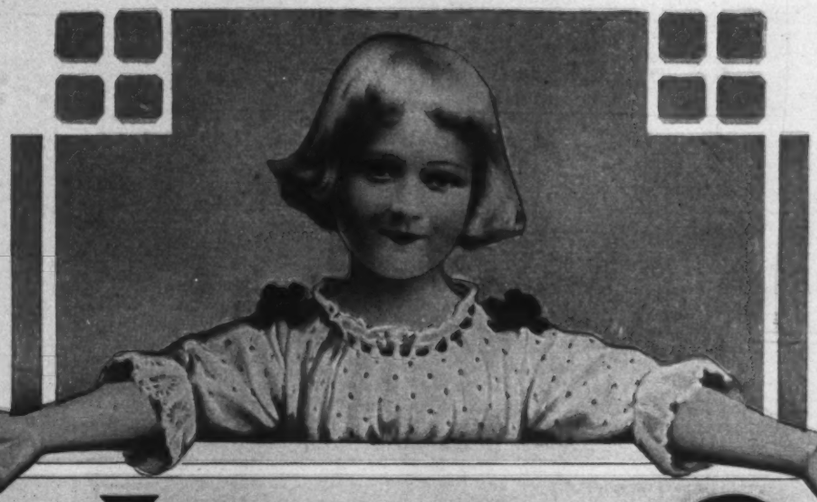
One should not despise himself, nor lose faith in himself because of his weaknesses; but certainly he should not go into business on them.

In that rigid self-examination which should precede every venture, the first thing is to eliminate all spurious reasons for expecting success. But that is not the main point — the big thing always is to find the real reasons why one will succeed. It is necessary to get the chaff out, but the wheat is the principal thing. Smelting is important, but it is gold and not slag one seeks.

Before starting on a quest of success one should clear out the cob-webs, the egotism, the idleness, the spirit of gambling from his brain, and look the whole situation clearly in the eye; separating live reasons from dead ones — not with a view of persuading himself to stay out, but to show himself where to go in. This examination will cover three things:

1: The Work; 2: The Place; 3: The Person.

These overlap constantly. All enter more or less into every undertaking. But in each venture one will play a major part.



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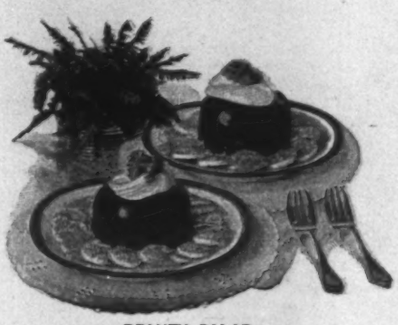

BEAUTY SALAD

ORANGE JELL-O DESSERT

STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM

The Big Dessert *and* the Little Price

THE fine desserts and salads shown here are made from recipes in the 1918 Jell-O Book. The pictures are exact reproductions of the Jell-O dishes and give a good idea of their beauty and variety.

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Jell-O can be whipped with an egg beater, just as cream is whipped, and whipped Jell-O is taking the place of cream and eggs in many Jell-O desserts.

The Strawberry Bavarian Cream at the left and the Glorified Rice at the right are made of whipped Jell-O. Bavarian Creams and Glorified Rice dishes can be made without Jell-O, but they cannot be made to taste so good, look so good, and so satisfactorily meet every requirement, including cost, as when made of Jell-O.

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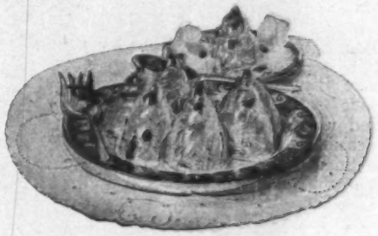
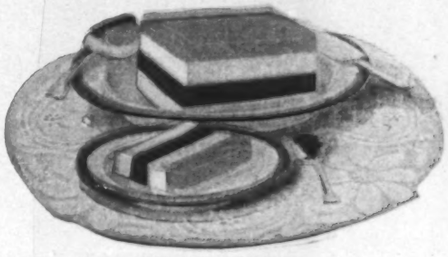


JELL-O SPANISH SALAD



NEAPOLITAN JELL-O

GLORIFIED RICE

Odds on the Boy — *Continued from page 26*

girls, the more women; the more women the better us women could get, our rights! And ain't that one reason why the Gan Eden-sorosis *is*? To get our rights? I ask you, ain't it? *Positif!* . . . *Ugh*, them good-for-not'ing men! Boy babies! to make more men! to take away *more* our rights! . . . No! *We want more girls! Nit!* More girls to make more suffergettes?"

A wild burst of approval followed this inspired mixture of anti-man and pro-woman volubility, mingled with cries of "Great idea!" — "Tell us more!" — "What's the rest of your scheme, Mrs. Kirschbaum?"

In the corner of each eye there was a tear, enlarged by the lenses of her spectacles so as to make her eyes seem flooded; she smiled happily; her hands went up for silence. Then she rattled on to the careening conclusion of her mad address: "My scheme, ladies, is this: If my Rosie has a *girl*, then that makes her pres'dent! If she has a *boy*, that makes Mrs. Epstein pres'dent! . . . I ask it, is that fair or not? Yes? No? . . . I make it a motion we should have *that* kind of an election this year!"

Mrs. Aaronson, the agent's wife, jumped immediately to her feet, eager to put in her two cents' worth. "I second — I second!" she cried. "It's the trooth! We should have gell bebies! If Mrs. Herm Lichtman should have a gell baby — well, then, then that's a sign we should do her our honor to make her our belovable pres'dent!"

And because putty is no more plastic or sensible than women's clubs of the Gan Eden type, the quorum took the shape which Mrs. Kirschbaum's idea had molded. Her motion was adopted unanimously.

That evening, at Herman's house, Mrs. Kirschbaum announced her coup. Mr. and Mrs. Lichtman were shocked beyond believing their ears. Herman laughed it off. Herman was in the mood husbands have as the birth day of their first-born approaches — the mood to laugh things off cursorily and revert the conscientious, love-flooded mind to the worries attending the welfare of the one dear possession, the little wife. Rosie hardly knew whether to scold or to praise her mother. In fact, Rosie's interest in the election was daily decreasing before a vaster interest; although she hoped to be sometime president of Gan Eden.

Mrs. Lichtman overheard her son later express to Rosie an idle comment that Mrs. Kirschbaum seemed quite determined about a girl child. She misunderstood to the extent of believing he was aggravated because his mother-in-law had wound her hysterical "schemes" about the birth of Rosie's baby, making the situation more or less a tangled one. . . . Mrs. Lichtman also knew enough about woman's societies, from younger days, to appreciate their plasticity. She featured in her mind the one fact that Herman liked a home-loving wife. And thereupon she inwardly began to promote a "scheme" of her own concerning the May election of the Gan Eden-sorosis!

Before the sublime dignity of ushering a life into this vale of tears, all other events fade to their proper insignificance. For a brief time, at least, if never again in its life, the little one holds the center of the stage, well down, spot light included, and places a baton in the hands of everyone in the orchestra, so that all must beat time to its fiddling.

As the great day neared in Herman Lichtman's house, Mrs. Kirschbaum neglected the election affairs of Gan Eden-sorosis, to be ever at the side of her daughter Rosie. Rosie threatened to face the thing with not so much bravery and good condition of health as was at first expected of her. Mrs. Lichtman and Mrs. Kirschbaum escaped even the exciting grip of the wager between them whenever their minds were summoned more sternly to the welfare of their mutual daughter.

As for Mr. Lichtman, *maskil*, he threw himself into his books, the better to steep his mind in other matters, and hide from the others the fear that lurked therein. If they were to detect his uncertainty, because they were all more or less dependent upon him mentally, the whole household would be thrown into a frenzy.

Herman actually grew haggard in his hounding of Rosie's presence, and his long spells of gazing at her with only the pity a man of his nature can command under such circumstances. He forgot his chain of motion picture theatres, leaving them completely in the hands of his general manager, the competent young fellow called Louis.

At last, and popping from right out the sky, as such things do, the great hour came. It was on a bright, sunny May day when all the world was putting on new dresses.

It was contrary to his keenest desire, but at the last moment Herman barred himself from Rosie's room during the presence there of the eminent doctor. He knew very well that if he were admitted, Mrs. Lichtman would demand to follow. Mrs. Kirschbaum would cry, then, because she were not allowed so much privilege as Mrs. Lichtman. Though it would follow with mutest of begging, Mr. Lichtman would want to join them. He talked over the matter with the doctor, who warned that the presence of all would interfere with his own work and unduly excite Rosie as well. Herman announced this to his perturbed family.

They took the next best. They drew together as closely as they could to Rosie—just outside her door. This opened into the wide upper hallway with its many-colored rag carpet, much too gay for the occasion; its rows of pictures hung inartistically and in precise parallel along either wall; and its three or four stiff old chairs, which were put there because they weren't wanted anywhere else in the house, and wore an everlasting expression of injury about it.

It would be hard to imagine a more wordless, breath-holding little group, as these four people clustered eagerly about the mahogany-stained door.

Mr. Lichtman, as white as his beard, sat in his wheel chair, one thin hand raised angularly to cup his ear toward the door, which was closed and made a perpetual face at him, grim and stern. Mrs. Lichtman stood stolidly beside him, arms akimbo, fists damp, thick neck drawn definitely into her shoulders, sharp eyes alternating at piercing the door and then the faces of her comrades, as if, like a medium in a seance, she could see right through the veil of the door and was in gravest pantomime informing those outside what was happening within.

Mrs. Kirschbaum, on a stiff, sorrowful chair, since her legs could no longer support her bulk, all spirit gone, a fluffy, fat mass, eyes flooded, head cocked, seemingly about to begin a fit of wailing, stared at the door as though it were a huge mouth whose jaws had snapped close upon her precious daughter. She was silently pleading with it to yield up its victim safe and sound. Herman leaned against the door, at the knob side, ashen, biting his nails. He looked up at each little sound from the interior, ever so much as a punished puppy will prick up when its master's door has been closed against it and in its ostracism devotedly catches a murmur or sound of its master inside.

Thus they awaited the first sign of either encouragement or calamity from one of the two nurses assisting the doctor. Only one thought predominated in all. No more keenness about Gan Eden's election; or the *schweigers'* bet. Now only the question: Will Rosie be all right?

Then came a tiny cry of anguish. Just that and nothing more. It was followed by a silence, to the waiters most ominous, so that fright veiled their faces. Then things began to stir mysteriously about the room.

Herman sobbed in the crook of his arm, leaning against the white door jamb. Which was the signal for the others, who with a single motive shed tears in their most characteristic manner: Mr. Lichtman with no change of his chiseled expression, but an abundance of teardrops; Mrs. Lichtman with a very masculine effort to check that which would not be checked; Mrs. Kirschbaum shaking like a great chunk of gelatin, tears veritably washing down her cheeks. But not a sound came from them in their scared obedience of the doctor's demands for silence.

Footsteps came almost inaudibly to the other side of the door — the rubber-heeled footsteps common to a hospital ward. A white cap and a kindly sympathetic, yet unemotional face emerged.

"A boy!" the nurse whispered.

Before she could noiselessly close the door again, Herman asked, or rather gurgled: "And Rosie —— ?"

But the nurse's sad, answering smile was cut off by the stern door, which stared its most impudent mockery right into Herman's face.

Herman, *tatè*, ran an awkward hand through his hair. A mingling of sheer happiness and fright lighted his eyes. He applied his ear to the door anew. Mr. Lichtman sank into his wheel chair as if the strings of nerves which had held him in suspension for many minutes were suddenly severed.

Mrs. Kirschbaum's tears doubled and trebled in volume. She sighed, and met the supercilious grin of Mrs. Lichtman. It was a grin through tears — the grin of a school girl who has gotten a larger piece of candy than her sister!

"Boy! *und* not goil!" Mrs. Lichtman whispered. "*I* win my bet! *I* win five hundred off of you, Sadie! . . . *Und* Rosie ain't elected!"

"Shut up, ma!" Herman warned dangerously. "This ain't no movie!"

Then the slit of the door grinned again, quite unexpectedly. All faces focused interrogatingly upon that of the nurse.

"A girl!" she whispered and, smiling, closed the door softly.

"*Gott in Himmel!*" Mrs. Lichtman cried, forgetting herself. "Say, what *is* this monkey bus'ness?"

Mrs. Kirschbaum jumped from her chair with renewed life, as Herman wheeled upon his mother.

"I win — I win!" Mrs. Kirschbaum sighed with a depth of relief. "My Rosie's elected pres'dent Gan Eden!"

Mr. Lichtman spoke up, in his flawless syllables. "My dears! wait! There seems to be some mistake here!"

"The whole darn bunch — shut *up!*" Herman growled. "Where's your senses? We don't know — don't know . . . about Rosie, yet!" His voice stuck. A queer sob brought them all back to their frightened, awe-struck silence.

Herman tapped ever so lightly upon the stern-faced door. The nurse appeared, frowning, her eyes querying the new interruption.

"Mr. Lichtman," she said, "you're all making too much noise. I'm afraid you'll have to go —— "

"Say!" Herman exploded. "What *is* this? First a boy — then a girl! Which *is* it?"

"Just as you say: First a boy — then a girl! *Twins!*" She tried to close the door, but Herman stuck out his foot.

"How about my wife? . . . I'm coming in! Look out!" — hysterically. "Mister Lichtman! No! Stay out! You can't come in — *now!* Mrs. Lichtman's weak — but she's all right! 'Sh — 'sh!"

Herman rubbed his forehead dazedly

Nocturne

by Zoe Akins

OH how can I be still and sleep
When every tree is hung with bloom,
And when the wild crab-apples keep
So keen a fragrance in the room?

Outside my window lies the night,
The pale spring night, the chill spring night,
The scent of far-off rain, the light
Of the young moon, new-risen and white . . .

As sparse of foliage as a fern
A birch sways forward with a sigh;
The light winds take its leaves and turn
A silver shudder to the sky!

How can I sleep in this moonlight?
Lying unconscious of the night,
No longer trembling, hushed and white,
With Spring-time and with love tonight . . . ?

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brings out the real beauty of the skin

Many an otherwise attractive girl finds herself a "failure" because of a poor complexion. If *your* skin is not fresh, smooth and healthy, or has suffered from an unwise use of cosmetics, see if the daily use of Resinol Soap will not greatly improve it.

Resinol Soap is not only unusually cleansing and softening, but its regular use helps *nature* give to the skin and hair that beauty of perfect health which it is impossible to imitate. Tendency to pimples is lessened, redness and roughness disappear, and in a very short time the complexion usually becomes clear, fresh, and velvety.

The soothing, restoring influence that makes this possible is the *Resinol* which this soap contains and which physicians prescribe widely for skin and scalp troubles.

This same gentle medication, together with its freedom from irritating alkali, adapt Resinol Soap admirably to the care of the hair, for the bath, and for a baby's delicate skin. A week's trial should suffice to make Resinol Soap your favorite.

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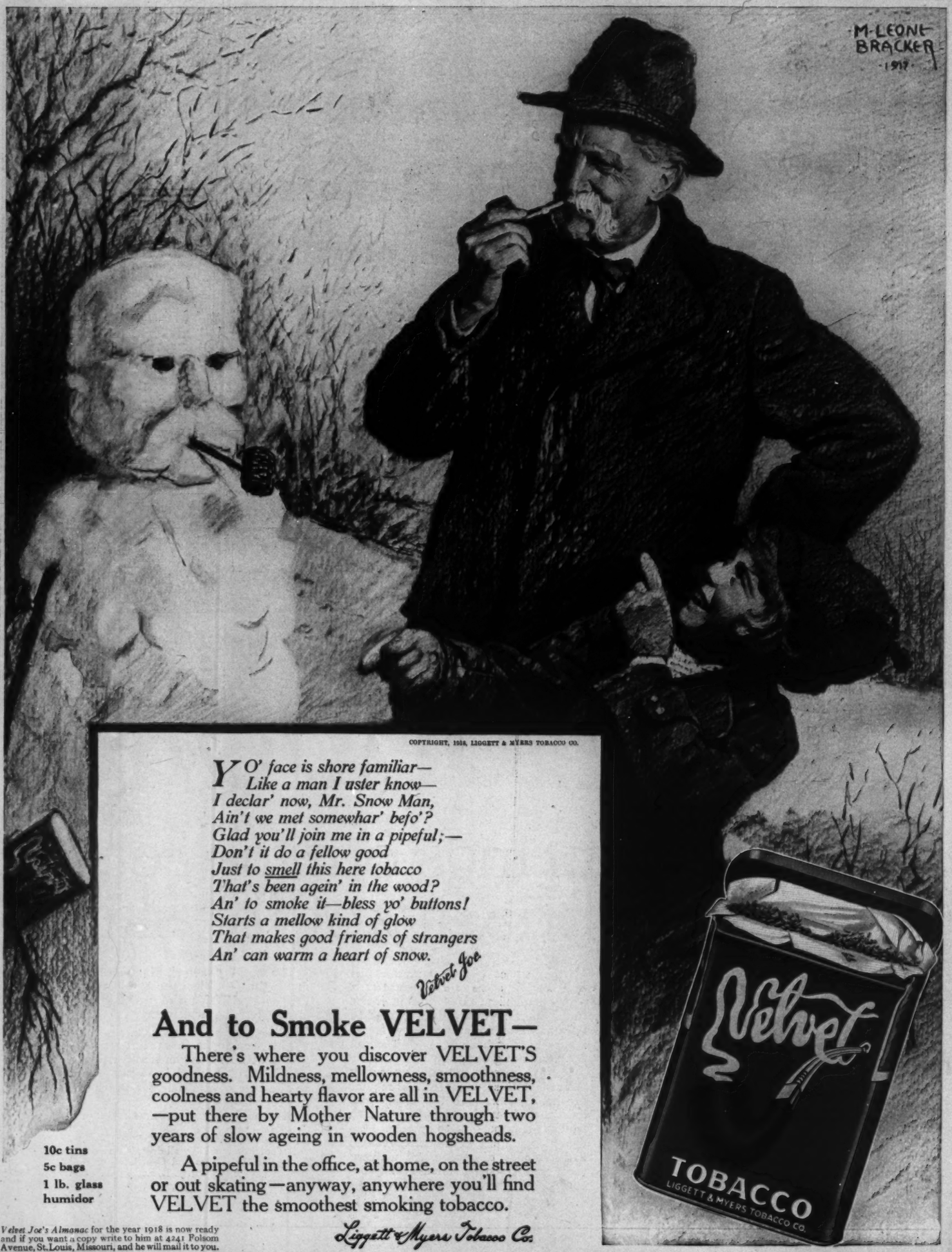

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YO' face is shore familiar—
Like a man I uster know—
I declar' now, Mr. Snow Man,
Ain't we met somewhar' befo'?
Glad you'll join me in a pipeful;—
Don't it do a fellow good
Just to smell this here tobacco
That's been agein' in the wood?
An' to smoke it—bless yo' buttons!
Starts a mellow kind of glow
That makes good friends of strangers
An' can warm a heart of snow.

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And to Smoke VELVET—

There's where you discover VELVET'S goodness. Mildness, mellowness, smoothness, coolness and hearty flavor are all in VELVET, —put there by Mother Nature through two years of slow ageing in wooden hogsheads.

A pipeful in the office, at home, on the street or out skating—anyway, anywhere you'll find VELVET the smoothest smoking tobacco.

10c tins
5c bags
1 lb. glass humidor

Velvet Joe's Almanac for the year 1918 is now ready and if you want a copy write to him at 4241 Folsom Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri, and he will mail it to you.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

as the door went softly to, wheeled like a heavy bear made suddenly powerless by a projectile, and sat on Mrs. Kirschbaum's stiff chair, head in arms, sobbing: "Thank God! Thank God!"

IN another hour Herman was shaking hands with the departing eminent doctor, under the Moorish-arched portal of his own big home. Rosie was in competent hands, those of one of the two nurses. One nurse went with the doctor. When they had gone, the little family sat in the library, talking in excited undertones, as if in even that remote corner of the house they might awaken the sleeping Rosie.

Herman dispatched his chauffeur with the pale blue bassinet he had purchased locally some days before, to be exchanged for a larger one — one to accommodate two babies!

The bet between the mothers-in-law was the natural topic as they sat huddled in the library.

"*I* t'ink because its twins it should be called off!" Mrs. Lichtman declared. "That's what *I* t'ink! Huh, Sadie?"

"Anything!" Mrs. Kirschbaum assented disgustedly, returning the unhappy glance of Mrs. Lichtman. Now that she could not win the wager, now that Rosie was safely past the crisis, her mind was concerned mostly with the unfortunate situation into which the Gan Eden-sorosis election had been thrown.

"Just one moment, my dears," Mr. Lichtman drawled. "I would suggest this: Since the agreement was primarily that the winner should deposit her winnings in an account to be opened in the name of the baby, whether boy or girl, and since boy and girl have both been born unto our daughter, that you both further the beneficence of your original plan by each consenting to let me deposit these two respective checks which I now hold, in the names of the two children — yours, Rachel, for the boy; yours, Sadie, for the girl!"

"Great stuff!" Herman applauded.

The *schweigers* regarded Mr. Lichtman; then they regarded each other; then they mentally regarded the suggestion. Their frowns, their facial puckerings, and the heat of their glances melted. Smiles began to play on their faces. Mrs. Kirschbaum, first in peace, waddled over to Mrs. Lichtman's chair. Mrs. Lichtman anticipated the contents of Mrs. Kirschbaum's heart by examining her own feelings. She returned with equal rapture the sudden, passionate embrace which Mrs. Kirschbaum threw about her.

"Rach — is it a go?"

"Sure t'ing, Sadie!"

They laughed happily, arm in arm, beneath the amused smiles of Herman and his father.

"Ain't we the two old fools, Rachel, huh? Betting about babies!"

"We sure are, Sadie!"

Then Mrs. Kirschbaum thought of the Gan Eden-sorosis.

"Bets is bets!" she said. "But elections — that's diff'rent again. I've got to call up our Gan Eden sec-er-tary for a meeting to decide what we could do about it now. Mrs. Epstein and my Rosie couldn't *both* be pres'dents — could they, now?"

"No! Right, Sadie! They couldn't!" Mrs. Lichtman laughed outright.

"What you laughing about, eh, Rachel? Maybe you wouldn't think so funny it is if you had 'av' worked yourself to win that election!"

"I ain't sayin' not'ing! Go ahead *und* call up your Mrs. Goldberg, *und* see about it yourself! . . . Go *on*, Sadie!" Mrs. Lichtman grinned mysteriously.

Mrs. Kirschbaum did call up Mrs. Goldberg, the Gan Eden secretary. She received the biggest shock of the day. Fully in keeping with the plastic quality of women's clubs of Gan Eden's type, a second quorum had rejected Mrs. Kirschbaum's "scheme." The first quorum had been powerless to act over this newer adoption, principally because of Mrs. Kirschbaum's own delinquency in recent activities. Where was she keepin' herself, anyhow?

Mrs. Epstein's quorum had done such clever and persistent stumping that she had won all members, almost, to her side. Mrs. Epstein, Mrs. Kirschbaum must know, was now presidentess-elect of Gan Eden-sorosis, having been elected at the balloting of the regular May meeting, according to the ruling of her own quorum. Mrs. Goldberg was very, very sorry! Would Mrs. Kirschbaum hand Rosie Mrs. Goldberg's purest congratulations about her two twins?

"*Gott!*" Mrs. Kirschbaum exclaimed, hanging up the telephone receiver. "Mrs. Goldberg! turncoater! . . . That good-for-not'ing Mrs. Epstein is elected!"

"*I* knew it! *I* knew it!" Mrs. Lichtman sang exaltedly. "I'm glad, too, Sadie! It's the best thing for Rosie *'nd* you. That's a bum societeh Rosie *'nd* you's in, *'nd* I hope youse two'll have sense to get out now you see how bum a crowd is in it!"

"*Say!*" Mrs. Kirschbaum exclaimed in fury. "How come *you* to *know* it!"

"Sadie, *I* found your leat'er book about Gan Eden laws. *I* read the book! *I* saw where you marked in it! *I* knew why you marked it! How? Because, *I* been in them societehs, too, when I was younger yet! So *I* had Mrs. Epstein here one day, *'nd I* tipped her off about how she could go to voik and beat Rosie to the job for pres'dent, *'nd that's* how all vat Mrs. Goldberg just told you come to happen! . . . *That's* how I come to know, Sadie — *'nd* I'm glad of it, too!"

"Good for you, ma!" Herman commended. "I'm glad, too! . . . Only — only I wonder — now — what Rosie'll think of it?"

"*Liebe!*" Mrs. Lichtman implored, extending her arms to Mrs. Kirschbaum. "You see it, they're not wort' the bot'er!"

Mrs. Kirschbaum wriggled almost reluctantly out of her fit of fretfulness and grinned. "That good-for-not'ing Gan Eden-sorosis! Rach, you're right! I'll resign, that's what. I'll make Rosie resign, too. Them fools, those women! They let anybody do whatefer they want with them! *Gan Eden* they call it! Better they should call it *Gehenna!*"

As she denounced the paradisiacally named society (condemning it to the world's lower regions!) and renounced her own passion for companionship of Gan Eden women, Herman found amusement in meditatively comparing the spirit of her words to that of the words of an inveterate smoker uttered just about New Year's Day.

Later on, the two pink babies were laid in the pale blue, double bassinet which had arrived and now stood at Rosie's bedside. With reciprocal cessation of bad feeling, Mrs. Lichtman had spread her blue layette out upon one chair and Mrs. Kirschbaum had arrayed her pink one on another, the one for the boy, the other for the girl.

Rosie lay smiling up sublimely as Herman sat on the very edge of her bed. He acted almost afraid to breathe, lest his burly manner might upset the sweet, delicate atmosphere now floating about Rosie's room, and the quiet tidiness that the touches of the nurse girl had lent it.

Herman softly related to his wife the results of the Gan Eden-sorosis election. He spoke falteringly at first, half fearing to disappoint Rosie seriously.

Rosie laughed low about the manner of the wager's disposal. Then her arms encircled her husband's neck, she drew his lips down to her own, kissed him, and whispered:

"Herm, you old dear *thing!* I'm so glad it should happen that way, after all! I don't care anything a-tall about the sorosis *now* — or anything else, Hermie, it's only you for me, from now on — you and our two ducky kids!"

Prohibition and the Prandial Art

by **Berton Braley**

PROHIBITION is unquestionably a Noble Cause," the Bon Vivants admit, "but," they object, forebodingly, "think of what it will do to our dinner parties and banquets!"

Disregarding entirely the sardonic folk who remark that no sensible person cares what becomes of dinner parties and banquets, let us soberly consider what prohibition will do to such functions.

It ought to improve the food and enhance the entertainment. And the reason is plain enough when you think of it. So long as the average dinner is sufficiently plied, primed and illuminated with cocktails and champagne and cordials he doesn't much care what the food is and he will stand for anything in the way of so-called entertainment which his host, hostess or dinner committee chooses to supply. This is true in a lesser degree of the average diner's wife, sister or feminine friend.

"Jones is a fearful bore at a dinner," the modern hostess sighs. "I hate to ask him."

"Don't worry," her husband consoles her; "if we serve drinks enough nobody will mind him — and I do need him in my business."

"If we put Smith on the list of speakers," says the chairman of the dinner committee, "he'll talk half the evening. And he's the dullest ever."

"What difference does it make?" queries one of the other committeemen. "With the assortment of drinks we've ordered for tonight everybody will be so lit up they won't care how dull he is. And we've got to get on the right side of him somehow when he's such a big figure in politics."

So at an alcoholically abetted dinner anything goes, and neither the food nor the wit much matters.

But when Prohibition stalks over the land, snatching the bottles and decanters from the table and the sideboard; when people come to dinners clear-eyed and alert; when the roseate glow of the cocktail can no longer percolate through the fibres of the diners, the food and the wit are going to matter a lot.

And in that day — an imminent one, by all indications — the host or hostess or dinner committee will have a critical and captious clientele to satisfy, and nobody will dare invite dinner companions who cannot interest and stimulate by their own merits, or speakers whose scintillations aren't sparkling enough to dazzle the eyes of a sober audience.

Also — and this will be a Great Boon — the entertainment at Dry Dinners will doubtless be more generally of a sort that will permit a man to take his wife.

So let the Bon Vivants be consoled. Prohibition ought to make dining an intellectual and gastronomic diversion rather than a Bacchic Rite.

Answer Their Questions

Tell the children why they shouldn't eat or drink certain things. And when they ask why they may not drink coffee, tell them the truth—that coffee contains a drug which is harmful to the nerves and heart, especially with children.

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They Not Only Bark—They Speak

What Do You Think of These Little Dogs?

by

Margaret Conant

Sam

DO animals really think — and almost speak? I wonder. It was about nine years ago that I adopted Don. He was a miserable-looking little cocker spaniel, who had been kicked about and abused until he was considered utterly worthless. After many months of kind treatment, however, he turned out to be a very bright and handsome little fellow. I taught him several tricks, such as dying, praying and rolling over, which he learned to perform very cleverly.

Simply as an amusing experiment, I spread several cards on the floor, and placing Don's foot on the ace of spades, said: "Ace of spades, Don, ace of spades." Then I gave him a bit of cooky and tried again. I repeated this performance day after day until, at the end of three months, he had learned to put his foot on the ace, in whatever position it was placed among the other cards.

Greatly pleased with my success, I decided to teach him another card, which I supposed would require a month or two longer, but, to my surprise, he learned to point it out immediately. Later I taught him several other cards which he soon readily distinguished. I then made some letters and taught him to spell his name, asking for the first letter, the second letter, and so forth, without calling them by name. Later I taught him other words in the same way. After this I took up arithmetic, teaching him the different combinations: 2+2, 2+3, and so forth. All these lessons covered more than two years, for I went very slowly, fearing that Don might become confused.

One day I asked him for 7+3 (an entirely new problem). Much to my surprise, he put his foot on the ten. Thinking this merely chance, I asked for 8+3. He pointed at once to eleven. This was most astonishing! Spreading out the letters, I asked him to spell "dog," which he did, and when I asked him to translate it into German, he spelled "hund," without a moment's hesitation. Surely he could not know all this! Wishing to test him further I asked for "cat," but fastened my attention on the "d." Don proceeded to spell "cat" with a "d." Here was the clue! All this time he had simply been finding the card I had in mind.

Many difficult questions were given him after this. He was asked to spell proper names, to pick out coins and colors, to translate into foreign languages and to solve such problems as: "If you bought two bones at ten cents each, and gave the butcher a quarter, what should you expect for change!" No further education was necessary. He could solve any problem to which I knew the answer.

Of course, Don's accomplishments attracted attention, but, sad to say, he lived hardly more than a year after my discovery. One day he was dancing about to greet me as I came home, when he suddenly staggered and fell on his side. In another moment he was lying dead at my feet, from heart disease. Poor Don! How keenly I felt his loss! The hours I spent with him and the joy and pride of our wonderful success had brought us very close together. I never expected to find his equal.

I longed for some sort of a pet, however, and a month or two later I found Sam. He was a scrawny little pup, with a coat which suggested a cocker ancestor, but with the pointed nose and all the vim and energy of the fox terrier.

As soon as he had become accustomed to his new home, I taught him the simple tricks, which Don had learned, such as dancing, praying and dying, but I soon discovered that his further education was no simple task. Don had been calm, dignified and deliberate, so that it was a comparatively easy matter to keep his attention, while Sam had various matters of his own to distract him. A cat in the back yard, or a fly on the window-pane, were matters of such absorbing interest that he had no time for the ace of spades. Since the cooky, however, made a strong appeal, I spared no pains to convince him that he could not have a single bit, until he had earned it. Moreover, if I asked for a card, I never gave up until he found it, no matter how much persuasion it required. If, by any chance, he found the right card, I praised and petted him. When he had learned that the ace of spades was more worthy of his attention than the fly, half the battle was won. Unfortunately, I was able to devote very little time to his education, never spending more than fifteen minutes, two or three times a week, while several weeks often slipped by when he had no lesson whatever.

Don — who awakened my interest in this psychological study of dogs

At first I placed the ace of spades in a certain corner of the group. When Sam had learned to find it there, I changed it about until he could find it anywhere. After my experience with Don, I knew that it was unnecessary to teach him any other cards. When he had reached this stage he could find any card in any position, more or less satisfactorily. It was a long, slow process. At the end of two years, he found only fifty-eight per cent of his answers correctly on the first trial. I then began to work with him more regularly, keeping a record of each lesson. Although he occasionally slipped back, yet, on the whole, he showed steady improvement. By the following March, his average was sixty-eight per cent, in July seventy-seven per cent, and in November, three years from the time I adopted him, his average was eighty-six per cent, which is almost equal to his present record.

During Sam's performance, I sit on the floor, with from eight to twelve cards spread out before me. I then call Sam, who comes trotting over, waiting eagerly for the bit of cooky which he always receives after a correct answer. When he has devoured this he waits impatiently for an opportunity to try again. I ask him various questions which occur to me, or which are suggested by someone present. It matters not what the question is, provided only that the answer is known to me, and that it may be found on one of the cards. When we have exhausted the possibilities of one set of cards, another group is substituted. Although the questions are usually given orally, occasionally someone takes the trouble to write one out and show it to Sam. Sometimes a word is whispered to me, and Sam is asked to spell this word without being told what it is. These precautions make no difference to Sam. He simply picks up the cards, one at a time, as I think of them.

He is noticeably influenced by the character of his audience. If the spectators are cold and indifferent, he works but half-heartedly. If, on the other hand, they are sympathetic and enthusiastic, he rises to the occasion, picking out card after card in quick succession, knowing full well that he is the center of interest and admiration.

My success with Sam was a great victory for me. Don, because of the abuse which he had suffered, was exceedingly sensitive. Many people had said that he was a most unusual dog, and that I could never train another. I am now convinced that I could train any dog, provided only that he were of average intelligence and of a willing disposition.

I find, however, that the training is a simple matter compared with the difficulty of explaining how he is able to give his answer. Almost everyone who sees Sam pick out the cards, immediately exclaims: "How does he do it?" For the last two years I have been experimenting in the hope of finding the solution to this important problem.

Various explanations have been offered. The most curious is that of transmigration of souls. A gentleman from Maine once wrote as follows: "While I do not ask others to accept my theory, I can see no solution of the problem but the acceptance of the doctrine of transmigration of souls. This is the doctrine so long taught by the Hindoos. It seems as if the soul of some scholar of the past now exists in the dog." Several other people, including one prominent clergyman, have told me the same thing. I always reply that the scholar cannot be a very learned one, for he appears to know exactly what I do, and nothing else.

Hypnotism is another theory which is frequently suggested. One day I overheard a group of ladies enthusiastically discussing the subject. One of them glanced furtively at me, and declared in a stage whisper: "Yes, she certainly has the power of hypnotism. I can see it in her eye!" As a matter of fact I think I am very far from possessing such power. Moreover, it is well known that an animal, under the influence of hypnotism, is simply put to sleep. Anyone who has watched Sam whisk about can testify that there is nothing sleepy in his actions.

Strange to say, I have never been able to learn of any other dog whose behavior corresponds in any way to that of Sam. There are, to be sure, stage animals who give similar performances, but either there is some trick employed, or their owners do not encourage psychological investigation. The only similar instances are those of the famous German horse, Clever Hans, and two other horses, Muhamed and Zarif, who have recently been trained in Germany. Their owners, however, claim that they are educated and have reached a stage of development equal to that of a child of fourteen years! This astonishing theory, which has created much heated discussion throughout the German Empire, is seldom mentioned in regard to Sam. It would take but a few moments to prove its absurdity. In the first place, Sam was never taught spelling or arithmetic, yet as soon as he could find the ace of spades in any location, he could spell "Constantinople," or solve such a problem as $16 \times 5 - 2 + 6$.

Surely this shows no process of reason! What child, however precocious, could answer such a problem with absolutely no instruction? Moreover, if I make a mistake, intentionally, or otherwise, Sam always makes the same error, and he is unable to answer a question if I am ignorant of the answer. I am convinced that rigid investigation would prove the same facts in regard to the horses.

Nine-tenths of the people who witness Sam's performances are convinced that it is a clear case of mental telepathy. Although it is perhaps too soon to make a positive assertion, the best psychologists are inclined to believe that there

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is no such thing. As Professor Hugo Münsterberg said:

"The psychologist has never discovered a case where communications from the world without to the mind has ever been traced, except through the path of the five senses. If we fancy that the mere mental idea in one man can start the same idea in another, we lack every possible means to connect such a wonder with anything which the scientist so far acknowledges."

We naturally exaggerate our individual differences and underestimate our similarity of thought. Modern life, with its increased facilities of communication, tends to make us more or less alike. When two people have the same thought at the same time, it need not mean that the thought has been mysteriously transferred from one to the other, but that each, by his own process of reasoning, has arrived at the same conclusion. If we are looking for such coincidences, we will see many of them, just as, after a certain subject has been called to our attention, we see it constantly mentioned in every magazine and newspaper. The scientist, looking at the matter from an impersonal standpoint, recognizes the fact that chance, taken in the large, has a statistical value, which is regarded by the keeper of the gaming house, but ignored by the individual gambler. Wherever a case of so-called mental telepathy has received a thorough psychological investigation, if no fraud has been discovered, it has turned out to be a striking coincidence, the action of the subconscious mind, or some form of muscle reading. Thus, science has taught us not to call upon the mysterious and the occult until we have thoroughly tested every natural means of explanation.

These various theories, transmigration of souls, hypnotism, reason and telepathy, have been continually discussed, ever since I discovered Don's peculiar ability. I was as much astonished as anyone at Don's performance, and, at first, completely bewildered by so much controversy. Since he died within a year, I had little opportunity for experiment. Four years later, when Sam had proved himself fully equal to his predecessor, the discussion was renewed. I was eager to investigate the matter, and, if possible, find out the true explanation. Therefore, I accepted an invitation to take Sam to the psychological laboratory of Clark University, where, for nearly two months, Dr. James P. Porter carried on a careful investigation of his behavior. It is to Dr. Porter's kindly advice and patient effort that I owe whatever scientific progress I have thus far made, as well as all that I expect to make in the future.

During the first few days, Sam repeated his performances over and over, in order that Dr. Porter might get his bearings on the subject. He wished first to determine whether it were possible for Sam to receive a clue through any sense stimuli. If this were the case, it must be through the channels of smell, hearing or sight. As I never come in contact with Sam, during the performance, the element of touch needs no consideration. The element of smell is also valueless. I handle all the cards alike, and Sam picks up one quite as often as another, so that there can be no distinctive odor. Moreover, he will work with entirely new cards quite as readily as with old ones.

No doubt my voice has some influence in determining the answer. Sometimes, when Sam starts for a wrong card, if I say: "No, Sam," or, "Careful there," he will change to the correct one. This warning is given only when he is not paying careful attention, and is seldom necessary. My remarks are chiefly for the benefit of the spectators that they may know what card to expect. Oftentimes, when I am working alone with Sam, I scarcely speak a word. Moreover, it makes no difference to him what the card is called. So long as I think of the zebra, I may call it a lion, or an elephant, or I need not mention it at all, Sam will find the zebra, just the same. Thus it is clear that an auditory stimulus is an occasional guide, but by no means a necessary guide.

Sam translating "dog" into French

Could Sam, then, receive his clue from watching his questioner? This seemed to Dr. Porter the most natural supposition, and the best method of testing it was to eliminate one element after another, and watch the result. During the first experiments I wore dark goggles, which hid my eyes completely. Sam's average per cent was just about the same as under ordinary conditions. Then I wore an ugly mask, which covered my entire face, yet during these tests his per cent was even better than usual. Sam received no guidance either from my eyes or from the muscles of my face.

After we had been experimenting a week or more, Dr. Porter began to notice my hands. My right hand, in particular, was constantly in motion, spurring Sam on to further effort, and reaching for the bit of cooky. Oftentimes, in my eagerness to have him find a certain card, my hand would unconsciously stray in the proper direction. This was significant. If Sam received his clue in this way, would he be able to respond when this stimulus was removed?

Sam spelling "dog" (overhead view)

We proceeded to find out, by giving him a series of tests in which I held my hands behind me, or in a fixed position. At first his record showed a decided drop, but by the time we had given him about sixty tests, it made no difference where I put my hand. He had learned to do without this stimulus.

We also tried experiments with screens of varying heights. One, which came up to my chin, leaving only my face visible, was exceedingly difficult, because, as we had just proved, Sam was in the habit of receiving no guidance whatever from my face. At first his per cent dropped as low as forty, but showed gradual improvement. At present his average is seventy-five per cent and in time will probably be still higher.

The supreme test, of course, is that in which I am completely hidden behind a screen. We expected no results whatever from this experiment, and were much surprised to find that the first ten tests averaged thirty-three per cent, when out of eight cards, only twelve and one-half per cent could be allowed for chance. We soon found, however, that this could be accounted for in a number of ways, and that, although the screen prevented Sam from seeing any movement on my part, yet it did not cut off all sense stimuli. In the first place I knew the location of the cards, and as there was no possibility of Sam's seeing me, I leaned a good deal in the proper direction in my eagerness. Sam did not like the screen and needed considerable urging. Hence, I was obliged to talk to him much more than usual, and we presently discovered that the sound of my voice, as I leaned over, drew him to one side or the other. Moreover, he went to certain cards more often than others, especially to those on the end nearest the food, and thus stood a better chance of finding them correctly when they were called for. We gradually made the conditions more rigid, until, during the last series of tests, we eliminated, as far as possible, every means of guidance. During this series, Dr. Porter arranged the cards, so that their location was unknown to me, while I sat with a rest at my back, to prevent any motion, and with both hands held firmly at the side. The food was thrown first on one side and then on the other, and I spoke to Sam as little as possible, using only the words: "Come on," and the number which I wished to call for. No one was present except Dr. Porter, who informed me whether Sam's answer was correct. The result was interesting. Sam's average for ten tests was eleven per cent. I think we can hardly expect anything more from such a test, although it should be repeated a large number of times to be absolutely conclusive.

The whole question hinges on the well-known psychological fact that it is impossible to think strongly of an object, without making some slight motion toward it. This is the explanation of the familiar parlor game, in which one person finds a hidden object, while another lightly rests his hand on his shoulder. Both may truthfully declare that they are utterly unconscious of any motion; yet the delicate apparatus of the laboratory will record such a movement, however hard the subject may try to control every muscle. Thus, quite unconsciously, I had been making various slight movements in the direction of the proper card. Although neither I, nor anyone else, had been aware of this, yet Sam's keen little eyes had found it out. There is no one movement upon which he depends, as our experiments clearly showed, but there are undoubtedly a number of slight indications which serve to guide him, and when one is lacking, he can usually rely on another.

The problem is all the more baffling because of Sam's marvelous speed and apparent indifference. He is always in a hurry. Oftentimes he whisks about and picks up the proper card before his audience has had a chance to work out the problem, and even before I have finished my question. Moreover, he apparently never glances at me, or pays attention to anything, except the cooky, so that people involuntarily exclaim: "Why, he never looks at you!"

Nevertheless, Sam does look at me much more than he appears to. A person, in order to glance upward, must throw his head back, making the movement very noticeable. A dog's eyes, however, are set in a different manner, with no overhanging brows. For an upward glance, he has merely to turn his eyes upward, and has no need to raise his head. This is because a dog's touchstone is his nose, and his business to scent along the ground; yet, at the same time, he must be able to watch the objects, especially the moving objects, about him. If he were obliged to raise his head, in order to do this, he would lose the scent, which might often bring disaster. Thus, when people declare that Sam never looks at me, they forget that they are watching, not a human being, but a dog, with a very different optical equipment. He has a way of casting his eyes upward in a quick, sweeping glance, which is difficult to detect, but sufficient to serve his purpose, except when some new and difficult condition is imposed. Then he looks squarely at me and barks, showing plainly that he misses something. During the tests with the screen this was especially evident.

Sam is still puzzling us. There are many experiments yet to be worked out, but our investigations thus far, point to the following conclusions:

1. That Sam receives his clue through slight, unconscious movements on my part.

2. That there are several such movements, and when one fails to guide him he soon learns to rely on another.

3. That these movements are so slight that the average person fails to see them, even when told to look for them.

During my stay at Clark, Dr. Porter took nearly two hundred pictures of Sam, from various points of view, as he was picking out the cards. A large screen, marked off in squares, was placed behind me, in order that the amount of movement might be more easily estimated. Every picture in which a card at the right is called for, shows me leaning slightly to that side. If a card at the left is wanted, I am leaning a bit in that direction; while if a card in the front row is wanted, I am bending slightly forward. The graflex camera, operating in a thousandth of a second, catches and preserves in the picture the slight motion which, amid numerous other distractions, is lost to the eye. Thus the pictures demonstrate the certainty of the unconscious movement even more clearly than the actual performance.

All this investigation is interesting in itself, as a study of a unique instance of animal behavior, and it may have a still wider psychological significance. It is in line with the investigations which have been made in the cases of so-called telepathy. The experiments of Professor Münsterberg, for instance, in the case of the child Beulah Miller, showed very similar results. If Sam can show us no "evidences of supernatural phenomena," does it make his performances any less marvelous or interesting? Such an explanation seems to me no less wonderful, and far more satisfactory, yet I find few sympathizers. Most people who see Sam like to find an interpretation which is as occult and mysterious as possible. I am often told that it is "positively uncanny," and that, had I lived two hundred years ago, I would surely have been burned as a witch. If this is true, it behooves me to be devoutly thankful that I was lucky enough to be born, not in the days of witchcraft, but of comparative psychology.

The Strong Ones

[*Continued from page 12*]

She was brave enough in the daytime, but at night she wept bitterly.

A long time dragged itself away, an interminable season of wonderful mornings when the world of the desert was a place of magic, of hot, clear noons, of twilights colored like a painter's canvas, and her trouble did not abate.

AND then came the day when strangers rode in across the levels, two men in wide hats and corduroys, who stopped in the beaten yard and looked all over the place with keen eyes. One was a squat, dark man with a sheriff's star pinned on his flannel shirt. They rode lean, hard horses that looked as if they had been long on trail. They scanned the house and the neat girl in the faded dress who so courteously invited them down, but they shook their heads.

"Nope," said the dark man, "we ain't got time. We're out on business an' must keep movin'. All we want is to ask you some questions. Has any one been by here lately, say in th' last three weeks? A young feller with dark eyes an' sort of light curly hair? Rode a good horse, a damned good horse — I beg your pardon, miss — long an' rangy an' looks like it could go forever?"

The girl did not answer. Instead, she put out a hand and grasped the lintel. A terrible feeling was clutching at her heart, a feeling as if the bottom was dropping out of her little universe.

"Have you seen such a chap, miss?" the sheriff pressed, "'cause if you have it's your duty, accordin' to law, to tell me what you know of him, seein' he's wanted at Cochise. He got into trouble down that-a-way, an' there's a two-year sentence a-waitin' him. You ain't seen no such a man?"

At those damning words the world whirled round and Esther slid helplessly down along the door-post to crumple in a little heap on the sill — that same enchanted sill where Jim Prestor had said, "I ain't a good man, Esther, but I'd give all I got to start right, because of you."

"Ah!" said the sheriff, and made to dismount; but the girl was already rising with a slow grace, was setting the levels back in place before her vision.

She raised sick blue eyes to the man's face and wet her ashen lips.

"Yes," she said, "yes, sir. I've — I've seen him."

"Yes?" queried the sheriff eagerly. "How long ago?"

"A week ago last night."

"Which way was he a-goin', miss?"

And Esther raised a trembling finger and deliberately pointed south.

"He — he stayed here — two days," said the girl, "and then went on."

"*South!*" cried the sheriff incredu-

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lously. "Funny he'd swing back! Now, why didn't he make fer th' hills, same's he was intendin'?"

But Esther shook her head. "He went south," she reiterated.

The sheriff settled himself in the saddle and gathered up his reins.

"Did he tell you anything about himself — where he was a-goin'— or any such-like information?"

"No, sir. He didn't talk," she said.

"Well, thank you, miss. We'll be a-goin'."

And the two strangers, swinging south in a wide arc from where they had come were soon mere moving specks among the sage.

But Esther was on her knees by the fine old four-post bed amid the blue hangings with her hands over her eyes.

"Oh, my Lord, forgive me!" she sobbed, "forgive me for that lie!"

THAT day was like eternity. It dragged its slow minutes away in the vast silence that fairly ached. When Mr. Carlyle Colton came in at noon he looked hard at his daughter's face.

"Esther," he said gently, "has something happened to you?"

"Yes, daddy," said the girl honestly, though her lips quivered and she did not look at him, "an officer was here — asking for — for Mr. Prestor — and I — I lied to him. Said he went *south* when I knew he was going *north* whenever he should leave here. He had told me so."

"Ah!" said Mr. Colton, "sometimes a lie is thrice blessed, daughter — a sacrifice for friendship — and he was our friend. You could not betray a guest."

But it was cold comfort to the straight and simple heart that had held a lie as one of the cardinal sins. Esther wept and this time it was for the crumbling of her own righteousness as well as for that lone rider who had come and passed like a comet across her drowsy world.

At twilight she sat on the door-sill and looked across the levels, painted and still and full of mystery. Her daddy lay at peace, his restful breathing speaking eloquently of tired old limbs, his fine face, sharp-cut in the inner shadows, burned red with the desert wind and sun. Outside in the corral the sheep moved and bleated. Bluegrass Lady lay by the gate, drowsing and waking, rising now and then to pad around and survey her charges, eternally on guard, faithful as the stars that were beginning to come out on a steel-blue sky.

Only Esther, of all the little holding, waked and sighed in misery.

And then presently, out of the warm dusk, sweet-scented with the sage, a sound grew in the stillness, a faint sound, fine and soft. It was the shambling hurry of a walking horse, the steady gait that can cover miles and make good time. There was a sharp bark from Bluegrass Lady which ceased abruptly, a softly spoken word that quieted her, and then a rider came around the corner of the adobe house — from the *north*.

There was the little squeak and rattle of saddle and spurs, the smell of horse-flesh, sweated and dust caked, and the girl on the step rose slowly, one hand on the lintel for support. Her heart was slowing painfully.

"Mr. Prestor!" she whispered in the darkness.

The man swung out of the saddle and faced her.

The lamp on the distant table threw a dim radiance on his features as he came to the step and took her hand from the door-post.

It was a grim face, thinned and set, with new lines carven thereon. The eyes were deep and very dark, and withal very young. It was as if years of hardness and wrongdoing had dropped from him, yet as if he had aged, too, as if something that had been plastic within him had crystallized.

"Esther," he said in a tense low voice, "I've come back — just for a little stop. I — I'm goin' back down Cochise way. I can't go on. I was a weakling, one o' them that you said you — you hated."

He drew her hands both together and held them tight in his, pressing them hard on his breast where the heart pounded like an engine.

"You said you could love th' strong ones," he went on wistfully, "an' I want — want your memory of me to be that. Do you think it takes strength to leave all this," he made a quick, eloquent gesture around at the open land, the hills and the star-hung sky, "to go back an' take water, to give up — admit I'm beat out? Do you?"

He waited for her answer.

"Yes," whispered Esther.

"Will you ever have a kind thought for me, girl — will you sometimes set here in th' door an' think o' me — gentle-like, an'— an'— as if, maybe, you could have — cared for me if I'd a-ben a better man? Will you?"

She tried to speak, but the cruel tightening of her throat prevented.

"I ain't a good man. I — I — was runnin' from th' law when I come by here that day — God! how long ago that was! — an' I had th' world beat an' th' door open before me. Then you played to me them nights an' it was as if you tore my heart out. You said you — loved th' strong ones, an' that I was strong. Strong! I was so weak I was ready to run then! But I couldn't get away from you an' them words, no matter how far I went. I got to goin' slower an' slower an' finally I I knew I had to turn, that I had to come back an' tell you, that I had to hit th' back trail to Cochise. I'm goin' now because I got to live up to them sweet words o' yours. Esther, oh, Esther — will you kiss me good-by?"

The tears were running down her cheeks in the shadow and she was white as milk, but there was a smile on her face which shone with the "light that never was on land or sea."

She took her hands from his and put them around his neck. Her maiden modesty gave place to the boldness of the woman in a deep crisis.

"You're going back to right whatever wrong you did," she sobbed, "to give up the good land and your freedom — to serve two years in jail!"

She felt the man stiffen beneath her clasp, but she held him tighter.

"You're doing all this when you could go to the world's end! And you ask if I'll remember you! Yes," she said, the words jerking out in the hysteria of joy and grief that gripped her, "yes, I'll remember you, Mr. Prestor, and I'll pray for you every night, here in the desert, and I'll be waiting when you ride this way again."

Jim Prestor raised his arms and encircled her as if he touched a sacred thing, tentatively, slowly.

"You —" he said and could get no further, "you —"

The girl laid her soft cheek, wet with its divine tears, against his face.

"I love you, Mr. Prestor," she said. "The sheriff was here today and I lied to him — said you went *south* — and I — knew — you'd be strong some day."

"Then," said the man, "some day I'll come back, Esther. I'll come back an' be a mat under your little feet. With the first day of my freedom I'll start this way again — an' if endurance an' love an' atonement can do th' trick, I'll be strong. Kiss me," he said.

Then he turned away and swung himself into the saddle. He sat straight against the stars and he looked very slim and boyish. He sat for a moment uncovered before her.

"Until I come back," he said. "Oh, Esther, girl!"

"Until you come back, Mr. Prestor," said Esther bravely.

Then he was gone, and the girl on the step stood until the last little sounds of his going died on the vast silence of the levels, the creak and rattle of leather and metal, the shuffling walk of the big lean horse, the faint swish of the sage-brush settling back in place. Then she turned back into the adobe house. On her spirit had descended a perfect peace.

Uncle Sam Talks to Business Men — *Continued from page 27*

the history of the country. It's a bird's-eye view of everything that I must know if I am to help business men to conduct their affairs intelligently and scientifically. I have everything at my fingers' ends now — labor conditions, factory equipment, cost of production, profits. I have the facts that I have been trying to worm out of business men for years — the facts that they themselves could never before give me because they had never troubled to collect them. At last I have organized the chemists, the engineers, the manufacturers, the men who have made us a great thriving nation, into a cohesive army, subject to much the same discipline as the soldiers who are firing machine guns and piloting airplanes over the front. The war shall be my business school. If a man tells me that it costs him seventeen dollars and twenty-five cents to produce a leather saddle, I can tell him at once that he must inevitably go to the wall. I know, because I have seen equally good saddles made in an efficient factory for less. Not only that, but I can now compare the administrative methods of one factory with those of another and bring the poorer of the two up to the standard. My grip is on everything — railroads, telephones, waterfalls, coal mines and wheat fields. And I don't mean to let it go until I have made the hundred odd thousand business corporations of this country that are failures acquire business sense.

Even the condition of these badly managed corporations has improved as a result of the war. Orders have poured in on them because Germany is shut off from the world and England is too busy fighting on the western front and in the Near East. They have tasted blood. They are reaching out for world markets. Isn't South America beckoning to them? Little do they realize what the competition will be after the war. What do they know of the six hundred state encouraged "cartels" or trusts of Germany, wonderfully organized combinations for carrying on not only domestic but also export trade? I have been studying the organization and operation of these cartels lately. Here is one interesting discovery I made: *Ninety-five per cent of the business men in Germany are expert cost-accountants. They know to a pfennig what their goods cost to make and sell. Unless they could furnish that information, the German government would not encourage the formation of any group into a cartel.* Almost every business man in Germany is in some way connected with an association, a syndicate, a cartel, or a trust. You can't buy a cravat or a battleship, a book or a grand piano without dealing directly or indirectly with a German trust. England is not quite so trust-ridden. But it has its syndicates of affiliated manufacturers equipped to furnish everything from a donkey-engine to the money for financing an Oriental province. Every European country has its cartels, comptoirs, syndicates and amalgamations — powerful combinations with years, even generations, of experience in dealing with foreign countries. Their competition must be met after the war. Can we do it? Not unless we stop guessing and begin to collect facts.

My cousin John Bull and my enemy the Kaiser have learned a great business lesson from this war as well as myself. All of us have applied military methods to the management of factories and transportation companies. When the war is over and industries are reorganized, do you think that John and Wilhelm will relax their iron grip on business? Not if I know them. If I read the signs aright, each government will henceforth direct the course of trade, national and international, within its own jurisdiction. Think of the economies in production that have been effected during the war, think of the wastes that have been stopped, think of the coordination of industries brought about! Are we to let all that slip away, are we to drift back to the haphazard, anti-bellum ways? Isn't it clear that we Americans must be prepared for more and not less patriotic self-sacrifice after the war? That we must be willing to submit more and more to governmental discipline if we are to fight all Europe in the markets of South America, Africa and the Far East?

As we are developing from an agricultural into a manufacturing nation, our prosperity will depend increasingly on our export trade. It is clear enough from what I have said that the export trade of the future will be reduced to a competition of government with government. If we are to succeed, we must become more scientific. After all, most business men of this country conduct their enterprises like tradesmen. Magnify the corner grocery store fifty, one hundred, a thousand times, and you have the average prosperous company. I want business men to be economists, not tradesmen, and by that I mean men who never take a step without considering its effect not merely upon their own business but upon the industry which they represent and upon the country as a whole. "America first" became a catch phrase soon after the European conflagration began. I hope that when the war is over, we shall still cry "America first," but with a new and more patriotic meaning in business. It has served its purpose in awakening distracted aliens to the duty that they owe to the land of their adoption; let it also serve to remind merchants and manufacturers great and small that their business is the country's business, that they cannot blunder along in the old way if the United States is to remain a great prosperous nation with a flourishing export trade, and that we need all the sagacity and vision with which we are endowed to hold the great commercial advantage that Europe's self-inflicted suffering has given us.

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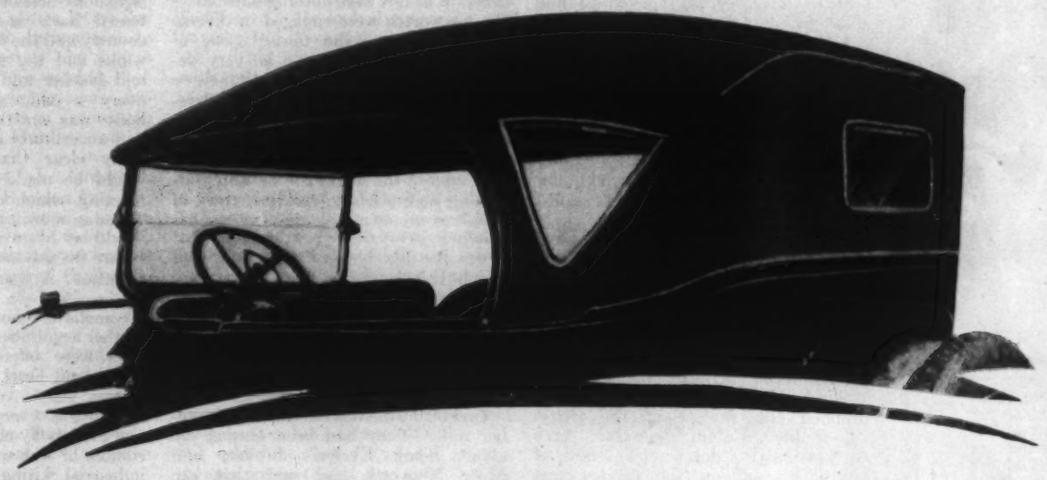

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Leaks and Letters — *Continued from page 8*

herself) "I've already spoken to him about it."

I threw up my hands. There was no use of a youngster like me trying to cope with her. "Go ahead, then," I said. "Fix it anyway you like."

"There's a dear," she said, patting me on the arm. She was one of those women who are always getting very close to a man and laying a hand on his arm, or rubbing her shoulder against his, oh, so unconsciously.

"We'll have Daevrenn, and you and me — that's three," she counted, "and Milly Nixworth and her husband — that's five — and Rose Francis and the two Whipple brothers! That's enough — three women and five men — I hate a party where there are not more men than women!"

She laughed and then she abruptly dropped the subject of the party. "Look here, Calvin," she said, very confidentially, "don't you know of anything good on the market just now — something I could make a little money on — quickly? My dressmaker is simply worrying me to death and I must have some new things and there's the sweetest diamond pin at Galt's, a perfect love of a thing that I'm *dying* for! Don't you know of something that I could make a quick turn in — say three or four thousand?"

I fell back on evasion, for I always dreaded the moments when she urged me to make money for her. "The market's dead just now," I said, "but I'll keep my eyes open."

"Oh, do," she begged, and her face turned old and anxious for a second. "I *must* have some money!"

"But Mr. Spalding —" I stammered.

"Hush — hush!" she cried. "He doesn't know a thing about my bills. I've told everybody I buy from that if they ever take a bill to him it's the end of my custom. And they know I'll pay eventually, so they mind what I say. But I don't know — I got in deeper than I intended, and I'm frightfully pressed just now."

My Cousin Evelyn's desire to play the market had already been very embarrassing to me. I had told my father of her wish to have a secret account with us, and he had grunted and said, "Very well — but treat her like any other customer." Which was easier said than done. Once I went so far as to make up a trifling loss out of my own pocket, for when she lost she was just like all other women, almost insane with grief about it. And when she won she was as delighted as a child. She was so very credulous that she believed the wildest rumor and any "tip" anyone gave her, no matter how wild, she at once wanted to act on. Most of our conversation over her investments consisted in arguments on my part to convince her that she must not buy the things she wanted to buy.

The little supper after the concert was finally accomplished, and Gabe acquitted himself nobly. I had thought he would, all the time, but he was the only excuse I could think of when Evelyn had been so insistent. It was a very creditable affair — my part in it, at least — and the notable thing about it to me was that I began to observe a secret understanding between Evelyn and Daevrenn — a sort of easy familiarity, only partially concealed by her, and flaunted by him. It made me hot under the collar to see them. They might have been a soft young married couple from the way they talked and acted, and Daevrenn's insolent blue eyes challenged us all to take note of it.

The rest of the crowd seemed to accept it as if it were nothing unusual — the Nixworths were engaged in diverse directions, too — she towards one of the Whipple brothers and he very devoted to the lovely Rose Francis — so, of course, they didn't care. I daresay Evelyn had invited them for exactly that reason.

It made me feel very sophisticated and man-of-the-world-ish to be entertaining such a frisky, reckless crowd of people at my own table and I remember thinking, in my naive youthfulness, that it was just like life in French novels, of which I had read a few. Daevrenn, outside of his familiarity with Evelyn, was all she claimed for him — a most diverting, witty, amusing chap, and he kept us all roaring. Some of his jokes were a little raw, but no one seemed to mind that.

One bit of the conversation I remember well. They had been teasing me about being Evelyn's broker, and Milly Nixworth had said that she didn't believe Evelyn had ever made a cent in all her stock market adventures. So, I deduced, Evelyn's gambling tendencies had not begun in my offices — I was glad of that. After Milly's speech Evelyn had pouted and declared that I was the worst person to deal with that she had ever known, that I wouldn't let her venture on even the surest thing, not even when she had the very best of inside information.

"Her information's not like the Irishman's coat," I retorted. "Her's is *skin* side inside." I thought that pretty clever and everybody laughed as if they thought so, too, instead of being the feeblest and saddest of wit. But Daevrenn turned to Evelyn and said, in an aside — which I plainly caught, "*Herzchen*, I'll tell you how to get some inside information with which you can play the market and make — millions! And no one will ever know but our two selves."

The rotten little beast with his "*herzchen*" and his "just our two selves"! I looked from him to Evelyn and I saw that she was eagerly, infatuatedly listening, her big blooming body fairly yearning toward him. It made me sick.

"Well," thinks I to myself, "this is the last supper party of this kind that I ever entertain, and if I've got to get business this way, father can send some one here in my place." Not that I was a prig, either, but there was something nauseating in these middle-aged people travestying real love. The punch Gabe mixed so powerfully had affected everybody but me. I was glad when the party was over and they'd gone home.

PERHAPS you will remember the time when we came very near having a smart brush with one of the big powers over a small, yet meaningful incident that occurred about a Latin American country. We took our stand on the Monroe doctrine and told the Big Power to go chase itself. Whether or not the B. P. would pay any attention to our warning was another matter. Things looked very tense and exciting for a while. A lot of the jingo papers began calling for support of the President, no matter whether he declared war or not, and urging him to go the limit in the defense of our dignity. Various legations hummed with activity and our state department worked all night and every night. The navy was put in fighting order — oh, we gave every sign of pulling up our shirt sleeves and getting ready to give somebody a good licking. Cables hummed and the Cabinet met every day in long strenuous sessions. *Pour-parlers* were tossed back and forth between our country and the Big Power like tiddledy winks and the war cloud got blacker and blacker and more menacing with every second. Finally, when everybody was on tiptoe with excitement and uncertainty and anxiety, it became fairly clear that the great decision would be made at a certain Cabinet meeting, which should take place on a Tuesday morning. That the President would lay his message to the Big Power before his advisors and, after due consultation, it would be sent. Whether this would be a hostile ultimatum, or a conciliatory note that might open up further negotiation, was pure conjecture. Bets were offered freely in brokers' offices and hotel cafés — with odds on certain war. And stocks were all up in the air, everybody afraid to buy, and everybody else afraid to sell. Wild rumors of war would send this or that industrial kiting, and then a strong peace intimation would whipsaw them down again. I never speculate myself, and never have, but I was as excited as everyone else, and tore round like a madman in the general welter of uncertainty.

And then, Monday night, right in the middle of it, didn't I come down with a malignant sore throat and chills and the doctor ordered me to bed and told me not to dare to stir from there without his orders. By Tuesday morning I was in a high fever and slightly delirious, and there was a threatened thickening in one lung — pleurisy! Whether it would be peace or war — I didn't know or care by that time. I was sure that Pembroke and Dollins would take care of everything just as well without me as with me, so I gave myself up to the business of being very sick.

The momentous decision, as I said, was to be made in Cabinet meeting on Tuesday morning. It would not be given to the press until after the stock exchange closed in the afternoon, to avoid, as far as possible, any panic. It was understood that the President and the Secretary of the Treasury had been in conference with the head of the New York Stock Exchange and several of the biggest men in Wall Street, in order that the thing should be handled decently and that there should be no more fluctuation than could possibly be helped. They wanted no scandal of fortunes lost and won in greedy manipulation.

Meanwhile, I spent the great day and several days thereafter, mostly in a feverish stupor, only waking to cough and to suffer with the racking, piercing pain in my chest. Gabe attended me — that boy turned out to be a cracking good nurse — and the doctor was in and out three or four times a day. He told me afterward he didn't give a cent for my chances to live. Of course, no one else was permitted to see me.

By the end of the week the worst was over and though I was mighty weak, my head was clear and the pain abated. When Gabe saw me feeling like myself again, he told me that Pembroke had been coming up to my rooms several times each day, asking when I would be able to see him. "I spec' it's sompm' pow'ful ser'us-like," said Gabe, wagging his black head. "He done look like a spook."

My curiosity was aroused, and I told Gabe to send Pembroke up. It seemed hardly a moment when he came hurrying in, his face drawn and worried.

"Hello, Pem," I said. "What was the President's note?"

"It was peace, Mr. Hurdle," he said, succinctly, "and, as we expected, the market went up at once. It's normal and stable now. But there's something important I must tell you. On Tuesday afternoon, shortly before the market closed, Mrs. Spalding sent a letter and a certified check, with instructions to buy this list on margin —" he drew a slip of paper out of his pocket, "— and — well — her message was imperative — and — she is a connection of your family, Mr. Hurdle — and I executed the order —"

"Let me see the list," I interrupted.

He gave it to me. It was a long list, mostly the industrials, mining stocks and railroads which had shown the greatest depression at the approach of the war-cloud. I looked up at Pembroke.

"My good God!" I said. "She *knew* it was going to be peace — *and she played the market on it!*"

"I was sure of it," said Pembroke. "But what was I to do? And — and that's not all."

He came closer to my bed and bent to whisper. "Thorne, Baron Daevrenn's dummy, put in about the same order, but larger."

It was all clear. "Of course," I groaned, "it was Daevrenn planned it. She'd never have had the wits. The dirty scoundrel — he got her to find out from Spalding what the President's message was to be, and then told her how to play it. Close their accounts, Pem, and send them their dirty money. We're brokers, not agents for sneak-thieves."

"They've closed their accounts themselves, Mr. Hurdle, yesterday. They — they made an enormous clean-up. I've got the report of the transaction in full for you if you feel well enough to see it."

"I feel well enough," I said. "Give it here."

He drew out a bunch of papers from another pocket and gave it to me. I ran my eye over them and groaned again. The market had rallied tremendously — far more than I had anticipated. They had won an indecent sum — the Baron taking the lion's share, of course.

"Well, there's no help for it," I said. "We've been made a party to as nasty a piece of grafting as I ever knew of. Go and write a full account to my father, Pembroke — I want him to know about this in case of any trouble."

Pembroke lingered. "You don't suppose, Mr. Hurdle," he asked, "you don't suppose that Mr. Spalding was in on this, do you — and used Mrs. Spalding as a blind?"

"I do not!" I shouted. "John Spalding would starve to death before he'd make money by betraying national trust and confidence. No, it's that silly, grasping woman and that foreign skunk, the Baron. They've done it alone — I'm as sure of that as I'm sure I'm living."

The more I thought it over, the more sure I was that I was right in that opinion. John Spalding was so far above any suspicion of that kind from anyone who knew him that it was ridiculous even to imagine it. But wasn't I wild against Daevrenn and his "*herzchen*" Evelyn, though! I longed to see them and tell them what I thought of them.

I don't know whether my indignation helped my cure, but at any rate I was sitting up and eating semi-solid food the next day. That was Sunday. I had just finished my milk toast and egg-nog dinner when Gabe came in smiling his widest smile.

"Mista Sec'tary Spalding heah to see you himself!" he announced, pompously.

By George, I almost had a fit. I felt certain he had come to call me to account for Evelyn's stock-gambling. For a wild moment I thought of telling Gabe that I was too sick to see him, then I determined to face the music. "Show him in, Gabe," I said. And in came John Spalding.

With my first glance at him I saw that he had not come on the errand I had feared. He looked concerned and anxious, but it was for me, not for himself. "My dear boy," he exclaimed, with more warmth than I had ever seen him display, "I did not know until today that you were sick. Why didn't you send us word? I met Doctor Baker, by pure chance, or I shouldn't have known about it yet."

He was so kind and so solicitous that I hardly knew how to answer him, realizing, as I did, how treacherously his wife and her fine friend, the Baron, had betrayed him. He didn't seem to notice anything unusual, but sat down by my bed. "I would have brought Evelyn with me," he said, "but she decided to go to New York on Friday — a shopping expedition, I suppose — and left very suddenly. Do your parents know of your condition? I wonder that your mother has not been here."

I told him that I had not let my parents know that I was sick, for my mother was very frail and it was my father's idea, and mine, to spare her every anxiety we could. I went on to say how attentive the doctor had been and what a good nurse Gabe was and how well I was getting on. After a little more talk, he went away, promising to come the next day and anxiously inquiring if there was not something he could do for me, or some delicacy that his own cook could prepare for me. As he stood up to go, he looked out of my window over into Daevrenn's garden.

"A pleasant outlook," he said. "Let me see — what house is that? It must be the third — no, the fourth — from the corner."

"It's the embassy — Baron Daevrenn's residence," I said, briefly.

"Oh, yes," he said, and turned away from the window as if he'd seen a snake. He shook hands with me quickly and got out of the room as if he wanted to put himself as far as possible from something he despised.

When he had gone I was, if anything, still more enraged against Evelyn. She'd gone off to New York post-haste to spend her money — of course. You can imagine all the things I thought about her in that hour. I wondered if Daevrenn was in New York, too, and I pictured the two of them laughing together over the way they had hoodwinked John Spalding. I tell you, that experience aged and changed me. A boy's first realization of the world's possibilities of baseness always leaves a scar in his sensibilities that is never quite obliterated.

I did not recover from my attack of pleurisy as quickly as I had succumbed to it, but by the middle of the week I was able to be downstairs in the office a part of each day, and also take a little ride in the open air. Each day John Spalding came to see me, and in his kindness and solicitude I got to know him better than I ever had done before. I had always admired and respected him, but now my feelings for him began to have a touch of hero-worship. Each day when he came I asked if Evelyn had returned, but each day he said no, and I fancied that he spoke briefly and as though he did not want me to question him further about her. Of course I had sense enough to hold my tongue. But he talked freely of other things and I found him more genial and more approachable than I had ever dreamed. When he found that I was hiring a carriage for a little drive each day, he insisted that I should use his, and told me that we would drive together, beginning the next day. This was, you see, before the day of the automobile.

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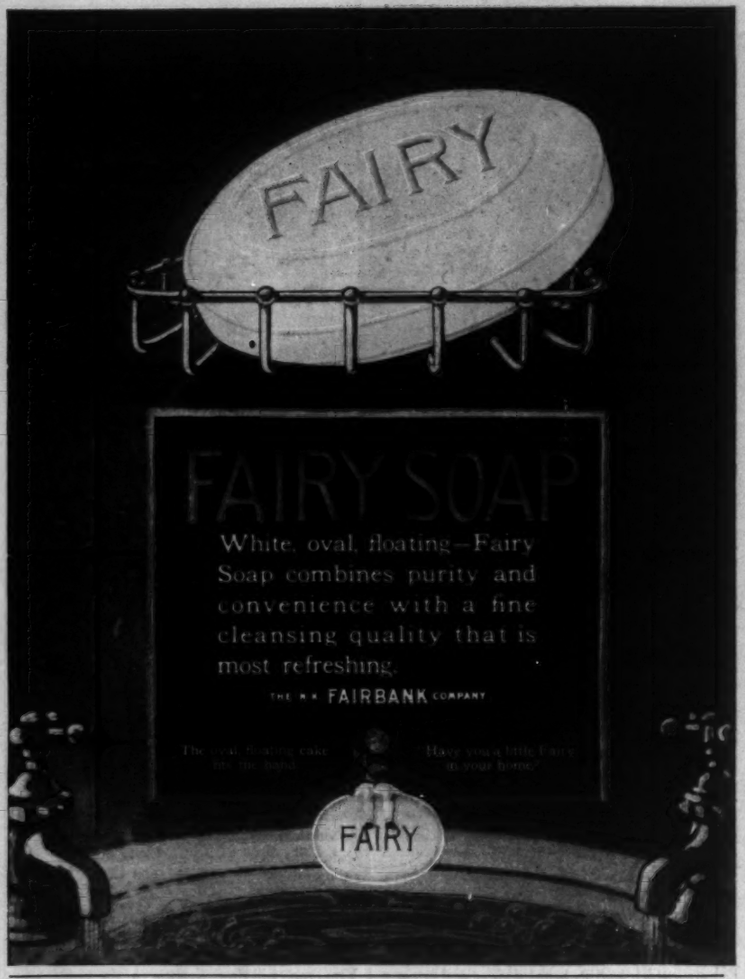
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THE ALCOHOLOCAUST *on page 1*

THE STRONG ONES *on page 10*

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I was pretty well pleased with myself because of all the attention that John Spalding showed me, and I'm free to say that I was looking forward to showing myself in his carriage by his side. I thought naively that it would probably be very good for business. The carriage was later in coming than I had anticipated, though. I had on my overcoat and hat for half an hour before Gabe came to tell me that it was there.

But when I went out it was empty and the coachman said that he had orders to take me back to the Spalding house. I supposed the secretary had been delayed a little, so I got in and was driven in state to the Spalding residence. As I went up the steps, a stout pugnacious looking man came walking rapidly down the street and joined me at the door. I recognized him at once — it was Senator Marston, Spalding's old-time friend and present enemy. "Now, what the devil was he doing there?" I asked myself. But the butler had admitted us both before I could even imagine anything plausible to explain his presence.

Spalding was just coming down the stairs as we entered and, after an instant of astonished pause, he came forward and Marston went to meet him.

"I must see you, John, at once," he said, crisply.

I was somewhat embarrassed, so I had hung back and Spalding didn't notice me. "Very well," he said, courteously, to Marston, but without offering his hand. "Will you come into my study?"

The two of them moved off into another room and left me there. I didn't know exactly what to do, but I went to the door and opened it, thinking I'd take my airing anyway, but when I looked out I saw that the coachman had driven away. I was in a quandary. I shut the door and wondered if I had better call the butler, or just let myself out quietly and walk back to my rooms. At last, I decided that I ought at least to leave a message. I was just about to touch the bell when the front door was thrown open and in rushed — Evelyn.

She was worn and white and her usual careful toilette was dishevelled and travel-marked. But of this she was oblivious. She was gripped by an anxiety so keen, an urgency of thinking of something beside herself so overpowering, that nothing else mattered. She might have been a queen of tragedy by her look of agonized suspense, but it was too real to leave a suspicion of acting. She did not seem surprised to see me; indeed, I doubt that she saw me at all, except as someone who might be able to put an end to her anxiety.

She gripped my arm between her bare fingers. "Calvin," she said, almost as if she did not dare to ask, yet must, "where's John?"

I looked at her stupidly and wagged my head at the study door.

"He's in there," I said, "with Senator Marston."

"With Marston!" she cried, as if I had struck her. "Oh — am I too late?"

She turned as if to go in, and then stopped. "I must hear what he says," she said, half to herself. "Perhaps," she turned back to look at me, still that strange unaware look, "perhaps you'd better hear, too. I might need a witness."

She motioned me to follow her, and we went stealthily into the long drawing-room that opened off the study. The door between the two rooms was not closed, but the portieres were drawn, and behind them we took our places. They were red velvet portieres — I shall remember the color and the warm silken feel of them until I die.

I fairly burned with questions that I could not ask. Where had she been — what was the matter — what did Marston's visit mean that it should so excite her? And through the thick fabric of the curtains I presently got the answer to this last. We could hear them plainly. Evelyn was leaning forward, as if she must gather every syllable.

"You know, of course, that what you say is a lie," Spalding was saying, in a tone like ice. "You'd better leave my house, Marston, before I ring for the servants and have you thrown out. Of all the contemptible things that you should come here —"

"You needn't get so hot," struck in Marston's full throaty voice, "and you'd bet not call the servants and have me thrown out. I've got the evidence. You used your knowledge of the peace note to make an enormous killing on the Stock Exchange and the fact that you did it through your wife doesn't make it —"

"My wife!" exclaimed Spalding. "You damned dog — don't take my wife's name in your foul mouth."

Marston laughed, a nasty little chuckle. Then came rustling with papers. "Here's the proof," he said. "Here's the list of the stocks she bought through the Hurdle office. She bought on Tuesday afternoon before the peace note was made public and sold on Friday, making a total profit of some seventy thousand dollars. Do you suppose anyone will believe that Mrs. Spalding selected that list of stocks herself?"

I could feel Evelyn shaking beside me, but I did not look at her. I was sorry for her, then, but I was sorrier for John Spalding.

"Now, see here, Spalding," said Marston, more deliberately, "I've got the evidence, as I say, and the story's true. But I'm willing to keep the whole thing private and not give it out . . . provided . . . provided . . . I can get my price for it."

John Spalding still did not answer. Behind the curtains we could feel the horror of his stricken silence. It was far worse than if he had rushed into speech.

"And my price," said Marston, seeing that Spalding did not mean to reply, "my price is . . . . your . . . . seat . . . . in . . . . the . . . . Cabinet."

Evelyn gave a little choking gasp at this and I came very near exclaiming aloud. The nerve of the man! And the insolent sureness in his voice!

"It can be done very quietly," Marston said. "You can resign — ill-health, or any other innocuous reason — and before you go you can arrange that I am to be appointed in your stead. If you don't, John Spalding, I serve notice on you that I'm going to spring this scandal on the administration in the most telling way possible, if it splits the party from Maine to California! Well, what do you say?" he concluded, impatient at the other's long silence.

"If you can prove your charge as to the speculation which you allege was based on fore-knowledge of the peace note —" began Spalding, containedly, but oh, with such weariness and pain in his tone!

"I can prove it," averred Marston, eagerly. "There's the record over in young Hurdle's office, for one thing."

"— if, as I said, you can prove it to me," said Spalding, as if he had not heard the interruption, "I will pay your price and do what you want. I will resign and see to it that you are appointed in my place. On the other hand, I shall require of you absolute and binding proof that this transaction shall be kept in inviolate secrecy. I am not demanding that for my own sake, but for — for my wife." His voice shook over that last word.

It was then that Evelyn snatched aside the curtains with one sweep of her arms, appearing between them like a mask of anger.

"Indeed, John, you'll do nothing of the sort!" she announced, crisply. "Resign, indeed, and put him or anyone in your place!"

The two men had leaped to their feet and turned to her, staring. Marston first recovered from the surprise and took a step toward her, his big bull head thrust forward viciously.

"And I suppose, Madam," he said, "you are prepared to take the consequences of seeing your husband disgraced and driven from office?"

Evelyn came further into the room. She was more controlled now. She smiled as she answered.

"I'm quite prepared for anything you might do, Senator Marston," she said. "And since you've asked me a question, let me ask you one. Do you know a Mrs. Bishop — a pretty little Mrs. Bishop who lives on East Twenty-seventh Street in New York? And does Mrs. Marston know her, too?"

I couldn't imagine what she was driving at, and neither, I was sure, could John Spalding. We were mere spectators. The real fight lay between Evelyn and Senator Marston. He dropped back a step and his face turned purple.

"What do you mean?" he roared. "Don't think that you or that woman can frighten me. This is blackmail, that's what it is."

"What you were saying to John wasn't blackmail, then?" asked Evelyn, following up her advantage. By Jove, she was splendid! All of her weariness and dishevelment seemed to have vanished. She might have been Boadicea or Semiramis, or any one of those ancient warrior queens! She reached into her little bag and pulled out a bunch of — something that might have been any sort of papers, letters, maybe, or some other small documents, folded and tied with a flat wide ribbon, dainty baby blue ribbon, to add to the incongruity of the thing.

Edith held this little package up before Senator Marston and smiled at him. "Look," she said. "Here are the letters you wrote her — oh, not so very long ago. One — two — three — four — five — six — seven little letters — all signed with your name, all written on your own official stationery. Would you like me to show them to Mrs. Marston, or, better still, give them to the newspapers? They'd make mighty pleasant reading for a lot of people who don't like you, Senator Marston. Mrs. Bishop doesn't mind what I do with them. What a pretty little woman she is — and what a pleasant apartment she has — and how much she appreciates the many — kindnesses — of her friend, Senator Marston, who was so thoughtful about arranging little trips for her — and helping her with her investments." Her words were light and mocking, but there was nothing mocking in the look in her eyes. And now she dropped her mockery and spoke with deadly seriousness. "You proposed a bargain to my husband a little while ago," she said. "Now I propose one to you. You will never breathe a word to anyone of what you know about my investments, so long as you live. In return I will keep equal silence about these letters. But I shall keep them in my possession and if there is any move from you — or if you openly show your enmity to John again, in any way, or embarrass him, I shall use these letters instantly, without waiting one hour. What do you say, Senator Marston?"

But he was already backing out of the room. "I'm beat," he said, malignantly. "I agree to keep my mouth shut. I'll keep my word if you'll keep yours."

"I'll keep mine," said Evelyn, "but I'll keep the letters, too, remember."

He didn't make a very dignified exit. He just got out — not a bit like a defeated villain on the stage. By the time he was out on the street I'm sure his look of terror and anger was gone and he had composed his features into the thoughtful-statesman expression that he usually wore them in. Still, it didn't matter how he looked. John Spalding and his wife had forgotten him almost before he was out of their sight. They were g..zing at each other as if they had never known each other before.

"Evelyn — you did it?" he asked. "You wheedled me into telling you what the President's note was to be and you deliberately used it for gambling in the stock market?"

She flung the little packet of letters on the desk between them. "Oh, yes — yes!" she cried. "I did it, John. I didn't realize how dreadful a thing it was to do. I wanted some furs and jewelry — oh, I was insane, I suppose. And right away, almost before the money was in my hands, I found out that Marston knew and I was sure he'd try to use it against you. And I knew I must find some way to fight him. And then the idea of this woman — oh, people had talked, but no one was sure; so I rushed off to New York, and I found her — and it was all true and she had the letters and, oh, John — I had to spend all the money I made to buy the letters from her!"

She began to cry now, heavily, and her words came between sobs.

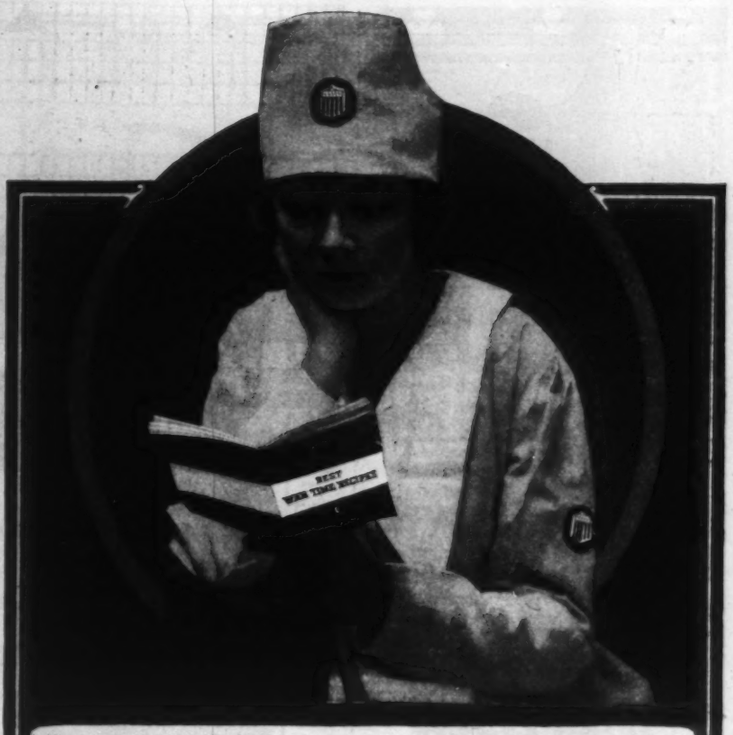
"Oh, don't think I care — about the money, I mean — don't think I care. It was the danger — to you — my dear — and how near I'd come to ruining you by my — my selfishness and extravagance that nearly killed me. And it took so long to make that Bishop woman give me the letters for the money I had — she bargained and haggled — and all the time — all the time — it was a knife in my heart that you might be at Marston's mercy — for oh, I never cared for anyone but you — and if I had ruined you — oh, John — John —"

You see, she had not asked him to forgive her, and yet every word, every gesture was a plea for it. Yet at first John Spalding did not bend to her. The shock of finding out her duplicity was too great. She had been playing with his honor — and he held his honor very dear. Yet there was something fine and high in her effort to atone. I've often wondered since how it would have been if she hadn't got back in time to checkmate Marston — but I wasn't a cynical old codger then, as I am now, so all my youthful soul was lit up with forgiveness and admiration for the thing she had done. I wondered how John Spalding could see her utter abasement and stand unmoved. And presently it transpired that he couldn't. He came around the desk and took her in his arms. And I — I closed the curtains and went away, filled with all the emotions of one who has assisted at a great and moving drama. In their embrace — he forgiving, she passionately contrite — there was a promise of life on an honest basis between them.

Mr. Hurdle chuckled. "Years afterward," he said, "I asked Evelyn how she'd found out that Marston had the information about her stock gambling and also how she knew where to find the Bishop woman so quickly. She wouldn't tell me, at once, but finally she gave me a queer sidelong glance.

"'Did it ever occur to you,' she asked, 'that Daevrenn was a good friend of mine? And that his embassy maintains a spy system that is a model for finding out the things one doesn't want known?' But more than that she wouldn't say a word!

"Ah, yes, my dear friends," concluded Mr. Hurdle, smiling, "a great many more things happen in Washington than ever get into the papers. In fact, the best news is always omitted. Well — well — perhaps it's safer so."



Doing Your Share at Home

Women's greatest patriotic service today is to heed the imperative advice of the National Food Administration.

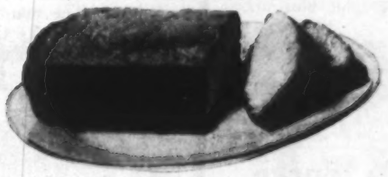
"Food will Win the War"

The wheat must be saved and every housewife can do this by "the use of baking powder breads made of corn and other coarse flours" as recommended by the Conservation Division of the Food Administration.

Royal Baking Powder

not only makes the recommended coarse flour breads light and palatable, but insures their wholesome quality.

Try this New War-Time Recipe:



Oatmeal Bread

1 cup flour
1½ cups cornmeal
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
5 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 tablespoons sugar
1 egg
2 tablespoons shortening
½ cup cooked oatmeal or rolled oats

Sift together flour, cornmeal, salt, baking powder and sugar; add oatmeal. Add beaten egg, melted shortening and milk. Mix well and bake in greased shallow pan, in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes.

The above recipe is from our new red, white and blue book which shows how to co-operate with the Government in saving white flour. It is called "Best War Time Recipes" and will be mailed free on request.

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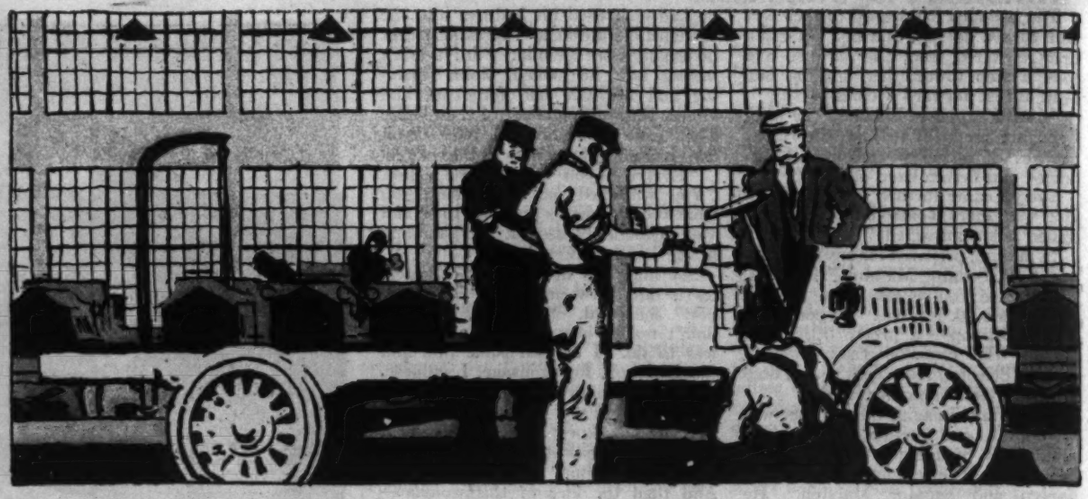


Using Trucks as Road Locomotives

Solving the Problem of Hauling

By Waldemar Kaempffert

Editor of McClure's Automobile Department and Editor of "Popular Science Monthly"

OVER fifty years ago the British Parliament did its best to stop the development of the automobile by passing the "Road Locomotive Act." I call attention to the Act not because of its incredible fatuousness, but because of its name. Road locomotive — what a picture of transportation possibilities it paints to the mind's eye! Can't you see a straining engine hauling a car or two loaded with bales and boxes?

It is only within the last ten years that we have begun to develop the locomotive possibilities of the motor-truck. And yet for countless centuries nature has been teaching us the mechanical lesson that it is easier to pull than to carry. A horse can haul far more than can be packed on his back. A motor on wheels is a mechanical horse. It, too, can haul more than it can carry.

Sheer business necessity rather than a nice appreciation of mechanical principles has made us convert our motor-trucks into road locomotives and develop the trailer. In Detroit, for example, is a manufacturer of automobile bodies — a product difficult at best to transport economically, because it has much volume and little weight. The manufacturer wanted to use motor-trucks to deliver his bodies to the automobile makers of Detroit. It was obvious that he could completely fill a truck and yet not utilize its full weight-carrying capacity by more than one-fifth. At once the thought suggested itself:— why not use trailers? And now he delivers ten automobile bodies with a motor-truck that cannot carry more than two.

Sometimes it is the necessity of saving time that leads a thinking business man to utilize his motors as locomotives. Over and over again it has been pointed out in these articles that a motor-truck can save or make money only when it is in motion. A vehicle which represents an investment of several thousand dollars and which is operated at a daily expenditure of perhaps twenty dollars cannot be allowed to stand idle long.

A Brooklyn grocer with a chain of two hundred stores bought conventional motor-trucks to take the place of horses. Weren't they as fresh at the end of the day as at the beginning? It seemed self-evident that gasoline would save money. But it didn't — at least, not at first. The motor-trucks were a failure. Why? Because it took two hours to load one of them — two hours that entailed an intolerable loss in money. A way had to be found of keeping the trucks in motion while they were being loaded, as it were. So, the grocer decided to provide two trailer wagons for each motor. While the motor was on the road delivering sugar and flour with one trailer, the other was being loaded. Not only was a motor failure converted into a brilliant success, but it became possible to open new stores in distant towns and villages utterly inaccessible to horse-drawn vehicles.

A Pittsburgh contractor, unlike the Brooklyn grocer, did his figuring first, and at once saw that the trailer meant dollars and cents to him. He had undertaken to haul away the dirt and stone excavated to build the foundation of a huge hotel. Seventy-five days was the time allotted to him. Could he do it? Not with horses and not with ordinary motor-trucks. Seventy thousand cubic yards, in other words seventy-five thousand ordinary cart loads, had to be disposed of in seventy-five days.

The streets were clogged with vehicles during the day; at best a motor-truck could make but five miles an hour. And yet that contractor finished his task not in the stipulated seventy-five days, but in just sixty. He used three motor-trucks and three trailers. The trucks worked twenty hours a day. Each truck made eighty trips of ninety-two miles. Five tons were carried on each truck, and three on each trailer — eight tons at a time. That was in the daytime. At night, when the streets were clear and speed could be made the trucks ran without trailers and made thirteen miles an hour. Thus the necessity of traveling slowly in day time was made the most of by means of trailers, which reduce the speed.

When the possibility of almost doubling the earning power of a motor by the use of trailers was discovered, it was an obvious expedient to hitch an old but still serviceable horse-wagon to the truck. The front wheels of the wagon were removed and a fifth wheel, carried on the rear end of the motor truck, took their place. Thus it became possible to make the most of at least part of an old horse equipment. But there were other advantages. The greater part of the trailer load was carried on steel tires, which cost much less than rubber tires and wear better. Then the municipalities began to take notice of the motor-truck users' doings. Loads weighing from three to five tons cannot go clattering over street pavements at double the speed of a dray horse without doing damage. It is as if a gang of laborers with sledge-hammers were doing their best to pound a road to pieces. Laws in some states forbid the use of steel-tired trailers of over two-tons' capacity except at very low speeds. Since speed is essential, the rubber-tired trailer has been developed. The pavement is not destroyed, and all the advantages that accrue from using motors as locomotives are preserved.

All told there are about twelve thousand trailers in use in the United States. But the crying need of transporting food and material quickly in these war days will lead many a man to adopt them who could see no profit in them a year ago.

The Motor Truck in Business

A Booklet by Waldemar Kaempffert

Partial List of Contents

Which Shall It Be — Gasoline or Electric?	Do They Pay?
Motion and Money	When Trailers Pay
Fitting the Body to the Load	Keeping the Truck in Condition
	Watching the Cost

THE new booklet issued by the Automobile Department of McClure's, "The Motor Truck in Business," by Waldemar Kaempffert, will be sent free to any business man who writes to the Automobile Department of McClure's on his business stationery.

Write for a copy today, addressing your letter to the McClure Automobile Department, 25 West 44th Street, New York.

The government itself has set the example. Army searchlights are mounted on trailers, partly as a matter of efficiency, partly as a matter of military policy. The searchlight can be separated several hundred feet from its truck. If that betraying finger of light, which sweeps the terrain opposite and seems to feel and tear aside the black veil behind which the enemy is digging trenches or stealing forward in a surprise assault, should become a target for a hostile battery, the trailer may be blown to atoms, but the truck will be spared. Perhaps trailers in warfare find their greatest usefulness in hauling heavy guns and the cumbrous bodies of flying-machines. Haven't you seen pictures enough of the four-wheeled trailers that drag the famous French "75's"? Do they not suggest business possibilities—these pictures?

Our army has learned the lesson of the war. It is planning to use from three thousand to five thousand one-and-one-half-ton motor-trucks, mounted on giant pneumatic tires, and in addition an equal number of pneumatic-tired, two-wheeled trailers to transport to the battlefield the thousands and thousands of fighting airplanes with which the Germans are to be crowded out of the air. When an American soldier's shoes are worn out they will be repaired by a traveling cobbler's shop installed in a trailer. When that same soldier is to be fed he will go to a trailer kitchen for a meal. When his teeth ache, he will ask for leave to visit the regimental dentist in a trailer, equipped with all the instruments and engines of a metropolitan practitioner's office. And when he is brought down by a bullet which must be located before it can be extracted, he will be carried to an X-ray trailer, where he will be laid on a table and photographed, just as if he were in a hospital at home.

There are tens of thousands of business men in the army who never realized the possibilities of using motor-trucks as road locomotives. They will learn an object lesson in France that will be unforgettable, a lesson that they will surely apply after their victorious return.

Mr. Kaempffert will be glad to answer automobile questions that readers of McClure's may ask. This service is free. But it must be understood that, for obvious reasons, Mr. Kaempffert cannot give his opinion of well-known cars or pass upon the merits of competing products. He will give the names of manufacturers of different types of cars and accessories, leaving the final selection to the reader himself.

With technical questions on the maintenance and operation of an automobile, the reader is given the greatest latitude. The monthly automobile articles must do more than simply provide interesting reading matter. They must set you thinking — set you to asking questions. They must be of help to you.

"To Collect or Not to Collect"

[*Continued from page 30*]

mother-influence to guide her son on the right road through life, and so forth.

Not long ago a delinquent boy in Philadelphia was handed over to the collection department. His address happened to be that of the Wanamaker store, where he worked. A girl sent out the "mother letter" addressed to "John Wanamaker's mother," suggesting that she had better keep an eye on her boy if she wanted him to succeed in life. In a few days the letter came back covered with caustic and humorous observations by the Wanamaker credit department.

Another letter, not machine-made, has become a classic in the clothing industry. It was written years ago, by a clothing manufacturer to one of his customers, and illustrates the tendency of such correspondence to back-fire on the sender:

JAKE COHEN,
Eagle Emporium,
Smithville, O.

DEAR SIR:

Who asks every time for 30 days' credit and lets his bills run 3 months?

Who never kept a promise like a legitimate business man?

Who ought to be sued in court right now with lawyers' expenses?

Who is a low-down crooked feller?

Yours truly,
ABE SOLOMON.

Collection letters are often queer communications.

In selling and other directions, American business has greatly improved its methods the past few years, so that even in form letters there is a certain directness and individuality—they are cut to fit definite kinds of people.

But let a customer fall behind in paying a bill, and be turned over to the relentless young men of the collection department, and he may soon discover that he has lost his standing as an individual. Fearful and wonderful factory-built form letters begin coming his way. The smaller the sum he owes, the longer the letters, and the more downright impertinence in their play upon his fears and sympathies.

Collection methods are still likely to be those of yesterday, because somebody has been too busy developing the sales or production side of the business to investigate improvements in this department.

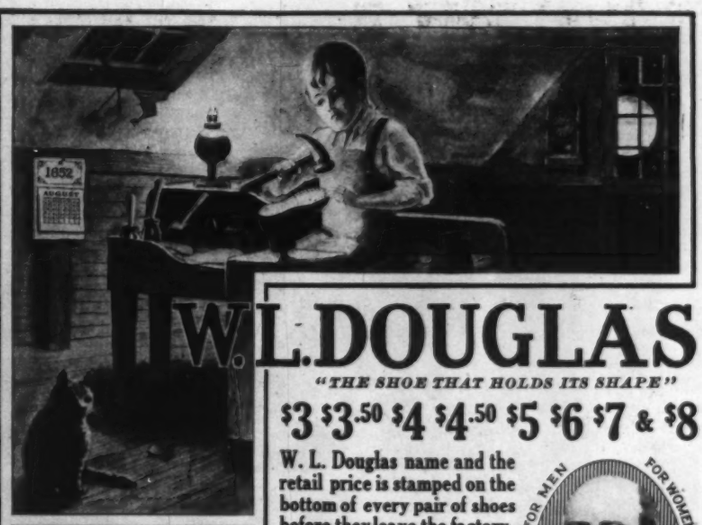
The collection machinery of yesterday was put together and operated chiefly by lawyers, or credit men of too conservative views. It was a remorseless mill, with one big wheel that ground every debtor through in exactly the same way. That big wheel was the legal obligation incurred by anybody who failed to pay a bill. If an account fell overdue, that was proof enough of dishonest motives on the part of the debtor, and the collection department proceeded to frighten or bully the money out of him without wasting much time learning what particular sort of individual he might happen to be.

But good collection machinery today is more flexible.

Delay in paying a bill is not taken as evidence of dishonesty. The skilful collection manager assumes that every debtor is willing and able to pay, until the opposite is proven by investigation. So the first step is to investigate. Does the debtor really owe this bill? There may be an error, as in the case of the woman who had sent back the books. Is he tardy through bad financial habits? Has the house to whom he owes money done him some injustice that leads him to delay payment until the matter is straightened out? Perhaps he is away from home, or something may have gone wrong in the mails, or the business routine of either creditor or debtor. A good collection man works to get the facts before he starts actual collection methods, with the outcome that many accounts are paid without special collection treatment, and an enormous saving in form letters.

Debtors often have such odd habits that this investigation in itself repays the fellow with a sense of humor and a genuine liking for his kind.

In a New England town, some time ago, an electrical company had hard work getting its money for a contract



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For 1918

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How McClure's and The Metropolitan Magazine determined that this penniless old man should be given his rightful place in literature, and the money necessary to enable him and his wife to spend their last days in comparative comfort? How this dream came true—and then, as he began to enjoy the royalties from his books, how the old man died on his first vacation in twenty years?

Nothing was left to his frail little widow except the royalties from this sale. If requests for the books come quickly, then her fear of want is pushed further away; if few orders are received, then again draws near the poverty of which she has already had too large a share.

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"No American writer has ever written better short stories than Morgan Robertson."

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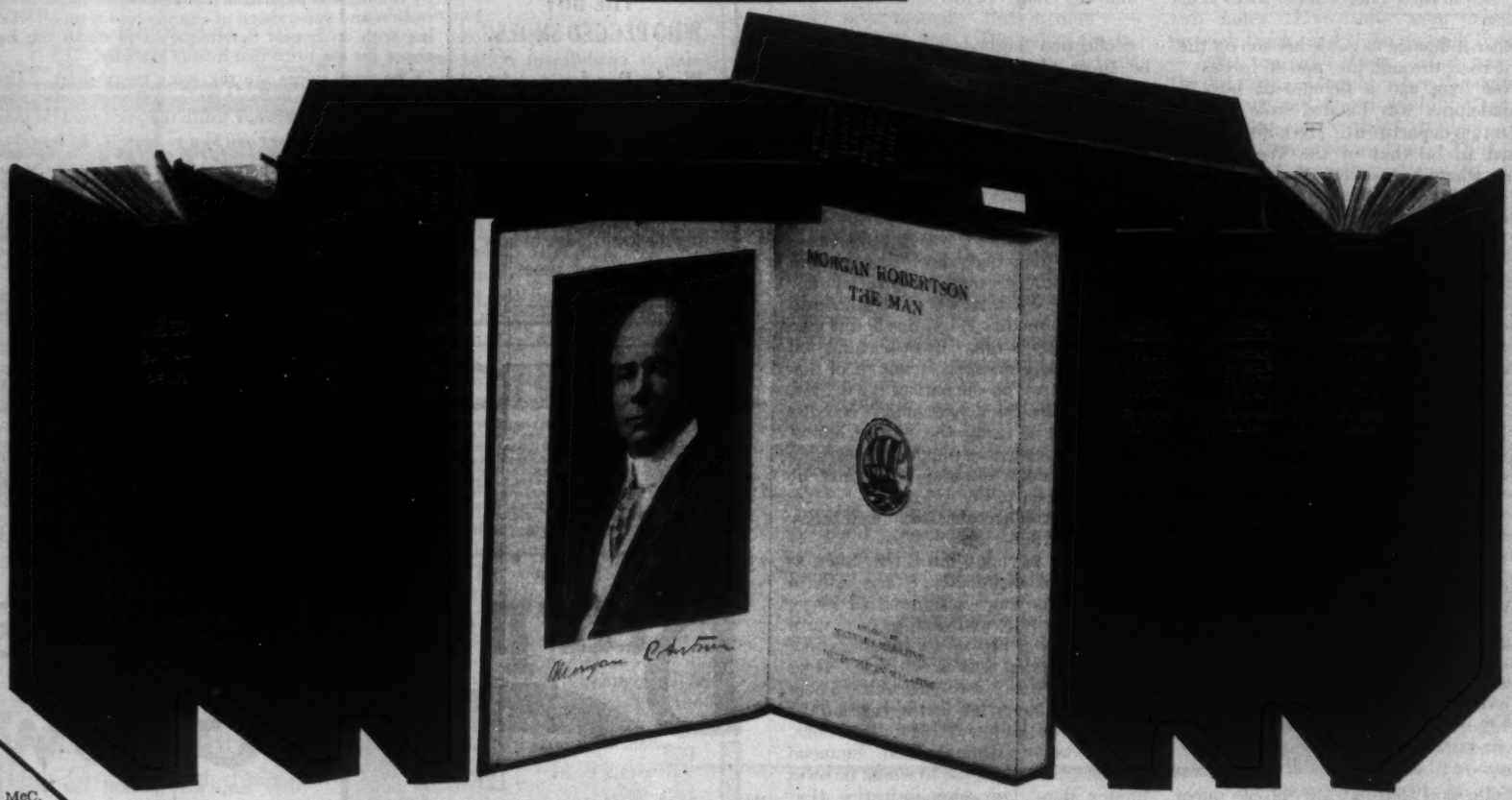

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job done for a very wealthy man. The latter did not answer letters, and forgot his promises to mail a check when visited personally, and it was only by humoring him that the collection man finally got the money—and along with it another contract. A little later he spoke of this man to the treasurer of a big electrical corporation.

"I know him!" said the treasurer. "He's even worse about putting money in the bank. For he is one of our stockholders, and has his dividend checks for five years past, and we have great difficulty with our accounts because he considers our check safer than a bank account, and keeps all we send him."

One of the most efficient collection managers in the country is a man who has handled thousands of accounts with debtors he seldom sees, working entirely by mail and through the banks. He never uses a form letter or makes a threat, and in very few cases resorts to the services of an attorney, and then only when the matter borders on dishonesty. His chief qualification is that of a good salesman—understanding of and sympathy with people. Yet ninety per cent of his collections are made by a routine method adapted to fit the case in hand.

First comes an investigation to ascertain if anything is wrong in the account, and then a sight draft is drawn on the debtor for the whole amount due. If this is not met through the latter's bank, then another draft is drawn upon him for part of the money, and a letter goes to the bank stating the collection man's belief that this debtor is a sound credit risk, and will pay that draft. A carbon copy of the letter to the bank is mailed to the debtor. That puts the debtor on his mettle to demonstrate that he is good, for the sake of prestige at his bank, and also puts the bank on its mettle to straighten out a tangle for one of its depositors about whom the collection man at a distance feels confident. Each is bound to make a good showing to the other. It works!

The old collection philosophy, of assuming that the tardy debtor was a bad egg generally, and tearing him to pieces to get one's money, has now been supplanted by a new philosophy, which recognizes that the best way to get the money, even out of a doubtful debtor, is to build him up so he can pay, and make him feel proud of himself while he is doing it.

There has always been considerable trouble in the collection of debts for farm machinery sold on long-term payments, and part of the organization of the old-school implement company was the vigorous collection expert who got payment by drastic methods. But the implement business is different today. Much of the collection trouble arose from lax methods of selling, and these are being corrected. The implement men have been chagrined the past five years as they watched farmers who bought farm machinery on long-term contracts cheerfully step up and buy automobiles for cash, or by a short-term system of notes, financed through their banks, which gave the auto agent his money in full within a few months.

A threshing-machine concern in the Middle West lost thousands of dollars in following drastic collection methods until it had the sense to put slow accounts in the hands of its salesmen. Since then it has lost little money, and men who might otherwise have been obstinate debtors are among its best friends and customers.

The salesman knew little about professional collectors' tricks, and so tackled the slow debtor from the selling angle. Visiting a man who had invested in a threshing outfit, and was falling behind in his payments, he might find a trained thresherman who lacked business judgment. Probably he was losing money himself. He did not work in a favorable locality—too little grain grown, and stands few, small and far between. He had no cost system, and did not know how to figure expenses for a threshing crew, and so bid too low for jobs. He was not a capable collector, so that farmers for whom he worked were holding the money he had earned the past season or two.

Sitting down with such a customer, the salesman would help him figure out a scheme of costs and prices. Then he would draw up a contract, binding farmers to prompt payment for work. Finally he would drive through the country with him a day or two and help him contract a profitable threshing run. As soon as that run had been completed, the thresherman would have money to pay up—very often to clear his whole outfit of debt, taking advantage of a discount. Where a smart collector might have got the money, but left him hostile, the salesman transformed him into a staunch friend of the company.

That the majority of people are honest and scrupulous about debts was shown in a striking way recently when an electric light company in the Central West lost all its records except the general ledger by fire. Not a scrap of paper showing how much money any customer owed was saved, though the ledger gave a total of fifty thousand dollars outstanding. A house-to-house canvass was made, accompanied by explanatory advertising in the newspapers, asking the public to help make new records. This made it possible to secure hundreds of receipted bills for the previous month's service, and straighten out accounts by new meter readings, as the bills gave the state of the meter at the previous reading. In cases where no bills were forthcoming, and the customer insisted that he had paid, the matter was left to his conscience. Within sixty days the company collected seventy-five per cent of its normal accounts, and in only ten per cent of the total was there any trouble or loss. The public acted as policemen in many instances where people were tempted to be dishonest, furnishing information against neighbors who tried to take advantage of the disaster.

Collections through a series of machine-made letters, designed to frighten the money out of tardy debtors, survive nowadays chiefly in the systems of professional collection agents, who solicit the bad accounts of small merchants, doctors and others who have neither the time nor the skill to use modern collection methods themselves.

A collection solicitor visited a physician, and exhibited a wonderful scheme of white, blue and red form letters, which he declared would progressively work upon the fears of any dead beat until the money was sure to be paid. He wanted all the doctor's overdue accounts.

"The trouble is, that I don't see any letters there which fit my tardy patients," was the doctor's dry comment. "For those who ought to be scared are under ground, and can't pay, while the others I am trying to keep alive until they do pay up!"

Which embodies a good deal more sound collection wisdom than one might suppose.

If it were possible to collect money from people by any such system of form letters treating them all alike, certainly the public service corporations of this country would have worked out the ideal routine long ago. For the average monthly bill for gas, electric, telephone and similar service is so small, and the margin of profit so slender, that every transaction has to be reduced to the most economical routine.

But such corporations find that the tardy customer must be studied as an individual, and handled according to his habits and character and circumstances, and that the best way of dealing with him is to educate him in better money habits.

One large company had, a few years ago, about ten per cent of slow pay customers. Most of them were people who paid their bills after delay and urging. Careful study of the reasons why different persons fell into this class led to definite groupings that facilitated collections. One large group, for example, withheld payment because some rule of the company was misunderstood, and these customers assumed that the corporation had made unwarranted charges for special service. Pains were taken to explain all rules of that sort in clear terms, and many of those customers gave no further trouble. Others had slack money habits, or complaints of service, or some other reason that made a sufficient excuse, to themselves at least, for tardy payment. These groups were all charted. They aggregated five hundred customers monthly, or ten per cent. Many were the same persons, and all the newcomers were found to be withholding payment of bills for the same reasons.

With this information, the company worked out a routine system for collections. It was not a series of frightful letters, however, but a campaign of education. To overcome misunderstanding of its rules, newspaper advertising was used, together with printed folders sent at the time of mailing bills, explaining why such rules were necessary, and how they protected the customer as well as the corporation. Those who had grievances were invited to talk with the complaint department and get things straightened out, and customers with bad business habits were visited personally and persuaded to mend their ways as a matter of courtesy. In a few months, trouble with collections was reduced seventy-five per cent, and without a single case in which threats or the law were necessary.

The Alcoholocaust — *Continued from page 6*

seen, and known. Good men turned into living corpses; happy marriages wrecked; business failures made; dollars and lives and love and self-respect and manhood and womanhood and virtue and honor and character all washed away in this rotten, putrid stream that man has made to poison his own kind.

"One friend I had, and one I loved. He drank at first because he found that, when drinking, he always had a good time. Later he found that drinking sustained him for his work and his fun. It colored his pleasure, and concealed his cares. . . . At thirty-five Booze got him. . . . And now he is a distorted, human grotesque — a living dead man.

"Another friend I have. At one time he was rich, loved, useful. He worked too hard. He could not sleep. He found that Booze quieted him; that, drinking, he could attain a condition which, while not sleep, was at least surcease. It marked the beginning of the end. His money, his friends, all have gone. Not even health has he left.

"I have two other friends. At night their good resolutions are wonderful. But when morning comes they are heavy, dull, despondent. They wait for noon, and strength. So do they never see the mornings of their lives. Without drink they would be men. But the drink is there. And the years are fast passing.

"I can see no argument in favor of booze. I can see it only as a crime against humanity. . . . And a crime that should be stopped completely. It should be stopped now, and for all time. There should be no more treating with John Barleycorn than with the German Kaiser. He is as faithless, treacherous, lying, cruel, and absolutely untrustworthy in all his dealings.

"But the main thing of all that I want to pin on old John Barleycorn is the fact that while he is a tough guy at heart, and the King of Confidence Men, in the early stages of one's acquaintance, he looks like a gentleman. He wears a dress suit, and a diamond pin, and has money in all his pockets; and he's full of good stories, and bonhomie and camaraderie and esprit and savoir faire, and as he slaps you on the back with one hand, and pours a drink down your neck with the other, you think to yourself, 'My goodness, here's the nicest fellow I've met yet!'

"And you and John (you're probably calling him Jack by this time) go trailing around together, and having the time of your lives. And everyone of his stories is better than the last! And the drinks he hands you don't taste very good, but they make you feel great! And he knows so many good fellows! Every place you go—clubs, saloons, restaurants — and as I've murmured before, you love everybody, and everybody loves you, and ain't life wunnerful and my! What a beautiful shunshet! What two beautiful shunshets!

"Yes, he's a wonderful companion, and stays that way until there comes a day when he wants you to do something that you feel you shouldn't . . . Then he begins to get nasty. . . .

"This is the crucial time. Unless you've courage and strength to leave him flat and go your own way, leaving him to go his, things begin to happen. . . . And much to your surprise, you find that where formerly it was friend and friend, now it has become master and man. . . He is your owner, you his slave. He has sapped your will. You have to go to him to decide things for you; to help you through the day. . . . And invariably he decides for evil. His counsel is always toward harm.

"And then you know him for what he is — a cankered soul, rotten to the core, lying, deceitful, treacherous, evil-minded, vile. . . . He is without respect for women; without ethics toward man; specious, sophistic, sullen. . . . More than likely, by this time, he's got you right where he wants you. And if, by this time, you aren't diseased of body and of mind, it isn't his fault, but God's mercy. . . .

"And the toughest part of it all is, that when you, who have known him, and joined in his parties, try to tell his new victims what he really is, they distrust you, they disbelieve you. They think you're an old crab; and a sorehead who, because he can't stand the pace any longer, is trying to put the kibosh on the whole show.

"You come into a club and see John, sitting in a corner scintillating before a lot of his new friends. They're having

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a great time and thinking, 'My! ain't he the cutest lad you ever met!'

" 'Sit down,' invites the latest victim, 'and meet my old friend, Mr. Barleycorn.'

" 'No thanks,' you say, 'I know him already.'

" 'You do!' exclaims another of the group, in surprise. 'Why, I didn't know that!'

" 'Yes,' you return, 'he did me out of a good business, a wife and three children, and most of my digestion. I don't believe I care to associate with him any more.'

" 'What!' exclaims the Latest Victim, incredulously. 'You don't mean to accuse my good friend Barleycorn of doing all that!'

" 'I do,' you return, 'absolutely.'

"The Latest Victim sniffs scornfully.

" 'Then it must have been your own fault,' returns the Latest Victim. 'I've known him a couple of weeks, and he's the greatest little playmate I've hit since I left the Old Farm.'

" 'Oh, let that poor grouch go home,' says another Victim, eying you with alcoholic disfavor. 'He'sh got to put out the cat and wind the clock and he'sh late already.' And he picks up a glass and begins to sing something about it always being fair wezzher when goo' fellersh getsh toghezzer. While you sigh, and murmur to yourself, 'What's the use?' and go your weary way.

"I suppose the trouble is that to Youth, Age will always be dull, stupid and old-fogyish. The fact that Age was Youth once himself and, as Youth was just as willing to and just as capable of, making an 18-karat darned fool of himself as Youth now is, seems to escape Youth completely, as does also the fact that in a few fleeting years, Youth himself will be Age, in turn.

"But all my life I've wanted to tell Youth a few things. I don't expect many of them to listen, or to believe. But if even one does, then will the time and effort be well spent, and I shall be glad. . . .

"I've wanted to tell girls, 'Don't drink.' Clean men don't like it. It makes dirty men think dirty things of you. It coarsens your looks. It makes wrinkles in your face. It makes your figures fat and gross. It cheapens you in every way, physically, mentally, morally. And it's dangerous.

"I've wanted to tell boys not to drink. It isn't that I'm an old prude. I know what I'm talking about. Booze stimulates the body for evil; and with body stimulated, the will weakens, the mind grows flaccid. It leads to nasty thoughts. And in nastiness of thought lies nastiness of action. And in nastiness of action lies sickness, and the horrid, rotting diseases of flesh and brain that make a man wish to God he had died instead! And before you lie only years of shame, and torture and horror — the contempt of all decent people — and when you want to grow up to be a clean man, and maybe have boys of your own, you cannot, because those boys will be as rotten, as diseased, as you are. . . . College coaches teach you to cut out alcohol, to live cleanly and regularly. Why? It isn't to please them, is it? It's because you can do better work; it's because it makes you stronger, healthier, more vigorous.

"For, after all, your body is merely the machine in which you, as an individual, ride around. You wouldn't think of throwing sand in the gears of your automobile, would you? Then why throw alcohol into the gears of your body? Don't you care as much for your body as you do for your automobile? Then why take such good care of your automobile, and such poor care of your body? But bodies don't cost anything, you say? True. But you can buy a new automobile when the old one wears out. But you can never get but one body. . . . Take care of it when it's young. Or you'll be mighty sorry, when it begins to get old.

"And I've wanted to tell parents: 'Don't bring up your children in ignorance.' If you don't think they've got sense enough ever to understand anything, then hire a keeper for them. But if you do turn them loose on life, at least point out the pitfalls. Would you send a child out to play in a meadow full of hidden wells? Then why send a child out to play in the fields of life that are full of poisoned traps a thousand times worse than death?

"I knew the mother of two of the most beautiful girls I've ever seen. Before taking them out to dinner, she would split a pint of champagne between the two, to make their eyes bright, their conversation sparkling. Whose fault if these two girls go straight to hell and stay there? A mother like that isn't fit to have children. Nor is the husband of that mother fit to have children. They haven't even the sense of animals; they are a form of human swine beyond the contempt of decent people.

"When God gives you the joy of having children, He gives you also the responsibility of their care. See to it that you fulfil that responsibility; nor by laziness, selfishness and ignorance let them reap the fatal consequences of your own neglect.

"Booze is an open cesspool on the highway of life. It should be filled in, graded off, and forgotten. And it should be done now."

ROOM

by Louis How

SHE loved, before the lamps were lit,
To listen, quiet in her place,
To spacious silences that flit,
And make the dusk an ample space.

She loved to rest upon a crag
And watch the orchard sea of pink.
Her soul was lazy, and would lag,
She said, where it had room to think.

She cannot see the shadows crawl,
When sunset slants across her tomb,
Where, even now, and after all,
I like to think she still has room.

Wild Apples — *Continued from page 20*

boys stay here; sometimes I stay, myself. But I don't see a guy that carries the side you do making a hangout of my shop."

"I'll set my trunk in now," Julian got down and began unlashing his dust-coated luggage. P. Fertig, hands in pockets, watched him loweringly.

"Ain't looked at the room," he cautioned. "*You* won't stand for it."

Julian loosened the last knot. Fertig got out a toothpick and chewed it nervously.

"Want to wash machines?" His inquiry was fairly jeering. "All the washing's done at night."

"Certainly," Julian swung up the trunk and started for the door of the room, aware that Fertig followed every businesslike movement.

"I don't pay anything. Lots of nights you could sleep right throug'; but your lodging's all you'd get from me — that and a place to keep your machine. I'd split fifty-fifty on the washing of a car; and maybe the fellah that you washed for would give you an extra quarter — argh?"

Julian went on with his trunk and set it down. This corner, cut off from the main room by an eight-foot partition, had still the naked concrete floor underfoot; naked concrete walled the outer sides, bare pine the inner. There were two cot beds, several wooden chairs, a table with a solitaire laid out on it, some beer bottles, half-burned cigars, a tobacco jar and a bunch of cigarette papers. A frowsy, nondescript place like its frowsy, nondescript owner; yet it offered space for his trunk, a basin with running water for washing, a small, dim looking-glass. It would answer for the moment. It must.

Fertig trailed him back and forth until the last piece of luggage was off the roadster. When the Go-devil had been rolled into place by the wall, he still followed into the room and stood around there, gaping while Julian opened his dressing-bag and laid out his things for washing. It was noon. For heaven's sake, didn't the fellow ever eat anything? Why didn't he go and get his lunch? Julian was hungry again, and in a hurry, just making himself decent for the street, yet his hasty toilet operations produced a strong effect on P. Fertig. The man looked from him to his bags, he even sidled up against the shelf where Julian had found lodgment for some of his dressing things, and fingered the monogrammed back of a brush. He threw the remnant of the toothpick away, and whistled a little under his breath, then stopped that to remark inanely:

"Maddy Kaylor sent you here?"

"Yes." Julian was ready. Fertig got himself out of the room, walking sidewise and a little in front of his new lodger or assistant. Julian, with his long legs and considerable stride, felt as though there might be danger of stepping on him, or running into him. "May I use the 'phone?"

"Sure." Fertig sidled off toward a stripped chassis, squatted down and picked up a tool as though to work on it. Julian, getting his number, became aware that the proprietor of the garage was listening intently.

"Mrs. Kaylor," Julian said, "is that you? About the room: thank you very much, but I needn't trouble you now. I've found a place."

"You *have*?" Then, without hesitation, "Where?"

"Here, at the garage you sent me to."

"At Pete Fertig's garage? You're kidding!"

"I don't mean a room here. I've got a job. I'm to keep the garage nights."

"You're to — Oh, Mr. McCulloch — you — working for Pete Fertig — in that dirty old garage? The idea!"

"It settles the question of a room — for the present, anyhow."

"Oh, it's only temporary? Well — that's not so worse. But — why — say — can't you come up for a minute? I can't talk to you over the 'phone. I've got several good rooms on the string for you. You'll not stand Pete's place long. Come on and look at these rooms anyhow."

"I was just going out for my lunch."

"Have something to eat up here, with me."

"Thank you very much, I think I'd better not — today. And we'll let the matter of the room rest for the present. Where was that good place you spoke of — the Italian one — the Gianduja?"

"Good thing you ain't paying' for that 'phone by the hour," Fertig spoke in. "You'd have a bill."

The interruption cost Julian Mrs. Kaylor's reply. She seemed to have said good-by at last and hung up.

"Well — can you tell me where the Gianduja is?" he asked Fertig.

"Sure. Right over on the Square. Corner Stockton and Union. Going to eat there?" In passing, Julian felt his inspection. "Guess I had you sized up about right after all — the 'damn the expense' kind."

Certainly the place at Fertig's was not promising. Julian stopped at a newsstand and bought the morning papers to carry with him so that he might look at the "Male Help Wanted" columns while he waited for lunch.

He found the Gianduja a quaint place, with its deep frieze of frescoes, its foreign air. The dark-eyed, smiling men lunching in the quiet, shaded room were all speaking quick, voluble Italian. Julian's knowledge of it was just sufficient to tell him that they were discussing the war, the likelihood that Italy would go in; that many of them would be called to the colors. He sat down at one of the tables by the wall, gave his order to an oval-faced, brown-eyed, stout, friendly-looking waiter, whom he heard addressed as Frank, and got at his papers. Now for the want ads.

Barbers were in good demand. House and sign painters seemed to be needed. Paper-hangers could get work. Finishers, bushelmen — trades whose very names were unfamiliar to him — had bids. The one practical thing he knew — the care and driving of a car — was in request; but just now the only way he dare use that skill was in some such obscure place as Fertig's.

Madeline Kaylor's recommendation of the food here was justified; and when he came to pay his check, Fertig's suggestion as to the place being expensive seemed a joke. The waiter glanced over Julian's shoulder frankly at the portion of the paper he was studying. Julian noted this; but it was not till he was being helped into his overcoat and had bestowed the usual tip that, drawing a quick breath, he turned and asked this man bluntly as to the prospects for work in this quarter of the town.

"What kind of a job?" The kind brown eyes studied him, their glance lingered longest on the hands being put into their gloves.

"Oh — anything." Julian had yet to learn that "anything" in this connection always means "nothing."

"Musician?" he asked; and when Julian nodded, "Violin or piano?"

"Piano. Any chance for that? I

THE WONDERFUL MISSION OF THE INTERNAL BATH

By WALTER WALGROVE

DO you know that over five hundred thousand Americans are at the present time seeking freedom from small, as well as serious ailments, by the practice of Internal Bathing?

Do you know that hosts of enlightened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists, etc., etc., are recommending and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure and preserve perfect health?

There are the best logical reasons for this practice and these opinions, and these reasons will be very interesting to every one.

In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that 95 per cent. of human illness is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of to-day neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided—

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon—

And that's the reason that the famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, the length of our lives would be increased to probably 150 years. You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its perniciously enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time. And the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto-Intoxicated.

But you never can be Auto-Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of Internal Bath—that is sure.

It is Nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet, clean and pure, as Nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly.

The following enlightening news article is quoted from the New York Times:

"What may lead to a remarkable advance in the operative treatment of certain forms of tuberculosis is said to have been achieved at Guy's Hospital. Briefly, the operation of the removal of the lower intestine has been applied to cases of tuberculosis, and the results are said to be in every way satisfactory.

"The principle of the treatment is the removal of the cause of the disease. Recent researches of Metchnikoff and others have led doctors to suppose that many conditions of chronic ill-health, such as nervous debility, rheumatism, and other disorders, are due to poisoning set up by unhealthy conditions in the large intestine, and it has even been suggested that the lowering of the vitality resulting from such poisoning is favorable to the development of cancer and tuberculosis.

"At Guy's Hospital, Sir William Arbuthnot Lane decided on the heroic plan of removing the diseased organ. A child who appeared in the final stage of what was believed to be an incurable form of tubercular joint disease, was operated on. The lower intestine, with the exception of nine inches, was removed, and the left portion was joined to the smaller intestine.

"The result was astonishing. In a week's time the internal organs resumed all their normal functions, and in a few weeks the patient was apparently in perfect health."

You undoubtedly know, from your own personal experience, how dull and unfit to work or think properly, biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints, is at best only partially effective; the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is not a doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known—

For it is not possible to conceive until you have had the experience yourself, what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really is; taken at night, you awake in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be described—you are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties.

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Dr. Tyrrell, in his practice and researches, discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has collected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., 134 West 65th Street, New York City, and mention having read this in McCLURE'S.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that every one who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being, or that of the family, will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.—(Advertisement)

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see you've got a mechanical one here." He had noticed the slot beside his table.

"No regular job at that. But if you get where you want a dinner — you can come in here and play for it. We like something better than the nickel-in-the-slot, for Saturday nights, anyhow. Ask for me—Frank." He looked humorously at Julian's good clothes. "Then when you go back home to papa you can recommend the cooking."

He smiled broadly now, and Julian smiled back at him.

"Plenty jobs playing piano in the dives around on Pacific Street," he said as by afterthought. "But, say," he shook his head, "you want to keep off of Pacific Street. Take it from me, kid."

Julian stepped out upon the street. While he was out he might as well go and see what the place was like that the man warned him to let alone; he turned up Stockton in the direction of Pacific Street.

The way looked innocent enough, deserted, its electric signs dead, nobody in sight but a stray, sleepy-looking pedestrian here and there, a lounging policeman; of course Frank didn't mean Pacific Street in the daytime. But Julian didn't care to go back to Fertig's just yet. He thought he'd walk a little. He climbed to the very top of Telegraph Hill, and stood there a while looking out over the bay. He felt somehow as though he had got into another world. He was strangely free from the torment of thought. He found himself almost dropping asleep, and concluded it would be better to go back to the garage and lie down. If he had to be up tonight any he ought to get some sleep now.

The cock-eyed man met him with:

"The lady up at One-thirty-nine's been 'phoning for you again. Seems you made a date with her for the movies tonight."

"That was before I came here," Julian said shortly. "It'll be off, if I'm to keep garage for you."

"Oh, don't let me stand in your way." Yet it seemed that Fertig brightened a bit.

"I'll 'phone now to say I can't go." Julian yawned.

"Needn't. I'll tell her," Fertig offered. "I'm in the crowd tonight."

Julian just nodded and, yawning again, started for the room to lie down. He was thoroughly sleepy now; even that sordid spot was attractive.

"I drove most of last night," he explained to Fertig. "Left San Vicente about one o'clock. Wake me when you want to leave."

"Ya made it from San Vicente after twelve?" Fertig went and stood before the Go-devil with his hands in his pockets. "Well, she's a damn' good little machine at that — if she is a crazy patch!"

In the back room Julian first took a look at his cot. He spread his overcoat on it, drew a clean handkerchief over the pillow, lay down and was almost instantly asleep. He slept soundly in spite of noises in the outer room. He wakened only partially to artificial light and Fertig washing up, making ready to leave. Vaguely he realized that the ivory hair-brush which was traveling over that dingy, sandy poll was his own. Half awake he asked:

"What time is it?"

"Eight o'clock," came the mumbled reply. "Good brush you got. I'm off now. You ain't likely to be disturbed, but you better leave the door open so you can see into the outside room."

He must have been sound asleep once more almost before Fertig was out of the room.

The feeling of something crawling on his cheek dragged him reluctantly up from a delicious sea of unconsciousness. He stirred and brushed vaguely at it. There was a titter. Then again that tickling on his face. A suppressed voice said:

"Let the poor fish alone. Leave him sleep."

So much he heard; he was going under again when another voice spoke, a woman's this time, and the titter was all through her words, half strangling them.

"I'll not do it. I'm going to wake him up — and take him along with us to the movies."

"Maddy wants to wake him with a kiss."

"Wants to? I guess I'd kiss him if I felt like it — oh!"

He opened his eyes and stared up at Madeline Kaylor, very smart in black satin, with a feather she had evidently pulled from her hat and been using to tickle him. Back of her was a crowd of strange faces.

"You've got callers, Mr. Julian McCulloch!" She seemed to think it the best joke in the world. "The whole push from One-thirty-nine Branch Street — in to make your acquaintance. Mr. and Mrs. Parker, second-floor front."

Julian sat up, and finally stood; Madeline paid no attention to Fertig, but went on presenting people to him.

"Bill Ranke and his wife, Dolly, who have my first-floor front. Bill's a railroad engineer, same as my first husband. I belong to the Brotherhood yet."

"Course you do — too many perfectly good men in the Brotherhood for you to pass it up," light-eyed, light-haired Dolly Ranke shrilled at her, and got a laugh for it.

"B. Goldstein, shoe salesman;" she shoved forward a thin, stooped man with glasses; "his daughter, Minnie — stenographer to a big law firm — same floor back. With Fertig, third-floor back, and an Italian trained-nurse in front, that's my whole layout."

It was very funny. Julian couldn't keep from grinning as he shook hands with one after the other. The ceremony complete, "You've had your sleep out, haven't you? Come on. Go with us," she urged.

"Thank you, Mrs. Kaylor. Didn't Mr. Fertig tell you?— I'm keeping garage."

"Sure, I told her," growled P. Fertig from the doorway. "For God's sake, break away! You'll make us late for even the second run if you don't get a move on."

"Shut up, Pete." Madeline, flushed, excited, looked handsomer than she had that morning. "If you want to go, Mr. McCulloch, come along. Pete can lock up the place. Or what's the matter with leaving him to keep his old garage, if he wants it kept?"

There was an outburst of snickering.

"Ain't Maddy the limit?"

"Whaddye know about that?"

But the crowd began to get out, Fertig protesting as he let them past.

"Of all the gall! Right in a man's own place. Come on, Maddy; aw, come on."

After they were gone Julian tried to get to sleep again. Last night alone on the cloudy mountain top, he had seemed to turn some sort of spiritual corner; he had got an intangible but very real release. The sense of it had lasted all day. He had been hungry, busy, sleepy. He hadn't been in the least put out by Madeline Kaylor and her crowd coming in on him that way. He had only thought it funny; it had made him laugh. Now, alone again, with the lights out, he was cast back suddenly into black depression.

It wasn't the squalid surroundings, the miserable bed; in the dark there imagination peopled the room with other figures: the wrangling group in the Willis kitchen; Lyntie, head down, refusing to look at him. If he sighed and turned on his pillow and tried to forget — he was in the dining-room at home, his father and mother quarreling over him, telling him that he'd be arrested if he tried to obtain a license to marry Lynnie. Flinching from that he got the library — the final scene of disaster — and beyond it Lynnie's eyes in the last look she had given him.

The torturing riddle of her eyes in that last glance asked itself in a hundred ways.

And then a machine coming in for garage room, a red-faced man who wanted to know where Pete Fertig was, and made a score of sharp-eyed, short-worded questions concerning the new assistant, brought Julian broad awake; and when he went back to his bed he could sleep.

Chapter XX — At Fertig's Garage

JULIAN waked unrefreshed, having slept in his clothes. Outside there, hammering and clanking; the sound of men's voices; for a bewildered moment he thought he was in Thatch's place back in San Vicente. Then his gaze wandered slowly down from the high, cobwebbed ceiling of corrugated iron, along a dirty gray wall, to a concrete floor. Dim light coming across half-high partitions showed the other cot, the battered furnishings, his combs and brushes on the shelf there, his overcoat and cap hanging on a nail. This was Fertig's garage, in San Francisco. There, trampled on the floor, lay the silly feather from Madeline Kaylor's hat.

He shut his eyes once more and lay still. Again and again, in the night that was past, he had started broad awake out of dreams of Lynnie, her little cooing voice in his ears, her soft lips speaking against his cheek; flung himself over with a groan and buried his face in the pillow. He could stand it to be kicked out of home, to be moneyless, to live in this sordid hole and work hard among repulsive surroundings and associates; but O God! how was he going to stand it not to have Lynnie — never to see her any more?

Finally he sat up. He'd got to get something to eat. Tingling discomfort demanded a bath; he'd take clean linen with him, and get one before his breakfast. Fertig stared at him and his handbag as they went.

Coming back an hour later, bathed and fed, he found Mrs. Madeline Kaylor making up with clean sheets that cot on which he had slept, vivaciously abusing Fertig while she did it.

"You make me tired, Pete. What the dickens is the reason you've got to be a hog just because you're a man? Nater of the beast, I suppose. The idea of him stuck down here in this dirty old joint, and a slob like you having my nice good room that's kept as clean as a pin!" She glanced up and saw Julian in the door, with a startled, "Good morning, Mr. McCulloch."

She worked in vigorous silence while Julian put his bag away and hung his cap on its nail. Fertig shuffled out of the room. Her glance followed his departure; the moment he was beyond earshot she straightened up and put her hand in her pocket, "This came in the first delivery, in one to me." She held out a letter addressed in Thatcher Dye's handwriting to Julian, "Politeness of Mrs. Madeline Kaylor, 139 Branch Street." He took it and with, "Pardon me," turned on the light and read:

"DEAR JULE: I hope you got there all right and everything all right here except we had one merry old time when your pa and ma got back to the garage last night. Don't think he had a warrant and think that was just to throw a scare into you. Your mother wouldn't speak to me at all

When Johnny has the Croup!

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but he done me up good and proper. Far as that went I just stood and took it. I suppose he doped it out he had a license to be sore. Thought best to say to them both that I knew where you was at and could put my hand on you any time there was anything doing. Your father did not offer any money, but thank God he hasent went back on putting the capital in here with me and if you need any you know where to get it don't you Jule? Think it will be a good plan for you to hang on where you are and let them simmer because if you ask me they are sure to quarrel with each other pretty soon. Never knew it to fail. And then they will both be after you with some sort of a living proposition. My saying this to you who are their son may seem pretty raw but you know what I mean by it and you know I have your interests at heart and your parents are all right I suppose and I've got no business saying anything to their son about them. I guess I better quit. Write me Jule when you have time and tell me how you are getting along and give me your address. I am sending this to Mrs. Kaylor's with the idea that you took a room there as I don't believe you could do better. I am taking the agency for the Steadfast and may be up in San Francisco after machines and if I do will surely call.

Your friend,
THATCH DYE.

"Well, not meaning to pry, or anything, what's Thatch got to say for himself?" Julian instantly knew she had found a way to read his letter. She came close with that odd little movement of hers, and this time she did take his hand. "I had a stepfather," she said. "He was a fright — used us all mean. But he ruined my brother Wally's life. You — you poor boy — what are you going to do?"

"Well," said Julian, with no sense of embarrassment, "a job first. I'm going to answer some of these," and he showed her his marked newspapers. She took and held them, staring doubtfully at him.

"D'you think you better?"

"Why not?"

"Well, you risk a commitment."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Thatch said in his letter that they threatened arrest."

"Yes, they'd arrest — to make me go home."

"It ain't a question of your going home," she stopped him. "Don't you know, boy, that if they arrest, you've passed out of their hands? All they can do then is to commit. You'll be in the hands of the law then."

Julian drew his brows together.

"What can the law do — with me?"

"Commit you to a reformatory — the preparatory school to hell — where you'd have just as much rights as a convict in San Quentin. Oh, I know it can be done, for my stepfather did just that to my brother Wally — when he was no more incorrigible than any other high-spirited boy — and sent him straight to the devil."

"I — see," said Julian slowly, looking on the floor. Then he lifted his head and glanced around. "Well, thank you very much for coming down here to make this place habitable. And thank you for warning me — I didn't know."

"I saw you didn't," shaking hands in good-by. "That's why I spoke. And lemme tell you, Mr. McCulloch, I'd stand between you — or any other boy — and such a thing as that with my last breath. Don't hesitate to call on me if you need me."

She left then. After she was gone Julian sat a long time at the table, Thatch's letter spread out before him, pen, ink and paper to his hand, but not writing. . . . Ought to have gone further before he stopped. . . . Too late to think of that now — he was stuck here. After all, distance didn't count much; there was the telegraph — detectives — plenty of money. But did either of them want a son in a reformatory? Would either one of them go that far? If they should, a dirty little hole like this was as good a place as he could think of to hide in. . . . Over there, on the other side of the world — in France — chauffeurs needed to drive ambulances. A man's work — danger in it — adventure — some nobility — some atonement . . . but he couldn't — no, he couldn't leave a country that held Lynnie — he hadn't the right. And his atonement was there — there where his heart was.

In the first three days at the garage Julian found that the only patronage of the place which seemed to interest Fertig came from men who drifted in on motorcycles, in dirty little flivvers, or on foot, to talk in lowered, confidential tones with the proprietor. Sometimes of an evening a crowd of such would get together in the inner room to play cards and drink beer. Julian was asked to join them. He tried out the first occasion, and ducked the others. Yet, he didn't sleep well; and when he was there alone he always welcomed the break of someone coming in, even if it were only one of Fertig's pals who left a message, or backed a machine into the place. If a car was brought to be washed, he flew at it eagerly, hosing off, rubbing down, polishing.

That first sight of Fertig grooming his dingy poll with a monogrammed brush had warned Julian not to leave such things lying about. Combs, brushes manicure implements, were made free of, not merely when he was out of the room, but Fertig or his friends would walk over to the glass, pick them up and use them while he was there. Small articles disappeared. Ties vanished, handkerchiefs couldn't be laid down safely. He took to tossing things into trunk or suitcase, but even after that — not having locked anything — he missed a pair of opera-glasses. Well, he wouldn't have much use for them the way he was living now. Still he thought he'd better turn a key on his stuff, and got a sly grin from Fertig and a half surly:

"Gettin' kind o' crafty, ain't yeh?"

LIFE had settled down to a numbing round of working on autos, washing them at night, lying in the squalid, noisy room to rest or sleep, answering cautiously, with no success whatever, some advertisement that seemed to promise a job he dare take, when, one morning, just after he got back from his breakfast, in walked Thatch Dye. Julian turned from the bench at which he was working and stared for a moment while the here and now reeled dizzily away; then he laid down the pliers, drew a deep breath, and went forward.

"Hello, Jule!" Thatch hailed. "I was here — while ago — to see you. D' he tell you?"

Thatch and Fertig stared at each other with mutual distaste. The cock-eyed man mumbled something about "forgot it," and Thatch suggested:

"C'm on outside. I've got some several things to tell you."

Seated on a bench under a big willow beside the fountain over in the Square, Julian felt Thatch examining him narrowly before he said:

"Well, kid, I b'lieve you're looking better."

"I'm well." Evidently the humiliations of the past weeks, finding out bit by bit that he couldn't earn a living, realizing what a poor thing he had been to offer himself to Lynnie as a man — a man — didn't show on the outside. "I'm well enough," he repeated; "but, so far, I haven't found work — that pays anything, that is."

"Oh, that's all right," hastily. "Don't hunt for nothing — yet a while, anyhow. I guess maybe I said too much for your folks in that letter o'mine."

"I made allowance."

"Glad you did," Thatch laughed uneasily. "Glad you ain't expectin' too much. Your father *has* finally come through with the money for my garage. What held things up so long was your ma being afraid some of it would get to you. I give that to you flat. It's better for you to know where you're at with 'em."

"Yes."

"Well, at that, kid, all you got to do is to lay low for a while. I don't think right now your old man'd set the police on you — unless she starts him up again. I kind of think he'll do the decent thing by you — some time — if she lets him. But don't you take no chances like lookin' for work. Sit tight. If you stir around too much, and they just do happen to be after you — How's your money holdin' out? Got any left?"

"A little."

"I'm honor bound not to hand over any of their money to you; but they can't hinder me stakin' you out of my own." Thatch dug down in his pocket, brought out two ten-dollar pieces and offered them. Julian shook his head.

"I don't need to borrow from you yet a while, Thatch. I would if I had to have it."

"Aw — well, then, don't call it a borrow. There's them tires that was left at the garage — worth more'n twenty."

"Well," Julian took the money, "I'll pay it when I sell my machine."

"Going to sell her? That seems too bad. Oh — I see where you're right, of course. You've got no use for her here in town this way — and when your old man comes through you can get you a better one."

Julian's eye followed the flight of a sparrow skimming over the face of the fountain pool. He was going to sell the machine in which he and Lynnie had driven so many times, the little roadster that had made possible all their happiness. That's what it meant to him — not just wheels and rods and pistons, and engine and a chassis. Oh, well — here he sat in the sunshine with Thatch, the twitter of birds overhead, the noises of Italian town around them. The past was past. Of course he was to sell the Go-devil if he could.

"Something phony about that joint over there, Jule," Thatch was speaking. "Gee — he's a bad looker! Take it from me the place ain't on the square. There's not floor space enough to make a living out of an honest garage; he's got no agency. When you come to trade, watch that gink, or he'll cheat you out of your eye teeth. You ought to get as much as three hundred or three-fifty for that roadster."

Julian nodded vaguely.

"Say, did I tell you I've got the agency for the Steadfast? Soon as I get started in I'm going to make some tests — stunts, you know — going up bad hills with it or a road race or something. Rather have you with me for mechanician than anybody I know. That'll put some money in your way."

"I'd like it," Julian said.

"Well," Thatch stood up, "I'm taking down a seven-passenger today — sale as good as made already. Like to have you see that car — she's a beaut. But I'll have to hustle if I want to finish up the business I got and have her in San Vicente before dark — and I sure don't want to get a scratch on her. I'm as nervous over it as if it was a new baby."

"Not going up to Branch Street at all?"

Thatch shook his head.

"She feels a little —"

"Aw — Maddy takes too long!" Thatch was half sheepish. "I'm always up here on business. Got to go over on Golden Gate Avenue now." he looked at his big silver watch.

"D'ye say she's going to give you a room pretty soon?"

"Yes — but I don't see how I could take it, unless I can get something to do. She's been very nice to me."

Thatch nodded, grinning.

"Good ol' Maddy! You get the room up there, and I'll feel all right about you. But don't you go hunting any work — there's more money where that twenty came from."

Julian watched Thatch off down the street; a stockily built, sturdy, independent figure — Ben Dye's son; not much education. Thatch didn't care whether his trousers bagged at the knees or not; he wasn't over particular about his finger-nails; but — he'd stuck it out and got the money for his garage; he was making his way in the world; and he could marry his girl when the time came.

Thatch rounded the corner, out of sight. Julian caught himself in a great, choking sigh, as he turned and walked slowly, heavily, toward Fertig's garage. Thatch was right about the place, and Julian could have told him so. It was a fence, its real interest machines that came in at night, generally with the marks of a long, hard drive on them, to be hastily taken apart and built over in such a way that they could not be recognized, the job hurried through between midnight and morning. At first Fertig had shown a disposition to keep the new assistant from seeing anything of this irregular work; said he had friends coming in and wanted the place to himself. Julian went over and played at the Gianduja, coming back to find Fertig lying on the second couch, his eyes shut, but not, Julian was sure, asleep. He turned in, himself, and was roused out of his first sleep by the sounding of the bell outside. He started up — by mere habit.

"Lay still. I'm goin'," Fertig called sharply, as he ran out.

Julian rolled over and went to sleep again; yet through his dreams there threaded the voices of men out there talking; clinking; hammering; and in the morning there was a partially dismantled machine in, and Fertig rather reluctantly said he could help at the rebuilding that was going on if he wanted to, and be paid twenty-five cents an hour — provided he was found to be worth it.

Julian was keen for the chance to earn something. He got into his overalls and set to work. After a time the pulling to pieces of the machine they were on, the exchanging of parts and fittings, seemed to him too wanton and imbecile. Finally, when they were winding up the job, he said:

"I don't see that you've helped either machine:"

Fertig was down on the floor, the lever of the jack in his hand; he sprang up so suddenly as to be startling.

"You ain't paid to think — anything!" he said between his teeth.

"I never done any thinkin' about that crazy patch of your'n. What you want to do, young fellah, is to keep your eyes open and your mouth shut — see?"

This was what he could have told when Thatch said that the joint was phony. At the time, he had shrugged it off without further words. It was none of his business. He was no policeman. He was in trouble himself — in hiding, liable to arrest. A fence, a thieves' hangout, was about the place for him.

As time went on and he still asked no questions about anything, he realized that Fertig's watchful uneasiness abated. They came to pay him double rates for these hurry-up night jobs; the money was welcome; for though it seemed to him that he lived as cheaply as a human being decently could, his small resources somehow melted fast.

Mrs. Kaylor appeared at the garage nearly every day; when she didn't come in person she was sure to ring Julian up. If this chanced to be when he was out. Fertig always gave him the message with a crooked grin, for which Julian would have liked to punch his head; but so far there was nothing to put a name to.

One evening as he stood with her in the garage door, she making her to-be-continued adieus, Fertig leaning hands in pockets against the corner of his desk listening with that twist of the lips that always set Julian's bristles up, he reminded her unintentionally that he couldn't take a room in her house till he got a paying job.

He hadn't foreseen that this would start her off scolding that Fertig didn't pay him anything. She spoke her mind on the subject in a good, loud tone.

"That's right," Fertig put in, "crab at me. I'm getting so used to it I'd miss it if you didn't do about so much of it every time I see you."

"You watch my smoke," she spoke to Julian as though she had not heard Fertig. "I'll get rid of someone up at One-thirty-nine, yet. There ain't a soul I could dump now — without just throwin' 'em out. Not but what I'd do that, too — if I had a good excuse. Fact is I'm just too doggone popular."

"Yes — with yourself," growled Fertig, coming to the front as a machine turned the corner, signaled and wheeled in.

"And with you, Pete — don't forget yourself. You've been in love with me, and your room up there at my house, ever since you set eyes on both of us."

She nodded to the men in the car. They were habitués of the garage and, as such, known to her. She lingered in the doorway looking back at Fertig and Julian who had got to work on the motor, jacking it up, prying off a flat tire and finally called a reluctant:

"Good-by."

Julian straightened up to bow, Fertig muttered something under his breath, without raising his head. She went on, and one of the men up front looked after her and said in a tone Julian didn't like at all:

"Which one was the lady calling on?"

"Not on me, you can bet your sweet life!" Fertig's hammer glanced and gave his knuckles a rap, so that he burst into heartfelt profanity. He said no more till the man in the back of the garage, who had been listening, laughed tauntingly; then Fertig began a grumbling out of which Julian got only bits.

"'F that dame thinks. . . pay salary to every honey boy she picks up. . . . got another think a-comin'—"

"*What?*" Julian was across that car and standing almost on top of Fertig before he knew he had moved.

"Yah — go to it, kid!" yapped one of the men. "Bend Pete's face in for him. Been needin' it quite some time." But the other roared, running from the back of the shop:

"Drop that wrench! No beatin' him up with tools!"

Fertig, squatted on the floor at Julian's feet, looking up at him, grinned feebly.

"Argh — g'wan — y' big stiff — where d'y' get this fight stuff? Can't y' take a joke?"

"Not that kind."

"Can't, argh?" Fertig was scrambling to one side. "Won't make any more like it then — 'f you say not. Darned if you ain't the tallest man I ever seen!"

"What d'ye know about that!" The first man was disappointed. "Aw, don't be yellah, Pete — fight him! Put it all over you — in yer own place — fight him!" And the other came panting in with:

"Why, you poor prune, ain't we here to see fair for you? Hop to it now. Give the dude what's comin' to him."

"Shut up! Who asked you to butt in?" Fertig hunkered down again by his wheel. Julian went back to work. It was ridiculously like two chickens who had offered at each other — and then walked away in opposite directions. The men grinned and made signs of derision behind Fertig's head; but he never so much as sent an angry glance at his assistant.

When he had been in San Francisco a month he found it more comfortable to stay out of the garage as much as he could. The population of Italian town lived largely in the streets; he took up the habit of strolling there along with them, curiously not of them. It was thus that one evening, coming along Stockton, he stopped at the crossing of Pacific. On impulse he turned and walked down a block, crossed and was coming back on the other side when he saw before him a girl in a red sweater and bobbed hair, whose figure and walk looked oddly familiar. A dance-hall girl — he glanced away absently and was passing when:

"Jule — Jule McCulloch!" she hailed, and he turned to find Rose Daggett.

The spots of rouge on her cheeks, her painted lips, belonged to the red sweater and bobbed hair, yet in the moment of meeting she was just the Rose Daggett of last summer. For a long minute he stood looking at her without a word.

"Well — say," she peered up into his face in the dusk of Pacific Street, "you're one I never did expect to see down on the Coast, Jule."

"No?" he answered at random. To him they stood there, not two but three. Himself and Lynnie in the bell tower of the Mission; this hardy little outlaw who had climbed up at the risk of her neck to warn them. Driving back to the ranch that awful morning in the fog, this girl popping up from the side of the road to help him to his stolen day with Lynnie; it was she who had guided him to Lynnie on the Ridge the night of the fire. She was looking at him curiously as, without another word, he started on. She hesitated a moment, then fell into step beside him.

"Y' ain't askin' how I come to be here," she said with a little laugh. "'Member that soldier boy of mine back at San Pablo?" Julian remembered. "Brought me up here — and ditched me. But I ain't getting' along so worse. You going to be in town a while, Jule?"

"Living here." It wasn't easy to speak to Rose at all. What she brought back to him was so present that he hardly knew which words he'd say to her. Her voice was going on, trifling, jeering:

"Living here — *you* are? Left home?"

"Yes — a month ago."

"Oh — I see." She walked beside him, silent for a moment, then looked around with that curious direct drive of hers into his face and said, "You've had a bust with the old folks; and you're up here raising Cain to get even with 'em. That it?"

They had reached the corner where he would turn for the Gianduja. He stopped and lifted his hat to her silently.

"Where now?" she asked.

"The Gianduja. To get my dinner."

"Uh-huh. You swells do go there to eat tagliarini and raviolis. Coming back over here later?" she hesitated interrogatively. "If you are — I'm in Big Murphy's place — 'The Centralia' dance-hall —"

"I have to work tonight," Julian said.

"Work? You?" she laughed. "Oh, well — that's just as good as any other excuse. Where — for instance?" Then

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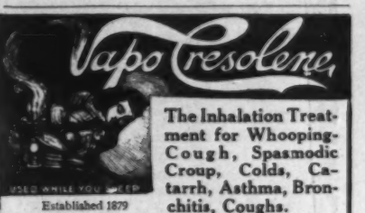

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in a different tone, "You're not — working — honest — are you?"

He nodded.

"In Fertig's garage, over in the Italian quarter."

"Oh — say!" her brows in a pucker. Then, after a thoughtful moment, "well — you've split with the old folks and spilled the beans, for sure; but, gee — even at that, you've got no business dirtyin' your hands with that kind of thing. What makes you —" She broke off, looked at him with sudden comprehension and came a little closer. "You — you're hidin', ain't you, Jule?"

He nodded.

"I see," thoughtfully. "Coast ain't a bad place to hide, neither. But, say — I've thought of something. You can tear off ragtime to beat Paddy-Risky. What's the matter with me trying to get you a place at Murphy's — to play the piano?"

"Nothing," Julian agreed. "It's what I've thought of doing ever since I came up here and began looking for work." Rose grinned delightedly.

"Gee, I hope I get it for you," she said. "Anyhow, you come down to 'The Centralia' tonight. Wear evening clothes. Murph'll try you out if I ask him to. I don't know as you can get a regular place — but there'd be substituting. There always is. An' it's better 'n a dirty garage anyhow."

"I'll be there."

She let him get a few steps away, then came hurrying back and, when he also halted, stood facing him rather close. The shine from the colored bottles in an Italian pharmacy struck on her dress, and made it fantastic in patches of red and purple and green.

"Jule — say —" she half whispered. "is — do you know where Lynn is?"

"She's with her people."

"Oh! Well, when Zen was up here he said the Willises had moved away from town. 'Zat so?"

"Yes."

"Do you know where —?"

"No. I don't know where they went."

"You ain't mad at me, are you, Jule?" She eyed him entreatingly. "You'll come down to 'The Centralia' tonight just the same?"

"Oh, yes — I'll come. I told you I'd be glad to get the job."

When Julian told Fertig he would be out that night, and why, the cock-eyed man speeded him with:

"All right for you — takin' time off without notice whenever you get ready. Expect me to hustle 'round and hunt up Tim Welch, do you? Have to have somebody tonight — got word — car comin' in — lot o' work to do. All right for you, Mr. McCulloch! All right for you!"

Julian didn't pay much attention; Fertig was a grouch, anyhow, and always crabbing over something. He supposed he had made his announcement pretty bluntly. Since his meeting with Rose he had hard work to know what it was he did say to people. All the time he was getting ready for "The Centralia" he was trying hard to snatch his mind back to the squalid round of life as it was now. He dreaded like a whipping being swept back even into the outer edges of that emotional whirlpool she had reminded him of.

At nine o'clock Julian found the Centralia dance-hall already full of light and noise; but it was nearer midnight when its proprietor, Big Murphy, a huge, soft-stepping, soft-voiced black Irishman, with the calm of a Chinese idol, announced himself ready for the try-out Rose had mentioned. The weary-looking, hatchet-faced young Hebrew at the piano got up with a sigh for the newcomer to begin. Julian played, was found to be satisfactory and told he could have a regular job Monday.

"That suit you, Isidor?" Murphy said as he made the arrangement. And Isidor answered in a tired, reedy voice:

"Down to the ground. I'm going to turn on the gas Sunday night. No flowers, please."

Everybody laughed as he dropped back on the bench and began again to play.

"Not going to stay?" Rose parted the curtains of a box near the entrance as Julian was passing.

"Not tonight. I got my job. Thank you, Rose."

"When d' ye start?"

"Monday night."

"See you then."

Julian lifted his hat and made his way out. Going back to the garage in the small hours he found Fertig sitting at the outer desk smoking. Otherwise no one else about. A car he had not seen before was shoved back in line against the wall. The special job had evidently come in and been run through with Tim Welch's help. The men who had brought it were gone. No sign of Welch anywhere, either, but he found the inner room strewn from end to end with his own belongings. He remembered then that he had forgotten to lock his trunk and suitcases. Nothing remained in either. His stuff was scattered so that he could hardly estimate what was missing, and he was too sleepy and tired to investigate. Fertig, sitting at the outer desk smoking, said nothing till Julian had turned in; then he came to the door and spoke in a sort of taunting tone:

"Not worth while to notice what's happened to your glad rags?"

Julian hunched the covers up over his shoulder.

"Boys — in here while you 's away — borrowed a few of 'em."

"I see they did," Julian said wearily. "Let me get to sleep, can't you?"

"All right — you took a night off —'n they took some o' your junk — there you got it."

IN the middle of the next forenoon when Julian got up and prepared to dress, Fertig came into the room and stood looking on a bit nervously as riding-breeches, tennis flannels, dinner-coats, even a good tweed sport suit were gathered up. Julian saw at last that he had been robbed of all his practical street wear, except one suit, the oldest he had, that was saved by being out at the cleaner's. When he went across in his bathrobe and slippers to telephone the cleaner for this, Fertig stood in the door and listened, then followed back into the inner room, sat down on the edge of his cot and rolled a cigarette while Julian was washing. This thing of asking no questions seemed to get on his nerves.

"Made a clean sweep, argh? At that they might bring 'em back, if you'd say 'Please' pretty."

Julian finished washing and began to put things into his trunk. The cleaner's boy was due any minute with his suit.

"Them ginks last night, dividin' up your duds, said they guessed it was fair — thought you had too many clothes — and they had too few."

"What's the use of talking?"

"No particular use," grinned Fertig as the boy came in with the suit. 'You had your soup-and-fish on, so that's all safe. Might say soup-and-fish is about all you'll be wearing after you get your job at Murphy's — argh?"

Julian had no intention of being drawn into a wrangle. The clothes were gone; there was nothing to be gained by it. He only said:

"I've got my job at Big Murphy's. Begin next Monday."

"All right. That means you'll be here three days more — or does it?"

They moved out into the main room. Julian crossed for a can, to oil the springs of his roadster. Fertig sat down at the desk in the corner and began figuring.

"Yes. I'd like to stay till — I'll get paid at the end of my week. I can't very well take a room elsewhere till I get the money."

"'S all right with me. Going to keep your machine here after you leave me?"

"I don't want to keep it anywhere longer than I have to."

Julian added nothing to that for a minute, and Fertig also was silent. From the first the Go-devil had been used on the sly at nights. When Julian played at the Gianduja for a dinner — and he had more than once taken advantage of Frank's offer to do that — he was liable to come in and find the roadster's place vacant. Next morning it would stand there, dust-covered or mud-spattered. Once a lamp had been broken; another time a mud-guard ripped loose and clumsily wired up in such a way as to greatly damage the finish. He pushed the idea of selling it, and got a tentative offer; but the man never came back to close the trade.

"I want to dispose of the roadster," he addressed the back of Fertig's head. "You know I've wanted to sell it, from the first."

"Well, leave it here with me for sale," Fertig said without turning. "I'll not charge you any storage then."

"I thought I had it sold myself, day before yesterday. But my man hasn't come back yet."

"What you mean, had it sold?" Fertig glared around at Julian. "You got a fine idear of what's straight — I don't think. Here in a man's garage where he's tryin' to make a living sellin' second-hand machines, cut under him and make your own sale without givin' him a chance at any commish. Why'n't you tell me 'bout this trade?"

"I'm telling you now," Julian stood up and looked at him, oil-can in hand. "I'm asking three hundred dollars. Your commission on that would be thirty. Whether you make the sale yourself when he comes in, or I make it, you'll get your commission."

"I ain't so much standing out for the commish," yet Fertig got up looking very dissatisfied; he pitched his bills and papers together, grumbling, "I just want you to know that if you're going into the selling of second-hand machines — or any other kind of machines — my garage ain't the place for you."

This was so futile, considering the fact that Julian was leaving Monday, that he saw no reason to notice it. In the three days that followed, he and Fertig scarcely exchanged a word. Sunday night they were both to be at One-thirty-nine Branch Street for what Madeline Kaylor called "a tamale feed." Julian was out all afternoon, and came in late, hurrying to get ready for the occasion. He found Fertig in the outer room; in fact, the cock-eyed man stood squarely in the front door and spoke while Julian was still on the sidewalk:

"Your friend's been here and got the roadster."

Julian looked past him and saw that the place where the Go-devil usually stood was vacant.

"Well?"

"Well," Fertig echoed the monosyllable. "'S all right then? He left this with me."

Some coins suddenly exposed on the square, grimy palm showed themselves as two tens and two fives. The cock-eyed man might have been looking at them or at Julian, whichever way one took his eyes, but he certainly was looking queer.

"Told you I wasn't standing out for

any commission," he offered the coins handsomely. "Said to him I'd hand th' thirty over to you."

"No, you won't." Julian walked past him and on into the inner room. Fertig followed, and stuck the coins into his hands, wheeling back and out into the garage in a great bluster of anger. Julian let him go without a word, stepped across, laid the money on Fertig's table and went to the basin, washed, and began to get ready for Madeline Kaylor's party. His elaborate, systematic dressing always seemed a matter of personal offense to Fertig — yet it, and its results, curiously, held the garage man in check a bit. He came back now (Welch to keep garage while they were both away was outside, as Julian could hear) saw the money on the table and asked gruffly:

"What's the big idea? Why 'n't you keep your thirty, along with your two-seventy?"

"Did Mrs. Kaylor say half-past seven, or eight?"

"Oh, all right, all right. Eight." Fertig swept up the gold, chinked it and thrust it into his pocket. "'F you want to be a fool, 't ain't my lookout. You was bound to lose that machine — in a town like this — sooner or later. You done well to get rid of it for two-seventy — if you ask me."

Silence.

"Well, you goin' up to One-thirty-nine tonight?"

"Yes — later," said Julian shortly; and Fertig left.

WHEN Julian got up to Mrs. Kaylor's he found, besides Fertig and himself, the Parkers, the Goldsteins, father and daughter, and the Rankes, Bill being off his run. Madeline Kaylor, very sparkling in her black net and rhinestones, was stirring things up noisily. The women were just about backed into corners, while she romped with the men; picking imaginary quarrels; tussling; threatening, as though it were a punishment, to kiss one or another of them if he didn't "play fair." They might or might not like it, but there was no question as to the women.

"Watch Maddy roughhouse her own party," Mrs. Ranke's light eyes flared.

Julian, thoroughly uncomfortable, edged over to the side of the room near Fertig — the fellow was at least quiet, and one that Maddy never paid any attention to. Madeline and Goldstein, giggling and scuffling, bumped into Mrs. Parker and Dolly Ranke, who had started for the kitchen to get the tamales and coffee ready. The shouting and stamping increased to a riot. Julian hadn't thought he was showing so plainly what he felt; but at the height of the brawl Madeline caught his eye, pulled up short, let go of her man — who fell back breathlessly, mopping his face, and left her standing alone in the middle of the room. Her brow darkened; she looked away, raising a hand to a big tress of that abundant hair that had been pulled loose in the rumpus and hung before her eyes.

"What's the matter with this crowd tonight?" she cried. "Lot of stiffs — I'm going to quit 'em cold. Mr. McCulloch, you've been promising me a ride, all along. Go get your machine and we'll have it now."

"I'm awfully sorry," Julian said. "But you're just too late."

"He's sold the roadster," P. Fertig cut in hastily.

"Sold the car — and never told me anything about it! When? How much did you get?"

"Yes," chirped Parker as though he welcomed a diversion, "if he's sold his machine — what's the matter with our celebrating?"

"Sure!" called Dolly Ranke from the kitchenette. "I vote that we make him take us out and treat us."

"Or I'll go out with him and help fetch the treat in," grinned big, quiet, level-eyed Bill Ranke.

There was in Julian's pocket at that moment less than a dollar. He counted the company with a hasty look.

"I should be glad to treat," he said, "but I didn't sell the machine."

"Aw, come off!" cried Goldstein. "Don't try to dodge. Fertig sold it for you. 'S all the same."

There was a moment of silence. Julian saw the company looking from him to Fertig; something of what had happened was getting to them. Then Minnie Goldstein said:

"What's the dif who sold it, huh? Only question is, who's gotta da mon? Money — money — who's got the money?"

"I should like to treat anyhow," Julian felt his face getting a little warm, with all their eyes on him like that; "but I haven't the money for the machine — or any other money."

"That means Fertig's got it!" cried Madeline.

"Means nothin' of the sort!" Fertig's denial was almost a yelp.

"It does if I say so," Madeline went close and snapped her fingers under his nose, laughing loud. "Wake up — who's this you're calling a liar? I said you had the money to treat the crowd. Flash your roll. How much did you get for that machine? What was your commish? Speak your piece. Tell the ladies and gentlemen all about it."

For a minute it seemed to Julian as if Fertig would break out on her with something unpleasant. But though she laughed, those round gray, fiery eyes of hers held him, hard. He began in his characteristic way to ejaculate muttered sentences, his wavering eye describing curious circles as the good eye evaded hers.

"Well — he said he had a customer." A jerk of the head in Julian's direction showed who "he" was. "Said he made the fellah a price of three hundred. I said it was a dirty — it was no way to do, to come into a place where a man makes his living selling second-hand machines and try to get by with a trade that didn't bring him anything."

"Yes — *you!*" Madeline was contemptuous. "Somebody ought to take care of you."

"I can take care of myself, thank you. I ain't askin' anybody to look out for me. But he made a bargain with me that he'd give me ten per cent on the sale. Ain't that so?"

Julian nodded.

"Well?" Madeline prompted impatiently, the others listening open-mouthed.

"Well," Fertig echoed her word, then broke off suddenly, "so his man — this customer of his — come in and got the roadster and took it away. And that's all I know about it."

"And you're minus your commission," Parker finished up the statement for him.

Fertig flushed darkly: the veins swelled in his neck as he turned a furious look on Julian, snorting:

"Unh-hunh! I see your game now."

"Game? What do you mean game?" Madeline demanded, then appealed to Julian, "Has he got his commission?"

"He has thirty dollars in his pocket, which he says this man who took the machine paid him," Julian said. "That would be ten per cent of three hundred dollars."

"Well that's funny!"

"How did it happen that —?"

"Look here," Fertig spoke up desperately. "The man he sold to paid him outside of the garage —'s far 's I know — two hundred and seventy dollars. Then when he come in and got the machine he handed me this thirty and — and — as I un'stood — said it was the balance due."

Only Madeline spoke now:

"Was Mr. McCulloch there at the time?"

"It's none of your business—but he wasn't," Fertig said.

"Nobody there but you? What was the name of the man that bought the machine?"

"I didn't ask him."

"No — didn't nced to."

"What do you mean, didn't need to?"

"Because you knew already."

Fertig saw whither he was being dragged. "What you mean knew already?" he asked with helpless repetition.

"I mean his name's Pete Fertig. That's what I mean!"

For a minute the room was very still. Fertig didn't attempt to answer. He shuffled where he stood and looked about him. Julian had been with these people enough to know that the garage man hadn't a friend among them.

"Hip, hip!" Parker whispered hoarsely at his ear. "Here's where Pete gets his!"

"You dirty crook!" Madeline's tone had sunk to a big chest note, "I'll give you just fifteen minutes to have your junk out of my house. Pull your freight."

There was a half-hearted outcry of: "Aw, Maddy!"

"Now, Mrs. Kaylor — this is serious!"

"I see," grated Fertig. "Makin' me the goat — argh? I'm the fall guy. Said you was goin' to ditch somebody — to get a room for —" He checked. Julian, looking at his face, recalled the "honey-boy" taunt the fellow had used that time at the garage, and edged closer, ready for him. But Fertig finished, with surprising mildness— "yer friend."

"Huh! I've got the room for him."

"S'pose I don't go. I have a verbal agreement with you, Mrs. Kaylor; if your word's good for anything, I could hold you ——"

"That'll do!" Madeline shut him off. "Too much is a plenty of that sort of spiel. I've put up with you long enough. If I'd tell all I know — you'd ——"

"For any sakes, Maddy!" Mrs. Parker cried.

"The rest of you keep out of this," Madeline regarded Fertig's scared face with evident satisfaction. "Don't one of you say a word to me. I know what I'm about. Pete, lay that thirty dollars on the table here — as first payment to Mr. McCulloch. You're going to hand him over the three hundred dollars or the machine — do you hear me?"

Fertig heard; he also saw. After a survey of the company he slouched over to the table and put on it the identical coins he had first offered Julian.

"There," in a sort of whine, "you folks can see it's paid under duress."

"They can see it's *paid* — they're perfectly good witnesses," said Madeline. "That clinches your liability for the two-seventy. Now walk upstairs and pack your trunk."

Without a word more, without a look, Fertig went. There was a breath of relief as the door closed behind him.

"There," said Madeline, easily. "There's a mean job I've been dreading for quite some time. Good to have it over. Here's where you get your room at last, Mr. McCulloch. Come on, new lodger — help with the tamales and coffee."

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War and Investments

by Paul Tomlinson

The McClure Financial Booklet

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of ten cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. A very attractive library edition bound in leather may be had at a dollar per copy.

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The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance, also information on standard investment securities. A nominal charge of two dollars per inquiry is made for this special service. The Financial and Insurance Department cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 W. 44th St., New York.

DURING the months which have passed since the entrance of the United States into the war the market price of investments has suffered a serious decline. At first the owner of securities probably attributed this decline to the fact that nervous people were selling their holdings in greater volume than the markets could readily absorb; naturally the result would be a falling off in prices. Undoubtedly he regarded the situation as temporary. When prices continued to go lower and lower, however, he no doubt became nervous, and when in many instances declines amounted to as much as forty per cent he became alarmed.

Why was it that the securities he had regarded as "gilt-edged" should have shown him a loss of perhaps twenty-five points? What had happened to that first mortgage bond, which was now selling for ten points less than he had paid? As far as he could tell, the companies were enjoying the largest volume of business in their history, and in spite of the increased cost of labor and materials were probably as well or better off financially than ever before. True, the government was taking much of their profit in the form of taxes, but even after making allowance for this factor their net earnings were in many cases in excess of what they had been in the pre-war period, and at that time security prices were not nearly as low.

Probably the puzzled investor wrote to his banker for light, and he received a reply to the effect that prices were passing through a period of "readjustment;" which is perfectly true, but it meant little to the anxious letter writer. He wanted to know in plain English why it was that the market value of all his stocks and bonds was going down, and the word "readjustment" did not enlighten him.

In the first place he can blame Germany for his losses. That nation by its disregard of every law of humanity, civilization, and decency has plunged practically the whole world into war. Because of its long preparation, and favorable geographical position, Germany has been enabled to stand off its richer and numerically superior enemies, and according to those qualified to judge the end of the struggle may still be far distant. When war is destroying wealth at the rate of seventy million dollars a day, and when available money is being absorbed in all countries by taxes and government loans, it is not to be expected that high security values can be maintained. Taxes seem to be the only things which are certain not to go down.

The law of supply and demand fixes the price of securities just as it does the price of potatoes. If every man's spare cash is being absorbed by taxes and government loans there is less money available with which to purchase securities; the result is that the demand diminishes and prices go down. It is like an auction sale; when the bidding is brisk higher prices prevail than when bidding is slack.

The increased cost of living also has prevented many a man from accumulating funds for investment purposes, and this fact has caused a lessening in the demand for securities. Most people are having all they can do to earn money enough to take care of living expenses, insurance premiums, and their subscriptions to the government loans.

As prices have gone steadily down the argument has been advanced every little while that the limit has been reached, because prices were on a level which was based on the solid foundation of intrinsic value. This argument, however, has not prevented prices from going still lower, although if judged by previous standards it would certainly seem that prices had reached a point even lower than intrinsic value. The trouble is, that present conditions cannot be judged by previous standards; there is no precedent for the present state of affairs, and a man is bold indeed who will prophesy as to what the future has in store.

There are few people that realize how exorbitant the demands of war are on capital. Since 1791 the disbursements of our government are only slightly over seven billion dollars in excess of the total of our expenses for the present fiscal year. Capital has been conscripted, and until the people of this nation realize what is required of them, the large interests will have to rearrange their affairs every little while to meet the burden. If this means the sale of their investments, or the withdrawal of funds from private enterprises, or failure to supply credit, all in order to meet government demands, then the price of securities in all likelihood will decline. Government needs must come first, and until our people as a whole are willing to practise thrift and economy, are content to do without luxuries, and are ready to bear their share of the financial burden, then and not until then is it probable that the bottom prices will be reached. When a man buys luxuries or non-essentials he competes with the government for the labor and money necessary to their manufacture.

Similarly if a corporation sells securities now they must compete with the loans which the government is offering. As an investment there can, of course, be no question of the relative merits of the two; an obligation of the United States Government is the safest thing in the world today. Furthermore we must make every sacrifice to loan our money to the government if we wish to preserve our birthright. And now to my mind comes the real reason why the prices of so many securities have shown such startling declines; and it is not due to taxes or unfortunate events in the countries of certain of our allies, although all of these are undoubtedly important factors.

The government sells its obligations to yield a four per cent return; that is, its credit is such that it has to pay four per cent for the money it borrows. If the United States Government must pay four per cent, a railroad or industrial corporation naturally must pay more. If we rate the credit of our big corporations as half as high as that of the government — which of course is not the case — then their securities should yield twice as much as a government bond, and many of them more than twice as much.

It is here that the process of "readjustment" is taking place. Bonds and stocks are declining to the level which

McClure's Financial Booklet

Eighth Edition

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will put them on the proper income basis as compared with government obligations. Not that the security behind these stocks and bonds is not as good as it ever was, for in many instances it is better; it is merely that when they are in competition with government bonds their security must be judged relatively. Taking a government bond as the standard, other investments should certainly rank lower.

Many railroad and industrial bonds and stocks are selling at prices to yield an income out of all proportion to what would have seemed reasonable a short time ago. There has been no panic, and business has not been dull. On the other hand, most companies are working to capacity; they are prosperous, and there seems to be no good reason why their prosperity should not continue. Earnings are high, profits are being reinvested in the business, and substantial additions to surplus are being effected in spite of taxes and increased costs. Why then, someone may ask, are not the securities issued by these companies a better investment than ever before? The answer is that in many cases, they are.

There is no prudent man who would dare predict that prices may not go still lower. A world struggle teems with the gravest possibilities, and at any time our arms may suffer a setback, or our allies meet temporary reverses; such are the fortunes of war. But no thinking person can doubt the ultimate result, no matter how many trials may beset us on the road to victory. Defeat is something the American people do not understand, they have never experienced it, and they will not do so now. When the war is over we shall have learned lessons of thrift, economy, and efficiency, and in all likelihood the country will go ahead faster than ever before. After our Civil War there was a long period of surpassing prosperity in almost every field.

At recurring intervals in our financial history, prices of securities have fallen to levels at which their purchase has afforded exceptional inducements. At such times people with ready cash or with savings accounts have been enabled to take advantage of the low prices, and the foundation of many fortunes has been laid in this way; the country has always recovered from these periods of depression, and security values have risen accordingly.

At the present time there are unquestionably many investments to be had on exceptionally favorable terms. If a man will buy sound stocks or bonds he should not only receive an unusually high return on the money invested, but if he will keep his purchases long enough he should realize substantial profits. The combination of safety, high yield, and prospective profits is presented most attractively at the present time, and there can be no question about the future prosperity of the nation.

It all comes down to the indisputable fact that saving is the surest road to prosperity. And at the present time saving makes not only for personal advantage, but it is also a duty we owe our country. The government urges you to economize and save in order to help win the war. If you have saved your money you can take advantage of the present low prices of investments. Prices may go still lower, but if you buy wisely you should have no cause for worry; few people are fortunate enough to have the advantage of the bottom prices anyway. Furthermore, if your investments show a loss and you have saved, you are presented with what seems a splendid opportunity for further purchases and thus materially reduce their average cost. If you have saved, and are willing to deny yourself and save more, the war in spite of its demands and hardships, may prove that

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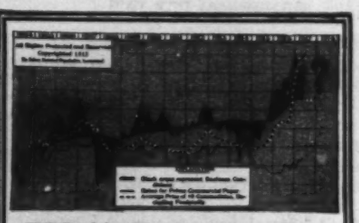

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Two Wives — *Continued from page 30*

or mean, remember this." And her sweet clear musical voice grew impressive. "Remember then you can never be sure what he's really doing in this town. I know—because they tell me—and most of them are married men. And second, and last and always—remember, my dear, that with your figure and your face and your lovely hair which you do so well, you don't have to put up with *any* man! You can get right out whenever you please! And the only trouble will be to choose your next from all the others who will come crowding about you! And whether you make him marry you—well—I honestly think there's not much choice."

She rose and said, with a strange little smile:

"Now that I've had my little revenge on your beast of a husband for spoiling it all, when I wasn't doing the least bit of harm and was leaving anyhow this week—let's say good-by and each get to our packing."

"She was once like me. I could be like her," thought Ethel late that night. She had been lying awake for hours, going over and over the things she had heard from Mrs. Grewe. "I could be—but I won't!" she thought. "She had read Shaw. How funny! . . . I think it's a mighty big mistake to let young girls read Bernard Shaw. Susette certainly shan't!"

Her lips compressed. In a moment she was frowning.

"How easily Joe changed about from loving Amy to loving me. Here he lies asleep at my side. Where was he today? What do I know? . . . . Oh, Ethel Lanier, don't be a fool and let every cheap little woman you meet get you thinking things! Such silly things! . . . . I do wish that odious Fanny Carr would get out of my life and stay out! . . . . You'd better be very careful, Joe." She had risen on her elbow now, and by the dim light from the window she could just see her husband's face. "Because if you're not very good to me—remember that a person whom you yourself consider one of the very best of her kind—told me that I—"

She dropped back. All at once her face was burning.

"Oh, how I loathe all this!" she thought. "And how silly and untrue! Do you want to know where you and I are different, little Mrs. Grewe? I'll tell you! *I have a baby!* And when he grows up he's going to have this same man still for a father! So there! I'm not sure about anything, even God, any more in this town — it's all a whirl! But I've got a baby, and Susette, and for them I'm going to have a real home — keep wide awake, make friends I'll love — and grow and learn and march in parades — and go to the opera in a box — and go to concerts, go abroad, shop in Paris — love my husband — be very gay — make friends, friends — I will, I will — I won't be downed — I'll beat this cat of a city —

"However, now I'll go to sleep."

Chapter XV

SHE did not see Mrs. Grewe again; she did not want to see her. It was not until from the telephone girl she learned that the charming young widow was gone, that Ethel went up to her new home. In a little while her furniture would begin to pour in, but as yet the rooms were empty, flooded with warm sunshine. She looked about and thought of the life which had been here, and then of Mrs. Grewe's advice and her last smiling admonition. She could almost hear the voice.

"Is every place I live in to be haunted?" Ethel asked herself. And then with a humorous little scowl: "Now see here, young woman, the sooner you learn that every apartment in this city has a complete equipment of ghosts, the better it will be for you. I don't care *who* lived here, nor how she lived nor what she said. I don't need her advice, and her life is not to affect mine in the slightest!" She stopped short. Of whom was she speaking, Mrs. Grewe or Amy? There were two of them now! Both had given her advice, and in each case the life portrayed had been very much alike, so much so as to be rather disturbing. Things were certainly queer in this town!

"Very well, my dears," she said amiably, "if I must be haunted, it's much more gay and sociable to have two instead of one. Remember tea will be served at five, and from the present outlook there's little chance of our being disturbed by the intrusion of any live woman in New York. . . . At least the ghosts are friendly." She suddenly compressed her lips and looked about: "However!" She went to the telephone in the hall: "Please hurry up those porters! I'm up here waiting to begin!"

And in the days that followed she was far too engrossed in "settling" to spare any time for brooding on phantoms. "A home of my own and a life of my own, to be lived with my own husband!" But when at last they were settled, and Joe in a dear genial mood had gone about admiring, and taking no notice apparently of the scarcity of Amy's things — he turned to Ethel with an air which was meant to be easy and natural:

"Well, now that we're taking a fresh start, the time has come for a little talk."

"What about?" she asked, endeavoring to make her smile as easy as his.

"It will take about one minute." His gruff voice was low and kind. "I'm not going to force my friends on you. If you want to make friends of your own go ahead. And when you get them let me know — and they'll be mine, too, if I have to break a leg in the effort. I'll dance in front of them, so to speak, until they're all enchanted. But in the meantime, on your side, I want you to let me down easy with these people I once knew. I don't want to hurt them or be a cad. A few I may keep in touch with for years."

"Fanny!" flashed into Ethel's mind.

"And all I ask of you is this. You'll soon be going away for the summer. Let's do the decent thing — just once — and have a little party here. I give you my word we won't do it again."

"All right, Joe — that's fair, of course — and I'll do my best to make it exactly what you want."

And in the dinner that she gave Ethel lived up to her bargain. The dinner was large, there were twenty guests. And the caterer was as before, and so were the food and the flowers. And all through the evening Ethel was gracious and affable. But behind her affability, hidden but subtly conveyed to each guest, was a serene good-by to them. This was their dismissal. Did they all feel it, everyone? To her at least it seemed so. Again and again she caught the men throwing looks of regret at Joe, and the women glancing about the rooms as though in search of what was gone. Amy's things? Oh, more than that. The whole atmosphere was gone. This was the home of the second wife.

"Well, dear, did I live up to our bargain?" she asked her husband when they were alone.

"You did," said Joe. He looked at her then in such a puzzled masculine fashion. What she had done and how she had done it was plainly such a mystery to him. "You did," he repeated loyally. She slipped her arms about his neck.

"Thank you, love," she answered. And in a moment or two she murmured, "Have them again in the Fall if you like."

"No," said Joe. "Once was enough."

"NOW," she asked herself the next day, "let's try to see what all this means." She was almost speaking aloud. She was growing so accustomed to these sociable little chats with herself. "It means that I am getting on. But Fanny Carr will still be about. She won't come here except just enough to keep up appearances, but she'll still have her business dealings with Joe in the management of her property. He means to keep in touch, he said, 'with a few of them'—meaning *her*, of course — and his tone conveyed quite plainly that I am to leave him alone in that until I can produce friends of my own. Whereupon, my dear," she threw up her hands, "we come back to the same point at which we have been all along. *Where am I going to find friends?*" And she gave an angry baffled sigh.

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As she glared viciously about the pretty sunny living room, the image of its former tenant rose up in her memory. And Ethel's expression changed at once, became intent and thoughtful. How much more attractive was Mrs. Grewe than were any of Amy's set. Immoral? Yes, decidedly. But wait a minute. Just what did "immoral" mean in this town? Who was moral? Fanny Carr? Did these wives and divorcées do any good with their "moral" lives? She recalled what Mrs. Grewe had said: "And whether you marry or whether you don't, for the life of me I can't see any difference." And again: "With your face and figure, my dear, you don't have to put up with any one man." Ethel sat frowning straight before her. "What kind of a life am I going to find? I'm going to stay with my husband — that's sure. I'm in love with him and he with me. That much is decided."

She rose abruptly and walking the floor she firmly resolved to "be wholesome" and look on the bright side of things. In the next few weeks she busied herself with the small affairs of her household. There was plenty to occupy her mind. There were finishing touches to give to the rooms; there were Spring clothes to buy for Susette; and the baby was ready for short dresses and a baby carriage. There was the life in the nursery, a cheerful little world in itself. There was Martha, grown more friendly now, and Emily and the new waitress, Anne, and the telephone girl and the chauffeur and the clerks in various shops who had become acquaintances — altogether quite a circle of people who greeted Ethel on her rounds. One day as she passed a laundry shop she spied this sign in the window: "Fine linen respectfully treated." And Ethel chuckled at the thought that she herself was treated like that. On the whole it was rather pleasant, though, and she made the most of it. She was being carefully "wholesome."

NOW it was well along in June, time for the children to go to the seashore, so she began to hunt for a place. At the traveler's bureaus she visited she found the clerks more than ready to give advice by the hour to this gracious young creature so stylishly clad. And she had soon selected a quiet little resort in Rhode Island.

But what was Joe doing all this time? She did not mean to keep prying, but for the life of her she could not help throwing out casual inquiries. His reply was always, "Business," and he would go on to give her details — all of which were tiresome. How much was he seeing of Fanny Carr and her detestable money affairs? His manner, engrossed as it had grown, and even irritable at times, made Ethel feel he was putting her further and further out of that part of his existence which now interested him most, the part that lay outside his home. Was it all business, all of it? "And when I go to the seashore, he'll be here five nights a week!" Sometimes he came in so ate at night! Business! At such an hour? "Now carefully, carefully, Ethel Lanier." But in spite of herself the smiling words of young Mrs. Grewe recurred to her mind: "Most of them are married men."

Ethel's doubts, however, were all ended late one night, when at the sound of his key in the door she got out of bed and came into the doorway of her room. Joe was standing in the hall. He did not see her. In fact, his eyes, when he switched on the light, seemed to see nothing in the world but the package of business papers he took from his overcoat. His face was haggard but intent. He turned and went into his study to work. And any suspicion of Fanny Carr or of any other friend of Joe's was swept at once from Ethel's mind. Her rival was his business.

And later at the seashore, where she had so many hours alone, she thought about this work of his with deepening hostility. Her mind went back into the past. How his office had always absorbed him. What a refuge it had been at Amy's death. "I wasn't the one who first made him forget. Oh, no, it was his business!" And now, as it had weaned him once from his grief for the woman who had died, it was at him again to draw him away from the woman who was living. There had been a time when it wasn't so, when she could keep him late at breakfast and make him come home early at night, still fresh enough to read and talk, discuss things, go to the opera, take up his music, plan a trip to Paris. "Oh, yes! Then we were making a real start!" But now this wretched work of his had got him worse than ever before — and she blamed his partner for that. She recalled how Nourse had disliked her, she remembered what Amy used to say about the man's worship of business. Yes, with his detestable greed for money, only money, Nourse was doubtless driving Joe. "You're making him just a business man, without a thought or a wish in his head for anything beautiful, really fine, ambition, things he dreamed of and told me about when he was mine — things that would have led us both to everything I wanted —"

She set her lips and whispered:

"All right, friend Bill, then it's you or it's me!"

And all the rest of the summer she set herself determinedly to breaking up the partnership.

"Joe, dear," she said pleasantly, when he had come out for the week end, "why don't you ever bring your partner with you over Sunday?" And at his quick look of surprise, "it seems too bad, I think," she added, "never to have him with us."

"I thought you didn't like him," he said. Ethel gave a frank little smile.

"I didn't — but that was a year ago. And besides, he didn't like me, you see. But people do change, I suppose — and as long as he means so much to you, I should so like to be friendly."

It turned out just as she had expected. Nourse declined the invitation. "I'm sorry," she said when her husband told her. She felt her position strengthened a bit. At another time she suggested that Joe's partner be asked to spend the rest of the summer with him in the apartment back in town. It was doubtless so much cooler at night than Nourse's bachelor quarters. And Emily Giles could take care of them both. But this overture, too, Bill Nourse declined. She could just imagine him doing it, the surly ungracious tone of his voice, the very worst side of the man shown up. Joe often now looked troubled when Ethel talked of his partner.

But toward the end of the summer in one such talk he gave her a shock. It was after Nourse had again refused an invitation to come to the seashore.

"He's queer," said Joe, "and he can be ugly. Being polite is not in Bill's line. I told him so myself today — and we had quite a session."

"Oh, Joe, I'm sorry," Ethel said.

"You needn't be. Bill Nourse and I will stick together as long as we live." Ethel looked at him sharply, but he did not notice. "Because," he said, "with all his faults, his queerness and his grouches, Bill has done more than any man living to — well, to keep something alive in me — in my work, I mean — that I want later on — as soon as I've made money enough." She stared at him.

"You mean that he — your partner, wants something more than money?" It was a slip, but she was stunned. He turned and looked at her and asked, in a voice rather strained and husky:

"Did you think Bill cares about money?"

"Why, yes!"

"That's funny." But Joe's laugh was grim. "If Bill had had his way with me, I'd have had a name as an architect that would have been known all over the country — instead of being what I am, a gambler in cheap real estate."

She questioned him further, her manner alert, her eyes with a startled thoughtful look. But he did not seem to want to talk.

"Then why," she asked herself in a daze, "if Bill is so against making money, does he keep at it day and night? Oh, yes, we'll have to look into this — as soon as I get back to town! You've got to come and see me, and explain yourself, friend Bill." She frowned in such a puzzled way. "You, a friend. How funny!"

Chapter XVI

THE week after Ethel's return to town, she was surprised one afternoon when in response to a note she had sent him her husband's partner came to see her. She had thought it would be more difficult.

"Joe won't interrupt us," he said. "I put work in his way. He'll be home late."

Tall, gaunt and angular, somewhat stooped, Nourse stood looking down at her; and as, perplexed and excited, Ethel scanned his visage, so heavy in spite of its narrow lines, she saw an expression in which contempt was tempered by a sort of regret and weariness. And of course he was awkward, too. She said to herself, "Be careful now."

"Won't you sit down?" she asked him.

"Thank you." And he took a seat.

"I wanted to see you," she began, but Nourse interrupted her.

"Would you object," he asked her, "if I do the talking for a while? I've got it fairly clear in mind, just what I want to say to you."

"Why, yes, of course, if you prefer," she said a little breathlessly.

"Well, Mrs. Lanier, I think I know about what you want — and I'm here to say that I'll help you to get it — if in return you will leave us alone." He stopped for a moment, and went on, "In the last few months, it has seemed to me, you've been doing your best to bring on a clash between me and your husband. Every week in the office is worse than the last. I don't blame you for that, from your point of view. You felt I was trying to make him eat and sleep in his office. I was — and I am. But my point to you is that it won't be for long, and I'm doing this really on your account — to get money enough to satisfy you." She looked up in a startled way, but he went on unheeding. "You and I must understand each other. Tell me how much you really need — and we'll get it, Joe and I. And then I'll give him back to you nights — and in the daytime you leave him to me."

He glanced at her with a weary dislike which gave her an impulse to say to him, "Isn't this rather insulting?" But she did not speak. For looking at him sharply, she caught in the man's heavy eyes a certain grim deep wistfulness which drew her a little in spite of his speech. And she felt very curious, too.

"What do you think I really want?" she asked him, then. Her voice was low.

"Money," he said, in the same low tone.

"Where did you get that idea?"

"From your sister," he replied. "She sent for me, too — long ago."

"What for?"

"Money." Ethel glared at him. "She said," he explained, "we weren't making enough — that I was holding her husband back — from 'his career' she called it. She said that if I kept him out of a certain job which meant money quick, she would break up our partnership. She said she could do it, and she was right. My hold on Joe wasn't in it with hers."

"What *was* your hold on him? What do you mean?" asked Ethel. Again her voice was low. Nourse looked down at his big hands and answered very quietly:

"I'm afraid you wouldn't understand." She bit her lip.

"But until I do learn what you want of Joe," she retorted sharply, "I'm afraid that I can't tell you how much money I shall need." He glanced up at her, puzzled. "Suppose you try me," she went on. And as the man still frowned at her, "I learned the other day," she said, "that you knew Joe long before he was married. I want you to tell me about that."

Little by little she drew him out. And as in a reluctant way in sentences abrupt and bald he answered all her questions, again and again did Ethel feel a little wave of excitement. For Nourse was speaking of Joe's youth — of college and later of Paris, and then of a group of young men in New York, would-be architects, painters and writers who had lived near Washington Square; of long talks, discussions, plans, and of all-night work in the architect's office where he and Joe had worked side by side. Joe had been a "designer" there; he had been the brilliant one of the two, and the more impassioned and intense and bold in his conceptions. There was a feeling almost of reverence in the low abrupt voice of Joe's friend. He told how Joe had risen, until in a few years he became the chief designer for his firm; and of how from other firms offers had come. To keep him his employers had been forced to raise his salary, and to do much more than that, "for money didn't appeal to him then." They had given him more important work — "job after job, and Joe made good." The climax of this rising had come one night in the rooms they shared, when Joe told his friend he had made up his mind to set up an office of his own, though he was only twenty-nine.

"And he offered me a partnership." The big man's voice was husky now, as in a little outburst with a good deal of bitterness in it he spoke of the glory of the work of which he and Joe had once been a part. He seemed appealing to Joe's wife to see, for God's sake, what it was in Joe that had been lost. Then he stopped and frowned and stared at her. "Oh, what's the use?" he muttered. But Ethel's voice was sharp and clear:

"Oh, if you only knew," she cried, "how much good this is doing! I won't stop to explain, but — please — go on!" Her brown eyes threw him a fierce appeal. And again she had him talking. He told of a plan for apartment buildings Joe had conceived in those early days. "I don't say it was practicable, I give it just to show you what the man had in him," he said. "Big ideas that strike in deep, the kind that change whole cities." Instead of a street like a canyon with sheer walls on either side, the front of each building was to recede in narrow terraces, floor by floor, so letting floods of sunlight down into the street below and giving to each apartment a small terrace garden. As he went on with the detail, Ethel grew intent. It was not the mere plan that excited her; she was giving small heed to the details. But this had in it what she had craved ever since she had come to the city — beauty and creative work — and this had been in Joe's "business"!

"There was only one point against it," she heard Nourse saying presently. "Those terraces took a lot of space. Each one meant so much rent was lost. For years, till the plan took hold of the town, it was a money loser. . . . And Joe met your sister then." The voice had changed, and its hostile tone brought Ethel back with a sharp turn. The man, as though uneasy at the revelations he had made, was looking at her as at first, with suspicion and dislike. "I won't go into details of how she got her hold on Joe. *You* know how that's done, I suppose. I'm speaking of the effect on his work. He soon put off that plan of his — and any others of the kind. For now he had to have money. And he has been putting it off ever since — not dropping it, he'll tell you, only putting it off till he's rich. But if he isn't rich enough soon, it'll be too late. For the youth in Joe is nearly dead.

"But to go back to your sister. When she married him it was not only his money, it was his time she needed. First it was a wedding trip and after that late hours — a short day in his office. And he wasn't half the man he had been. He was thinking of the night before, and then of the night that was coming. She came for him at five o'clock." He saw Ethel start, and he added, "Just as you did later on.

"And when he did wake up to work, it was different — it was for money alone. He began to throw over his ideals, and very soon there was only me to hold him back. You see he had had so many friends before he met your sister, men and even women, too, who had been a spur to him. But when he brought his wife around, they wouldn't have her, turned her down — and that made her bitter against them all and she kept Joe from them. All but me. I stayed in the office, and now and then I got some of his friends and we would take him out to lunch. But then even *that* stopped. Joe hadn't time. He was too busy getting the cash.

"He had dropped all pretense of any work that was really worth while, and had turned his art into a business. He became a real estate gambler and an architect, all in one. He got to speculating in land — and what he built on it he didn't care so long as it produced the cash. Oh, it wasn't all at once, you know; you can't strangle the soul of a man in a hurry — but by the time your sister died the buildings Joe was putting up were just about as common and cheap as the average play on Broadway — crowd pleasers. He had lost his nerve. Everything had to be popular. Play safe each time on the same old flats that every woman seems to love. A woman is conservative. To have and to hold, to get and keep, to stand pat with both eyes shut — that's the average woman in this town. And Joe had to play to her.

"And because he still had a soul in him — and a stomach that turned — he began to vary the dulness of it by becoming sensational. He did daring things, *cheap* daring things — no real originality in it, but it took on and caught the eye. Pictures of his buildings got into the real estate pages of the Sunday papers. He hired a press agent then and went after the publicity. And all I need to tell you of that, is that just the other day the press agent came into the office with a scheme for a string of buildings up on the new part of the Drive. They were to be patriotic — see?— named after the Presidents of our country — cheap and showy — terra-cotta — main effect red, white and blue." Ethel leaned back with a little gasp. But Nourse added relentlessly, "And Joe didn't turn him down."

She stiffened sharply in her chair and looked at Nourse with indignant eyes, as though he alone were to blame.

"You mean to say my husband could even think of such a plan?"

"Why not? There's money in it — big — the publicity value would be immense. It would make his name a joke, of course, with every architect in town — but think of all the talk, free ads! And that means tenants pouring in — and money! Don't you like it? *She* would have — your sister would, I mean. It was just such a scheme on a smaller scale that made her send for me one day and tell me I could keep hands off or else get out of the office. I gave in because I couldn't go — I couldn't quite make up my mind to the fact that Joe was done for. So I stuck — and she tried to break me — again and again — but Joe, for all the change in him, had a loyal streak not only for me but for all he had once meant to do. Even still he kept saying he'd just put it off, and that when he'd got the money he'd turn back and we'd begin.

"And when his wife died, I began to have hope. The only blot on her funeral was the fact that you were there — and you told me you intended to stay. *Her* sister — the same story. I soon shook that off, however — for I saw the way he turned to his work as a refuge from his grief for her. I had my chance and I took it. When his mind was dull and numb I began to slip in changes. And every change meant better work and less easy money. And soon I was making headway fast; for Joe had never cared for money for himself, but only for her — and she was dead. So he let our profits go down and down, while what we did got more worth doing. It even began to take hold of him — of the old Joe that was still there.

"But after nearly a year of that I had to laugh at myself for a fool. For Joe began wanting money again, and I knew he was thinking of marrying you. I fought, of course, and for a time I had some hope of beating you. I remembered you as you had been the time of your sister's funeral. You had seemed so young and weak to me. But later, when you were his wife and began taking half his time, keeping late hours, draining him — for you women *can drain* a man, you know — then I knew that you were strong, your sister's sister. I gave in. Or I should say I took the only chance that was left. I threw over the things we had dreamed of and got him to work for money hard — harder than he'd ever done. I drove him! Why? Because I got him back that way. By making him work for money for you I began to get him away from you. In time I even got him to stay in the office late at night. I got him to keep away from *you* nights. And there was more than that in my scheme. For now we are making money enough to satisfy even you, I think. I'm not sure — I'm never sure — your sister taught me never to be. Perhaps you can't be satisfied. But if you can, I see a chance. Tell me how much you really need. We'll get it. And then for the love of God leave us alone before it's too late — before what's in the man is dead!"

Nourse finished and rose, looking down at her. She sat rigid, keeping herself in hand. Again and again she had been on the point of bursting out, for the sheer brutality of so much he had told her had made it very hard to sit still. But then as he had spoken of Amy, Ethel had kept silent, watching his face intensely. How much Amy must have done to have aroused such bitterness! A sense of reality in this

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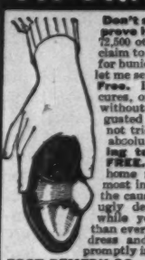

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talk, a clear and sudden consciousness of having the real Amy held up here before her eyes, had gripped Ethel like a vise. Till now she had had no clear idea of how much Joe had sacrificed. But all that finer side of him, that early life, those dreams, those friends, *had all been known to Amy*. And Amy had been willing to lose them all, to crush them out, for money, only money, and money for such an *empty* life! Ethel shivered a little. Her sister's picture was complete.

"No," she said, looking up at Nourse, "I'm not going to leave you alone. What I've got to do now is to try my best to make you feel what I really want, and what a mistake you've been making. Please listen, while I try to be clear." Her expression was strained as she looked at him. She smiled a little. "I am not like my sister. I'd rather not say much about her now. She — had her good points, too — she's dead. And all you need to know is this. When she died, I was very lonely.

"You were wrong about me in those first months — I was trying to *get away* from Joe. I had my own dreams and I wished to be free. I even tried to earn my living. I — failed — and that threw me back on Joe. He was poor then, so I nursed his child and ran his home on very little. And I liked that. Believe me — please! I liked that! And I think the main reason for it was that I was falling in love with Joe — not *her* husband but the man whom you were bringing back to life. It was that in him, that kind of ambition and that kind of life and friends, that I wanted — oh, so hard! I was groping about to get them — but it's not easy in New York. And meanwhile we were married, and about that part of it you were right. I *was* selfish, I *did* want him *all*. I let everything go, kept everything out — especially his business. I was jealous of you as I was of his wife — of everything past — I wanted him mine!

"Then my baby came, and it was a time when I did a good deal of thinking. I — thought out my sister. I saw how different we were. What she wanted I didn't want at all. So I set to work to change him — and I thought I was doing it all by myself — just as you thought *you* were doing it. Each of us was working alone — and we thought we were working in spite of each other — against each other. I was against you in his office, you were against me in his home. And because you hadn't any idea of what I was trying, you made him work for money for me — to buy me off! But I don't want money — alone, I mean! And when he came and said he was rich, it frightened me — I wasn't ready — I had no friends! And so the money only brought back my sister's friends in a perfect horde — and with them her memory — her influence — *her* husband!

"Oh, can't you understand what I mean — and how I'm placed and what it's like? Can't you believe that I want in him exactly what you want yourself? But it hasn't been easy! Don't you see? I am only a second wife! She's here — she has been — all the time — like a ghost — and we never speak her name! But if you will only work with me — "

She stopped with a quick turn of her head. They listened, and heard Joe's key in the door. In a moment he had entered the hall.

"Hello! Who's here?" he asked at once.

"It's I," said his partner, quietly, going out to meet him. And sitting there rigid, she heard him continue in gruff low tones, "Something I'd forgotten — a point in those Taggert specifications. I want to clear it up tonight."

[*To be Continued*]

Blackmailers and Other Crooks — *Continued from page 23*

only avenue open to him was to go to America, and it was as little as Holm could do to furnish him with two hundred pounds. Lord Holm went to bed in his room at Blackwell's Hotel at two o'clock that night feeling that he had had a narrow escape from ruin and had saved himself and the Government with him at a cost of some six thousand dollars in our money. It was only later on, when he dropped in casually to call on the editor of the newspaper office, that he discovered that the whole thing had been a clever fraud from top to bottom. The newspaper editor was not the man he had seen in the night. There had been no contemplated article on Lord Holm. Nobody had ever heard of the reporter that had come in such marked gratitude to him. The fact was they were a pair of clever blackmailers. They had set up a counterfeit page of the paper in a local printing shop, staged the fraud, and successfully carried it through.

Macnaghten, when he was at the head of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard, undertook to root blackmail out of London. He did a great work in that direction, but he did not succeed in cleaning the city. He found the thing to exist in innumerable directions. He complained that the Judges did not act with sufficient severity in the case of professional offenders. He said that it was a mistake to sentence a confirmed crook to any short period of imprisonment; that such sentences were not understood by the criminal classes, and he tells the following story as illustrative.

An old lag on being arrested red handed for a bad burglary, remarked to the detective:

"It's a fair cop, gov'nor; I suppose I'll get about ten years' stretch for this job."

The officer referred to, bearing in mind the old adage that a detective should keep his eyes and his ears open but his mouth shut, expressed no opinion as to the punishment likely to be meted out. In due course, the prisoner appeared at the Sessions when the learned Chairman explained to him in heated language that this was one of the very worst cases that he had ever tried, that society must be protected from the depredations of such a villain as he now saw in the dock before him and that anything like a merciful sentence would be altogether out of place. The prisoner began to think that his calculation of ten years had been wholly erroneous and that fifteen would be nearer the mark, when the Chairman suddenly dried up and gave him six months hard labor. Whereupon the astonished criminal leaned over the side of the dock and in a loud whisper to his old friend the detective, remarked:

"Hi say, is the old beggar boozed or don't 'e know 'is job?"

FRAUD to be a fine art does not always require to be a complicated scheme; it may be something simple and practical.

Two American ladies were traveling one day from Brussels into Paris. When they were about to get on the train a stranger pointed out a first-class compartment in which there were no other persons. A reservation had been pasted on the window of this compartment showing that it was being held for an expected party. The kindly person said that he was an official from one of the hotels, that the compartment was being held for an English party, but that the party would not travel on this train and the two ladies could occupy it alone.

They were very much obliged for the courtesy.

The train was hardly under way when several men with a great deal of luggage came into the compartment. They explained with polite apology that the train was crowded and asked permission to put their bags in the racks. They said that they would not disturb the ladies but would go themselves to the smoking compartment. They would be under obligations, however, if the two ladies would permit their luggage to remain in the racks of the compartment.

It was all convincing and polite.

The two ladies could not refuse permission as they did not reserve the compartment and space in the train was at the service of anybody. The men filled up the racks with luggage and went out. They did not trouble the two ladies any further.

They continued to enjoy the compartment on the way to Paris.

At the border an official of the customs came in, glanced at the occupants of the compartment, whom he, of course, instantly recognized as traveling Americans, and, after the courteous custom of French officials to such tourists, he at once chalked all the baggage in the compartment and went on.

Before the train reached Paris the men in the smoking compartment came forward, took their baggage out and thanked the ladies for the courtesy. The thing seemed a mere ordinary incident of travel, but it was, in fact, one of the cleverest smuggling schemes with which the continental authorities had ever been called upon to meet.

By this method the smugglers got their bags passed into France without an examination.

They had reserved the compartment and cleverly put the American travelers into it, knowing that the French customs officials would naturally conclude that all the baggage in the compartment belonged to the two Americans and would, therefore, pass it over the line without examination.

A diplomat of Central Europe, accredited to the legation in Washington, was once made the victim of a fraud of similar intent.

He was on the point of setting out from Vienna on his way to New York when the hotel proprietor called on him in his rooms and handed him a jewel case. He said the case had been left behind in the hotel by an American lady; that the lady lived in Washington and was the wife, he believed, of a high official of the Government. He gave the lady's name. The diplomat recognized the name as that of a Cabinet official of the United States Government in Washington.

The hotel keeper asked the diplomat if he would kindly take the articles to the lady in Washington as they seemed to be valuable and he did not like to trust them to shipment.

They were, in fact, valuable. The jewel case was unlocked and it contained a magnificent necklace of very great value.

The young attaché was glad to begin his career with some conspicuous service to an American lady of influence and he readily consented to take the necklace to its owner.

The hotel keeper said that he would cable to his guest saying that he had sent the article and asking her to call for it.

The attaché had hardly arrived in Washington when the lady called on him at his hotel, presented the cable from the hotel keeper and received the necklace. She seemed to be a distinguished person, elegantly dressed and of perfect manners. She went away, after an invitation to the diplomat to dine at her home on Thursday.

The diplomat went to dinner on Thursday, but he was assured by the servant at the door that there was some mistake as the Cabinet official was not giving a dinner on this night. Then he discovered that the mistake was larger and more complete than he could have imagined.

The woman who had called on him for the necklace was not the wife of the Cabinet official.

The wife of the Cabinet official had never been to Vienna; she had never lost a necklace, and the whole thing was a clever scheme for getting valuable jewels into the United States without paying the duty on them.

SOMETIMES, however, the police authorities are as clever as the crook in staging an ingenious fraud against him.

A young gentleman in an Eastern college, who was going down the Tenderloin in a blaze of glory, one night presented a variety actress with a ruby which his father had treasured for a great number of years.

It was a Siamese ruby of some considerable value.

The old gentleman discovered the loss and grilled the iridescent youth. Then he went to his attorney. The attorney realized the difficulty of the situation. The ruby had not been stolen by the actress to whom it was presented.

The evidence of the youth himself was conclusive on this point; he had given it to her because she was "a good sport," and he had lied "like a dog" about it. He said his grandmother had given it to him as a birthstone and he had a right to do what he pleased with it.

There was the problem.

The actress could not be arrested on any criminal charge unless it were incidental to a primary criminal charge of grand larceny on the part of the iridescent youth. And it was realized that an action at law to recover the jewel would not be likely to have any practical result. The jewel would be "lost." That would be the clever defense to the lawsuit. One could not be forced by a Court's writ to return a jewel that was lost, and there the matter would end so far as the law was concerned.

But it is a maxim that ways and means of justice may exist outside of the statute.

The attorney sent for a police official. The police official sent for "a practical man" — an ex-officer who maintained a detective agency.

"These birds," he said, "are always hard up. I can go and buy it for you."

"You can't buy it for any reasonable

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sum," said the attorney. "This sort of woman knows the value of a jewel."

"Sure," said the practical man. "But there are some things she don't know. You give me four twenties and I will have it here in the morning."

They gave him eighty dollars and he went away. He came back in the morning with the ruby. They asked him how he managed it and he explained as follows: Certain republics to our South issue a good deal of paper money. Revolutions discredit these issues. He had got two big packs of one of these issues, put a good twenty on the top and bottom of each pack and traded the roll to the hard-up actress for the jewel.

He could not have taken counterfeit money because the mere possession of counterfeit money is a crime. Nor could he have taken any pretended notes made to resemble issue of the United States or he would have come within the Federal statutes. But it was no crime against the Federal government to pass money issued by other governments.

It was a clever trick and quite safely turned. But it ought to be pointed out here that such a scheme could not be carried out by any crook intent on an actual fraud.

While it is no crime against the laws of the United States to pass money of foreign countries if anyone can be found to take it, nevertheless, it is a crime within the jurisdiction of state governments to obtain any money or anything of value by false pretenses. It would be a false pretense to delude anyone into parting with something of value under the impression that the money which he was receiving for it was lawful money of the United States. So that the crook who escaped the Federal statutes by this device would be caught by the state statute.

The "practical man" who obtained the jewel from the actress with the foreign money could not have been held under the statute for false pretenses because the title to the thing which he received was not in the actress who disposed of it. It was in the person he represented and it is no crime for one, or one's agent, to obtain possession of one's own property by a pretense—even, if false.

A CLEVER detective for a street car line cleaned up a professional crook in a Western city by virtue of a slight knowledge of the complement of colors.

A very dignified lady of middle age, known to the underworld as "Nervous Annie," was in the habit of getting herself injured by street car lines and immediately instituting suits for damages. She was clever in disguises and a resident of any number of cities. She had been paralyzed now and then, had recovered a considerable sum for a damaged spine and her hearing was sometimes injured.

On the occasion in question, it was an eye that had been destroyed by the shock of an accident.

She was a clever operator, knew all about her rights as a litigant under the law and declined to submit to examination by the company's surgeons. She would come into court with her own experts. There seemed to be some doubt as to the authority of the Court to order a personal examination, and the company seemed to be in for considerable litigation.

However, the detective who had carefully run down the history of this claimant undertook to settle the matter with a single experiment.

He called on "Nervous Annie" at her boarding house and said that the company had concluded to settle with her and pay her the sum she claimed. He asked her to go with him to the office to receive the check and execute a receipt. She went out of the house with him.

On the curb he had an automobile. There were two men in the car whom he introduced as his brother-in-law and Mr. Jones, a broker. It was a windy day and there was a good deal of dust in the street. The detective who was driving the car wore a pair of goggles. They were on the way, when suddenly he remembered that his guest had an injured eye. He took the goggles off and handed them to her.

The goggles were originally of green glass, but the green lens had been broken out of one of them and a piece of ordinary, plain glass put in. The detective explained that he had had an accident with his goggles but that they would keep the dust out of her eye.

She put them on.

As it happened the green glass was over the eye which had not been injured, leaving the plain glass over the defective eye. He drove pretty rapidly. As he was changing the gears at a turn in the street he asked his guest if there was a red flag ahead. She said there was, as, in fact, there was,—a red flag to indicate that there was some obstruction at the street corner. The two men in the back of the car made a very careful observation of this fact.

When they came into the street ahead a man, who said he was a street commissioner, stopped them and asked if they had passed the obstruction in the street. He wanted to know if it was indicated by a red flag. The detective said it was and called upon his guest to verify the statement. She said this was true. She had seen the red flag. He asked her if she was certain about it; certain that it was not a black flag. And she assured him with a good deal of vivid language that the flag was red.

That was the ruin of Nervous Annie!

If she had seen the red flag, through the goggles that she wore, she had seen it with her defective eye. Red is the complement of green and a red flag could not be seen through a green glass. It was impossible for the good eye to see it; she must have seen it with her defective eye.

The red flag through the green glass would have appeared to her good eye as a black flag, and the only way that she could have told it was a red flag was by being able to see it through the eye which she maintained was entirely blind. The two men in the back of the car were two celebrated oculists. The street commissioner was in fact the Chief of Police of the city.

It is interesting to note that a good examining surgeon can almost in every instance detect pretended defects in sight and hearing. In a well-known case the claimant, on the witness stand, maintained that he could hear a watch tick on one side of his head but could not hear it on the other side. The attorney for the defense took his own watch from his pocket, held it on the deaf side of the witness and asked him if he could hear it. He said he did not. He then held it on the opposite side and asked him if he could hear it tick. The claimant said that he heard it perfectly. The attorney then opened the case of the watch, before the jury, and disclosed the fact that there were no works in it.

The old Scotland Yard method of picking out the pretended deaf man was for the constable to whisper audibly to his companion as they went along with him: "Fall back and fire your pistol behind him. If he is not deaf, he will jump."

The other constable would fire the pistol and of course the pretended deaf man would not notice it. They knew then that the suspect was a fraud because a deaf man would be conscious of the sudden explosion of the pistol behind him by reason of the concussion.

Questions Concerning Foods and Drugs

Discussed by Lewis B. Allyn

Professor Lewis B. Allyn, of Westfield, Massachusetts, the creator of the Westfield Standard, is Food Editor of the McClure Publications, and will answer, without charge, any question from a McClure reader on foods, beverages, or toilet preparations. Please enclose a stamped envelope for reply, as all questions are answered personally, and not (unless of general interest) through the magazine. Address Professor Allyn, care of The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York.

Gin Cathartic

THE following recipe has been recommended to me as being a good cure for rheumatism or neuritis, and I wish to know your opinion of the efficacy of the same. Especially, what effect, one way or another, would gin have?

Epsom Salts.....4 ounces
Cream of Tartar...2 ounces
Sulphur.....1 tablespoonful
Gin.....½ pint
Add enough water to make 1 quart of the remedy.

C. F. B., Massachusetts.

The recipe you submit is worse than useless in the treatment of rheumatism or neuritis. It is really a weak gin cathartic. As you perhaps know, rheumatism may spring from any one of a dozen causes: Infected teeth, pus pockets located in some obscure part of the system, etc. To take so-called rheumatism remedies without the advice of a physician is an exceedingly unwise procedure. The first step in the treatment of rheumatism is to have the teeth examined by a reputable dentist and to pay attention to the diet and elimination.

Vaseline on the Eyes

MY eyelashes are thin and have been falling out so, that at the suggestion of a friend I have been rubbing vaseline on them. I notice, however, that it is almost impossible to keep it out of the eyes and it forms a sort of film over them. Would you advise me to discontinue the use of it, or is it harmless?

A. H., Texas.

Replying to your valued favor would advise that any good vaseline cannot be considered injurious to the eyes. It will, as you suggest, form therein a slightly oily film which is unpleasant, and produces a temporary blurring of the vision. It is, however, harmless and is used in many instances with good effects, for thickening the eyelashes and brows. The increased growth is probably due not so much to the vaseline but to the gentle massage with which it is applied.

Obesity — How Not to Conquer It

I AM enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope and would appreciate it very much if you will advise me as to the efficacy of "Clark's Thinning Salts." Am also enclosing their circular advertising these salts and hope you can let me have your advice. *G. W. B., Ohio.*

Clark's Thinning Salts (Sel Amaigrissant) consist essentially of perfumed sodium carbonate, commonly known as washing soda. The following suggestions taken from the circular are of interest but in the minds of thinking people tend to cast suspicion on the treatment: "No diet or exercise necessary." "There is nothing to prevent the drinking of milk, use of butter, etc." "After the first fortnight's treatment (about three dollars and seventy-eight cents' worth!) the region of the stomach decreases in size, the fleshy parts recover their elasticity and firmness, and the muscles are reduced to normal, thus conferring charm, grace and harmony to the body."

Claims that it will reduce the flesh when used in the bath are absurd. That it will reduce the pocketbook, there is no question.

Coffee Roasters

IS there any advantage, hygienic or otherwise, in roasting coffee at home in the oven, the way my grandmother did? It seems to me that the way they roast coffee now in open perforated cylinders directly over coal or gas flames, it would get very "fumy" and sooty. We don't notice this because we are used to coffee "as is." The question is: wouldn't a cleanly roasted coffee be better and more healthful? What is used now as a glazing compound? Is it good for you? Congratulations on the Westfield work, which we have followed with much interest.

J. W. B., Ohio.

We doubt very much whether there is any advantage in the old-fashioned oven-roasted coffee over the coffee roasted by the present up-to-date methods. In the best coffee roasters there is no opportunity for absorption of gas fumes nor soot contamination, and we doubt very much whether it would be possible under commercial conditions. Certainly those machines with which we are familiar do the work exceedingly well, producing a uniform product free from any absorbed deleterious material. Very little coffee is glazed today. Some few manufacturers have used a compound-glazing consisting largely of egg albumen or sugar, or a mixture of the two. Sometimes a solution of various gums is used. Leach says:

"Such glazing is alleged to improve the keeping qualities of the coffee as well as to aid in clarifying the infusion, and if this is the sole purpose, the practise cannot be condemned as a form of adulteration. If, however, it is done to give inferior varieties of coffee a better appearance in order to deceive the consumer, it clearly constitutes adulteration within the meaning of the law." So far as we are aware injurious glazings are never employed.

IMPORTANT: If you wish a sample tested, send the article to be tested in an original, unopened package to Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, McClure Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., with your name and address plainly marked. Where the article itself is not sent, the trade name, the manufacturer's name, and that of the dealer from whom the article was purchased, should be given. For bulk goods, a sufficient quantity should be sent, as well as the name of the dealer from whom purchased, and date of purchase. All applicants for this service should state whether they are readers of or subscribers to McClure's.

Old Magazines to Soldiers.

Chicago, Nov. 21.—To the Editor: I am inclosing herewith a postal card which I think will be of general interest and which I think should be published to stimulate, as far as possible, the sending of old magazines to the various camps for our soldier boys. It means so little to those of us at home and so much to them, as the inclosure will show. D. T. GREENE.

Following is the postcard:

Camp Shelby, Miss., Nov. 16.—Dear Mr. Greene: A few days ago you stuck a stamp on your November McClure's and mailed it, no doubt wondering where it went. It's in our tent and I've been reading it tonight.

Whoever started the idea of sending magazines to the various camps did something for which many a soldier is very thankful. The farther a fellow gets away from home and friends the more he appreciates such favors.

My fountain pen happened to be full and I thought perhaps you'd like to know what really became of the magazines you're sending to soldiers—that's why you get this card.

SERGEANT GEORGE E. GILL, Ordnance Dept.

Clipped from THE CHICAGO HERALD

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The magazine that deals with the unusual aspects of the war; with its strange and curious phases, its brilliant flashes of genius, its indomitable art created between shell and shell, the music that rises from its trenches, the unquenchable humor of the men out in the mud, the outstanding figures of soldiers and statesmen at home.

From the beginning, England has made it a national point of honor to see the cheerful side of the war, to the complete mystification of the apostles of kultur and the hymnsters of hate. *Punch's* handling of the war is famous. Captain Bairnsfather's cartoons have made *The Bystander* a household word in the British Empire. All such English periodicals have been read with delight in the trenches—and with horror in Berlin.

Vanity Fair, of course, publishes serious articles on serious phases of the war. It also treats as they deserve those incidents and accidents of war-time life which call for humorous appreciation or caustic comment. *Punch* has never jested about Gallipoli—but it has ridiculed attitudinizing duchesses, scorched slackers with satire, and made sympathetic fun of Tommy's minor tribulations. So, also, will *Vanity Fair*.

Get the Cheero Spirit

Vanity Fair covers the war,—always cheerfully. But it also publishes news of everything entertaining and amusing in civil life. You should have on your library table those publications which treat only the most serious aspects of the war in the most serious way. But with them, you should have *Vanity Fair*, which echoes the songs of the Sammies, the skirl of the pipers, and does its bit to maintain the cheero spirit here at home.

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McC 2-16

Our Hidden Powers — *Continued from page 22*

us? Is he deceived himself? Or has he somehow learned to draw upon hidden and more or less developed powers of the spirit that are present in all o us, available to all of us to supply our spiritual needs (that is what he believes) if he will only develop them and use them?

"Do you ask how we can develop these hidden powers?" he said. "Is it by prayer? By soul-development through right living? Yes, that is the answer, and above all by the exercise of love. Does not my case prove that a great love, an immense longing, may create a spiritual potency sufficient to pierce even the barriers of the grave?"

An extraordinary case of apparently friendly possession by a disembodied spirit is that recorded by the Psychical Research Society of a New York silversmith named Thompson, who some years ago found himself pursued by visions and hallucinations to such an extent that he felt sure he was going crazy. He found himself impelled to make pictures of these visions and, strangely enough, some of his paintings showed considerable merit (one of them was purchased by a connoisseur for $300), although the man was quite untrained in painting or drawing.

Thompson's mental condition grew worse and two distinguished specialists, after careful examination, declared he was a victim of paranoia and would soon be violently and hopelessly insane.

At this point recourse was had to psychic treatment, and communications, purporting to come from the spirit world, were received through two separate mediums, neither of whom knew anything about this silversmith. Both mediums declared that the patient was possessed by the spirit of a distinguished American artist who had died and whose initials were R. S. G. They said that many of the pictures painted by the silversmith were scenes and experiences from the dead artist's life; thus they identified a charcoal sketch of four oak trees as being a view near R. S. G.'s summer cottage. This turned out to be true; furthermore, R. S. G. was identified as no less person than the well-known painter, Richard Swain Gifford.

The record contains a further mass of confirmatory details, the essential point being, according to the mediums, that the patient's entire trouble, his hallucinations and visions, were due to the fact that this artist's disembodied spirit had taken possession of the silversmith, urging him, compelling him, to give up everything else and adopt the career of a painter.

The remarkable part of it is that when all this was explained to the silversmith, he promptly became reconciled to the situation and, being freed from his fears, his mental condition improved and a complete cure was effected. It was *fear* that had been working his destruction! It is fear that works the destruction of many who are called insane. Fear of the unknown! And the claim is made that such fears can be relieved in some cases by new light furnished through the instrumentality of mediums and psychics.

I had the privilege recently of meeting another person whose sanity was long threatened by an evil possession and who has been brought back to a normal condition by means of psychic treatment, including the exorcising of a harmful spirit. Such, at least, is the claim made by the Psychical Research Society in three large volumes devoted to the "Case of Doris," a remarkable instance of multiple personality. I have talked with Doris (her real name is Theodosia); also with one of her possessing personalities known as Sleeping Margaret, and to any incredulous person (I am not particularly credulous myself) I dwell on two points: first, that Theodosia was a physical and mental wreck and now she is well; second, that there is no understandable motive for so elaborate a conspiracy or mystification as must have been carried on for years if we are to regard this story as a fake. The girl has not been exploited in any way, no one has made money out of her or intends to do so. Doctor Walter F. Prince, who accomplished the cure, is an earnest-minded Episcopal minister and it is easier to assume that he and others connected with the case are honest in their statements and honorable in their motives than to assume the contrary.

These records set forth in great detail how an imp-creature within Theodosia was gradually driven out. The imp, which was never over eleven years old, although Theodosia was over twenty, was driven backwards in age, by spiritual powers, becoming younger and younger until she perished and disappeared at the age of four. She passed through a memory stratum, at the age of seven, when for a few months she spoke German, which she had forgotten when she grew older. And for eight months before she died the imp became psychically blind; that is, the eyes of Theodosia could not see whenever the imp was "out" (in possession), although the real Theodosia, when she was "out," could see perfectly.

For a great mass of similar details I refer the reader to the volumes mentioned, my present point being that here is a well-authenticated cure of obsession in which one of the helpful instrumentalities was a benign intelligence, Sleeping Margaret, from some other sphere. In my talk with Sleeping Margaret (she spoke with the mouth of Theodosia who was in profound sleep), this kindly creature said that guards like herself from the other world are assigned to watch over certain human beings who need them, this assignment being often made at the supplication of spirits anxious for the safety of loved ones on earth.

Sleeping Margaret told me that she had watched over Theodosia for twenty-three years. She said she could call a spirit messenger at any moment if she needed help. If it were necessary, for example, that I leave the room, she could call a messenger and I would leave instantly. I would not know that a messenger was present, but I would experience an overmastering desire to leave the room. This was how she protected Theodosia from rough or drunken men on the streets. Or from automobiles.

As a matter of interest I give some of the questions that I asked Sleeping Margaret and her replies:

Q. Will you always watch over Theodosia? Ans. No, I will soon leave her, as the cure is complete.

Q. What will you do when you leave Theodosia? Ans. I will guard some other person who needs me.

Q. How do you know which person you are to guard? Ans. I get orders from a messenger.

Q. What kind of a messenger? A spirit? Ans. No, the messengers are different; they move about among the spirits carrying orders from the master.

Q. Who is the master? Ans. I don't know.

Q. Have you ever seen him? Ans. No.

Q. Are you a spirit? Ans. No, not as you understand it. I was never in a human body. I never died.

Q. Are there many guards like you? Ans. Yes, but I have not seen very many of them.

Q. Do they look like human beings? Ans. No, they look like shadows.

Q. Do they have faces? Ans. No.

Q. Do they have legs and arms? Ans. No.

Q. Do they talk to each other? Ans. Yes, we talk and laugh and have a lot of fun about people on the earth.

Q. How can you talk if you have no mouths? Ans. I don't know; I suppose we talk by *thinking* to each other.

Q. How do you get to Theodosia from the other sphere? Ans. I just *think* and I am with her. I don't know how I go.

As a general rule I say, *leave mediums alone!* No occult investigation should be undertaken by persons who are not in fine physical condition. Whatever we are in mind or soul depends upon what we are in body. Which brings me back to Senator Tillman's reasonable plan of living, a plan that we might all follow with advantage.

"I attribute my restoration of health," he writes, "to four things: drinking hot water, careful attention to diet (abstemiousness), deep breathing and the persistent and regular practise of physical culture.

"I cannot say too much in favor of hot-water drinking. I do not believe I would be alive two months without it. I drink water just as hot as I can stand it, before meals and after meals. It is the best remedy in the world for indigestion and there is nothing better for keeping the bowels regular. I believe that many men die of so-called heart-failure and suffer from angina pectoris, because they have not learned that hot water, as hot as they can stand it, will ease pain and relieve these attacks temporarily."

The Senator learned also to follow a simple and regular diet, avoiding elaborate banquets with rich sauces. He eats mostly vegetables, his favorites being spinach, Irish potatoes and raw onions which he eats once a day, sliced and sprinkled with salt. He says they keep his liver active. He eats much fruit, both cooked and raw, whole wheat bread and plenty of butter. The only liquid he takes besides water is milk.

"I find it quite difficult to resist the temptation to eat more than I do," he confesses. "It is also a tax on my self-control to take the physical culture exercises I practise twice a day—when I am fatigued for instance, as I usually am; but I always derive benefit when I insist on the tired body obeying the mind and doing the required routine movements, kicking and lifting the lower extremities, holding the breath all the while so as to have the heart pump pure blood into the arteries."

I may say that each person must decide which particular setting-up exercises are best for him, getting suggestions from numberless books on physical culture. The value of this particular health plan lies not so much in its exact details as in the message of hope it brings to others, for if one man (in spite of pessimistic doctors) by giving up certain self-indulgences and indolences—in short, by living right instead of wrong—can drag himself out of the grave and gain years of joy and usefulness, then other men can do the same. It is merely a matter of each individual working out for himself a particular, personal plan of life, suitable to him and the best for him, and then following it.

MURAD
THE TURKISH CIGARETTE

FAGS

By Corporal Jack Turner

What tobacco really means to a soldier has been voiced in more poetry—good, bad and indifferent, but always heartfelt—than almost any other subject of the war. Here is a poem from the British army which became so popular abroad that it has been reprinted and widely distributed:

When the cold is making ice cream of the marrow of your bones,
When you're shaking like a jelly and your feet are dead as stones,
When your clothes and boots and blankets, and your rifle and your kit,
Are soaked from Hell to Breakfast, and the dugout where you sit
Is leaking like a basket, and upon the muddy floor
The water lies in filthy pools, six inches deep or more;
Tho' life seems cold and mis'rable and all the world is wet,
You'll always get thro' somehow if you've got a cigarette.

When you're lying in a listening post 'way out beyond the wire,
While a blasted Hun, behind a gun, is doing rapid fire;
When the bullets whine above your head, and sputter on the ground,
When your eyes are strained for every move, your ears for every sound—
You'd bet your life a Hun patrol is prowling somewhere near;
A shiver runs along your spine that's very much like fear;
You'll stick it to the finish—but, I'll make a little bet,
You'd feel a whole lot better if you had a cigarette.

When Fritz is starting something and his guns are on the bust
When the parapet goes up in chunks, and settles down in dust,
When the roly-poly "rum-jar" comes a-wobbling thro' the air,
'Til it lands upon a dugout—and the dugout isn't there;
When the air is full of dust, and smoke, and scraps of steel, and noise
And you think you're booked for golden crowns and other Heavenly joys,
When your nerves are all a-tremble, and your brain is all a-fret—
It isn't half so hopeless if you've got a cigarette.

When you're waiting for the whistle and your foot is on the step,
You bluff yourself, it's lots of fun, and all the time you're hep
To the fact that you may stop one 'fore you've gone a dozen feet,
And you wonder what it feels like, and your thoughts are far from sweet;
Then you think about a little grave, with R. I. P. on top,
And you know you've got to go across—altho' you'd like to stop;
When your backbone's limp as water, and you're bathed in icy sweat,
Why, you'll feel a lot more cheerful if you puff your cigarette.

Then, when you stop a good one, and the stretcher bearers come
And patch you up with strings, and splints, and bandages, and gum;
When you think you've got a million wounds and fifty thousand breaks
And your body's just a blasted sack packed full of pains and aches;
Then you feel you've reached the finish, and you're sure your number's up,
And you feel as weak as Belgian beer, and helpless as a pup—
But you know that you're not down and out, that life's worth living yet,
When some old war-wise Red Cross guy slips you a cigarette.

We can do without MacConachies, and Bully, and hard tack,
When Fritz's curtain fire keeps the ration parties back;
We can do without our greatcoats, and our socks, and shirts, and shoes,
We might almost—tho' I doubt it—get along without our booze;
We can do without "K. R. & O.," and "Military Law,"
We can beat the ancient Israelites at making bricks, sans straw;
We can do without a lot of things and still win out, you bet,
But I'd hate to think of soldiering without a cigarette.

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